The Saturday Evening
POST
March 9, 1957 – 15¢

MAR 5 '57

INSIDE DEFIANT POLAND

I'm No Quitter

By DON NEWCOMBE

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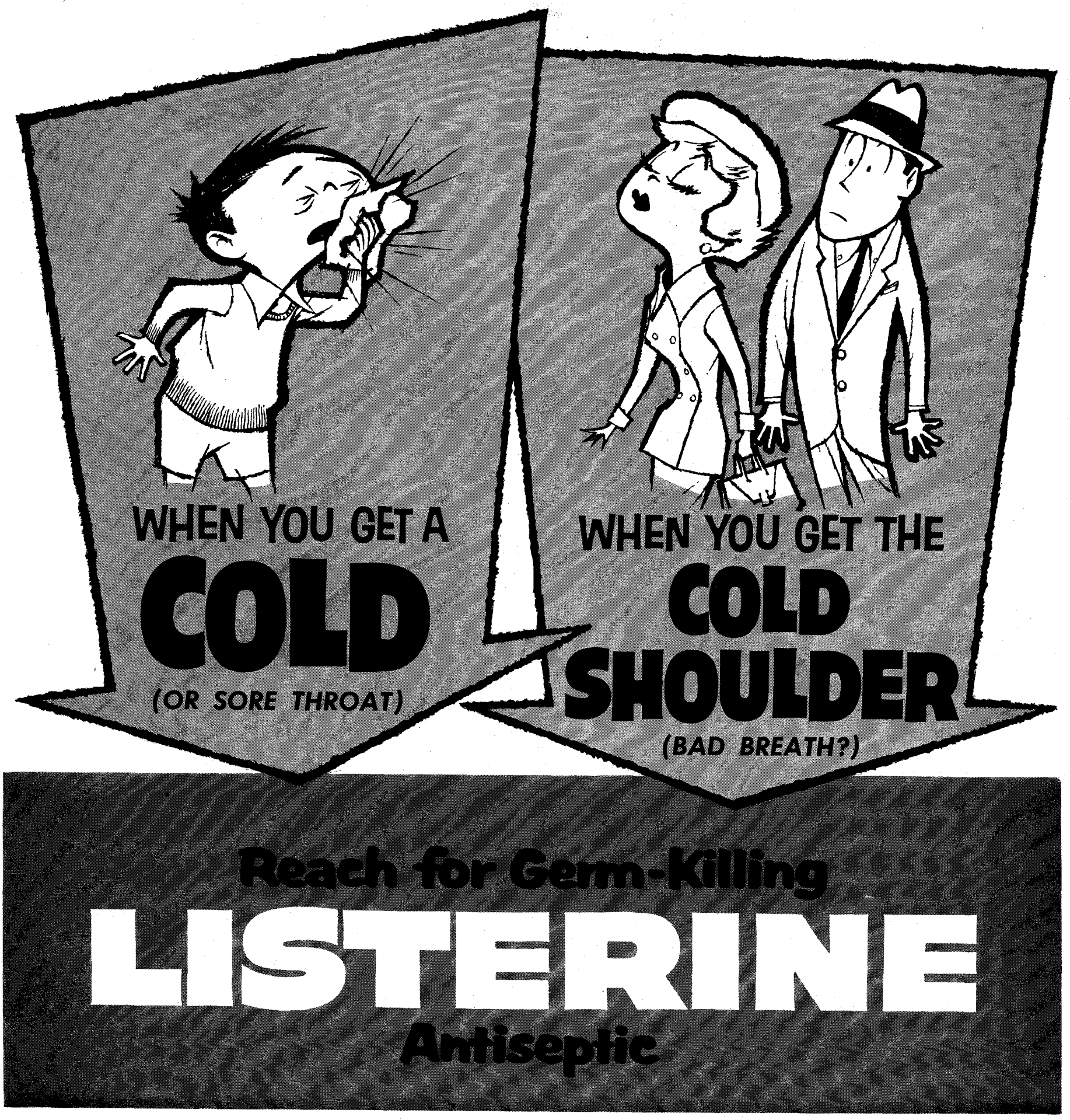

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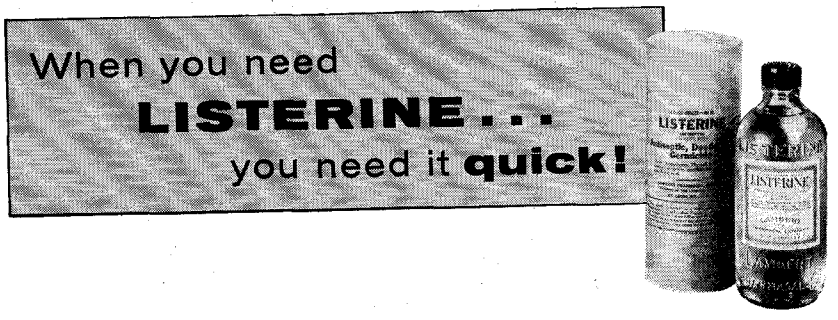

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

March 9, 1957 — *Vol. 229, No. 36*

4 Short Stories

Dynamic Woman . . . . . *Noel Clad* 26
Never Trust a Blonde . . . . . *Ruth Lamson* 31
Too Young to Marry . . . . . *John and Ward Hawkins* 34
The Peaceful Rebellion . . . . . *Pat Kelly* 38

Novelette

Murder on Order . . . . . *Thomas Walsh* 22

8 Articles

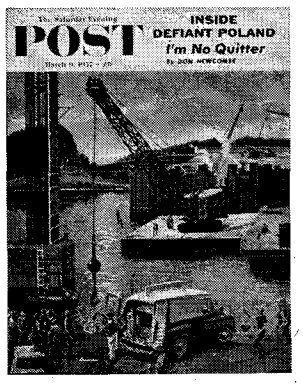
Inside Defiant Poland . . . . . *Richard C. Hottelet* 19
The Happy Fugitives From Flatbush . . . . . *Poyntz Tyler* 20
Living Mysteries of the Deep . . . . . *Daniel P. Mannix* 24
I'm No Quitter . . . . . *Don Newcombe, as told to Milton Gross* 27
Children are Smarter Than You Think . . . . . *Mary Mitchell* 28
Everybody Laughs at Me (Fourth of seven articles) *Victor Borge, as told to Dean Jennings* 30
The Face of America: Watery Wilderness . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 32
The Old Tanker Rides Again . . . . . *Milton MacKaye* 36

Serial

The Golden Shadow (Second of four parts) . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 42

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse . . . 49, 63, 74, 83, 90, 100
Keeping Posted 116



THE COVER

Here we study a slight switch on that beneficent, that inspiring, that life-preserving institution, the coffee break. One day Ben Prins had a shower of sparks inside his head, then a display of skyrockets and pinwheels, and when that ended he had the idea for this cover. However, fearing his theme incredible, Prins asked a coffee-truck driver (not that one there) if he'd ever heard of a crane acting like a waitress, and the man said heck, it had not only happened to him, but when his truck had got stuck in a mud flat, Miss Crane had picked up the whole shebang. So Prins wondered if he himself had thought up the cover or had a lot of other guys? While wondering, he painted it. Location of his land and waterscape: on the Connecticut Turnpike-to-be; title: Coffee Break at the Coffer Dam.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46–57 or May 18, 1957; 18–57 or November 2, 1957.

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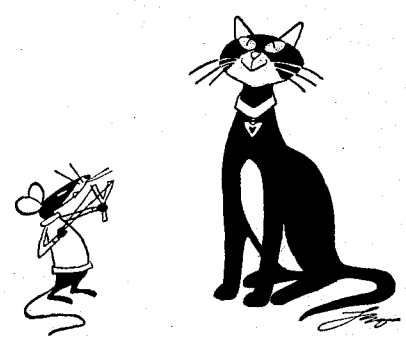
Letters

Who Likes Mickey Mouse?

(Continued)

Dear Sirs:

I am in complete agreement with reader Marion Terry [Letters, Who Likes Mickey Mouse?, Feb. 2]. Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons are sickening. The portrayal of cats is invariably



completely unfair and most insulting—they are always pictured as stupid, villainous characters; outsmarted, of course, by the dear little mouse. . . .

Would reader Terry care to join the I Hate Mickey Mouse Club?

ELIZABETH ELLIS
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Marion Terry. . . . I like cats, hate rats.

A. MERCURI
Irwin, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mickey Mouse is my ideal as a maker of cheer and happiness giver, and *I love him!*

May the mice forever invade the pantries of those who loathe Mickey Mouse.

HAROLD L. BELLAMY
Thornton, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Mickey Mouse has never to my knowledge (I am an ardent fan of all Walt Disney's characters) appeared in a cartoon or a comic in which there was ever a poor little cat being abused by Mickey Mouse. Mr. Mouse has been severely abused by the notorious cat, Black Pete. Incidentally when Mickey's dog, Pluto, chases a cat Pluto is punished. . . .

I hope this will acquit an innocent mouse.

TOMMY GALLAGHER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ike and the G.O.P.

Dear Sirs:

The article, THE G.O.P. MUST REFORM [by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, S.E.P., Feb. 2nd] is well worth anyone's reading. Surely the Republican Party is either dead or dying as of the present. It may be that the Alsops are correct in their diagnosis and proposed treatment.

MRS. RUTH R. PRETTYMAN
New Paris, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I agree with the Alsops' five-point program—though I wish they had put the most important one first. Namely, "stable dollar." We can never fulfill the other four until we have some real stability in the measuring stick of values.

V. E. VAN PATTER
Superior, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Who in heck cares what happens to the Republican Party? What we are all interested in is saving this country's integrity and assuring its future prosperity. Ike Eisenhower is making a swell try at doing all this and the voters evidently think so. Political parties come and go, but the country goes on quite the same.

R. A. POWEL
Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

I am proud to say that I cast *two* votes for the greatly esteemed Mr. Hoover, and one for every other unsuccessful candidate of the Republican Party because they stood for the principles in which I believed then and now and always.

W. J. BROWN
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Why should a political group insist on calling itself Republican if it takes over the programs of the Democratic New and Fair Dealers? If General Eisenhower believed those programs desirable, why did he not seek the Presidency under the New and Fair Deal banner?

WALTER E. SPAHR
New York, N.Y.

● *Eisenhower was offered the Democratic Party candidacy by President Truman in 1945, and declined it. In 1952 he said that his political convictions "coincided with enlightened Republican doctrine and that the family tradition was Republican." —ED.*

True-to-Life

Dear Sirs:

Your story, HER ONLY SON by Allan Seager, Feb. 2, is one of the best I have ever read in the Post. As the only white-haired ex-Olympic swimming coach who runs a boys' camp in Northern Ontario, I am flattered by the comparison, except for the price. Many people who know Allan Seager was a national champion on my first national-championship team at the University of Michigan identify me with coach Fletcher in Allan Seager's story. This I like except for the part about my camp costing $1000. The price is $425.

MATT MANN II
Norman, Okla.

● *Author Seager was a member of the four-man team that won the Intercollegiate 200-yard free-style relay championship in 1927. Matt Mann II was swimming coach at Michigan from 1924–1954, is now coaching at the U. of Oklahoma. —ED.*

Winter's Sounds

Dear Sirs:

The editorial in the January 26th issue entitled WINTER HAS ITS PLEASANT SOUNDS, AS WELL AS SIGHTS is truly a gem of lovely description. It is like a photograph album, so many pictures flashed through my mind when I "heard" it.

MRS. A. J. SEARLES
Windsor, Ontario

(Continued on Page 6)

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EVER FEEL "A MILLION MILES FROM NOWHERE"?

It's just about how you feel when you're far from home and an accident happens. Your greatest need is the help of someone who knows what to do and how to do it.

If you are insured in a company of the America Fore Group, you can be sure that no matter where you may be, such a friend is nearby and ready to come to your aid in case of need.

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For the name of a nearby America Fore agent call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do —America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art — simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these —

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings. Now she happily looks forward to many vigorous, money-making years in art.

A salesgirl in West Virginia who liked to draw got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston. A married man with three children—unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now we'll send it to you *free* — if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation on your part. But act at once. Simply mail the coupon to Famous Artists Schools, Studio 40, Westport, Conn.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE

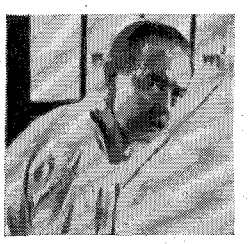
NORMAN ROCKWELL

AL PARKER

JON WHITCOMB

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

STEVAN DOHANOS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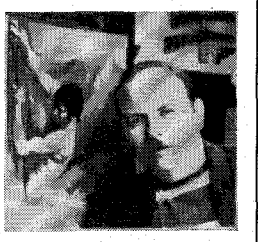
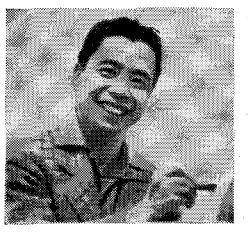
PETER HELCK

ROBERT FAWCETT


BEN STAHL


DONG KINGMAN

AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 40, Westport, Conn.
Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

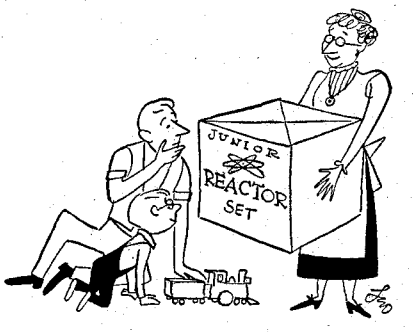
In WINTER HAS ITS PLEASANT SOUNDS . . . you have left unmentioned the two most fascinating in the memory of this city dweller: the singing in the near-zero cold of the wide, flat rims of wagon wheels on the hard-packed snow and the musical hum of electric wires strung between tall wood poles.

FRANK E. MICHEL
Rochester, N.Y.

Rough on Kids

Dear Sirs:

Fathers and grandmothers usually shower the one- to two-year-old with toys so frustratingly complicated that the neighborhood garageman can neither



understand them nor repair their frequent mechanical failures. Yet the same child a few years later is considered delinquent by the city fathers if he doesn't like to sit quietly in a swing every afternoon in the public playground.

It is very reassuring to know that at least one college professor, Joe Brown, wouldn't consider the acrobatic tendencies of my two-year-old daughter to be abnormal [HE'S TOUGH ON KIDS, by Charles Price, Feb. 2].

HARRY W. HUNTSMAN
Wilmington, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

For goodness sakes, has Joe Brown designed any children's playgrounds in the Western part of the United States? Your Feb. 2nd issue arrived three hours ago and my four-year-old son has been crying ever since to go to "Philadelphia, Tokyo or London." I can't find any mention of a playground with Mr. Brown's equipment any closer to us. Help!?

MRS. ROBERT E. HERRICK
Lodi, Cal.

● *So far, it's still only "Philadelphia, Tokyo or London." Sorry.—ED.*

On the Other Hand —

Dear Sirs:

Under the heading "More Teen-Age Trouble," W. Heath Eldridge, of Nutley, New Jersey, writes in Letters to the Editors, 2/2/57, that students of the Brooklyn Technical High School "smashed four cars in two subway trains." Without in any way condoning rowdyism, the fact, nevertheless, remains that the damage amounted to only $75.19, which was paid by the students.

Graduates of this same school have been winning scholarships in excess of $350,000 a year for the last five years and its graduates are preferred by the leading engineering colleges throughout the country, whose Deans' Honor Lists they dominate.

WILLIAM PABST
Principal, Brooklyn Technical High School
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if Mr. Eldridge ever read about the one hundred boxes of food and clothing given to needy families in Glendale, all supplied by local high-school students? Or, did he hear about the Los Angeles high-school students who are being congratulated by the health authorities for their campaigns against alcohol, tobacco and narcotics? Did he forget about the kids who gave up their weekends to help the March of Dimes?

JUDY BALDWIN
Glendale, Cal.

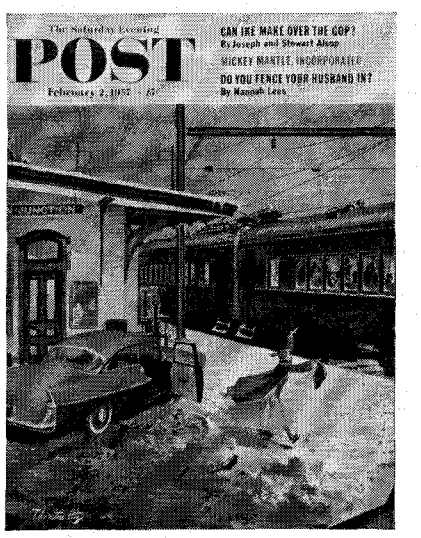
Where is It?

Dear Sirs:

I'll bet you a 1926 Doylestown Branch timetable against a current one that artist Thornton Utz's scene on the Post cover for February 2nd depicts Doylestown Station on the Reading line.

HENRY MERCUR
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *Wrong.—ED.*



Dear Sirs:

One glance at the cover and the family exclaimed "that's our station." Later in the day it was confirmed by the local newspaper (North Penn Reporter), so let's not keep it a mystery. We have often picked on the old station, but we are not ashamed of the town or its name: North Wales, Pa.

EMIL STRAUB
North Wales, Pa.

● *Right.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Eastfoto. • 20–Wide World; two by Frank Ross. • 21–Frank Ross. • 22, 23–Perry Peterson. • 24, 25–Larry Keighley. • 26–Morgan Kane. • 27–United Press, International. 28, 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30–Bill Shrout, Larry Fried. • 31–Fritz Willis. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 34, 35–Lynn Buckham. • 36–Gus Pasquarella. • 37–Three by Gus Pasquarella; anonymous. • 38, 39–R. G. Harris. • 42, 43–Mac Conner. • 88–Ollie Atkins. 102–Two by Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum). • 109–Larry Keighley. • 116–Anthony Calvacca, Jewel Hardison, anonymous, Wide World.

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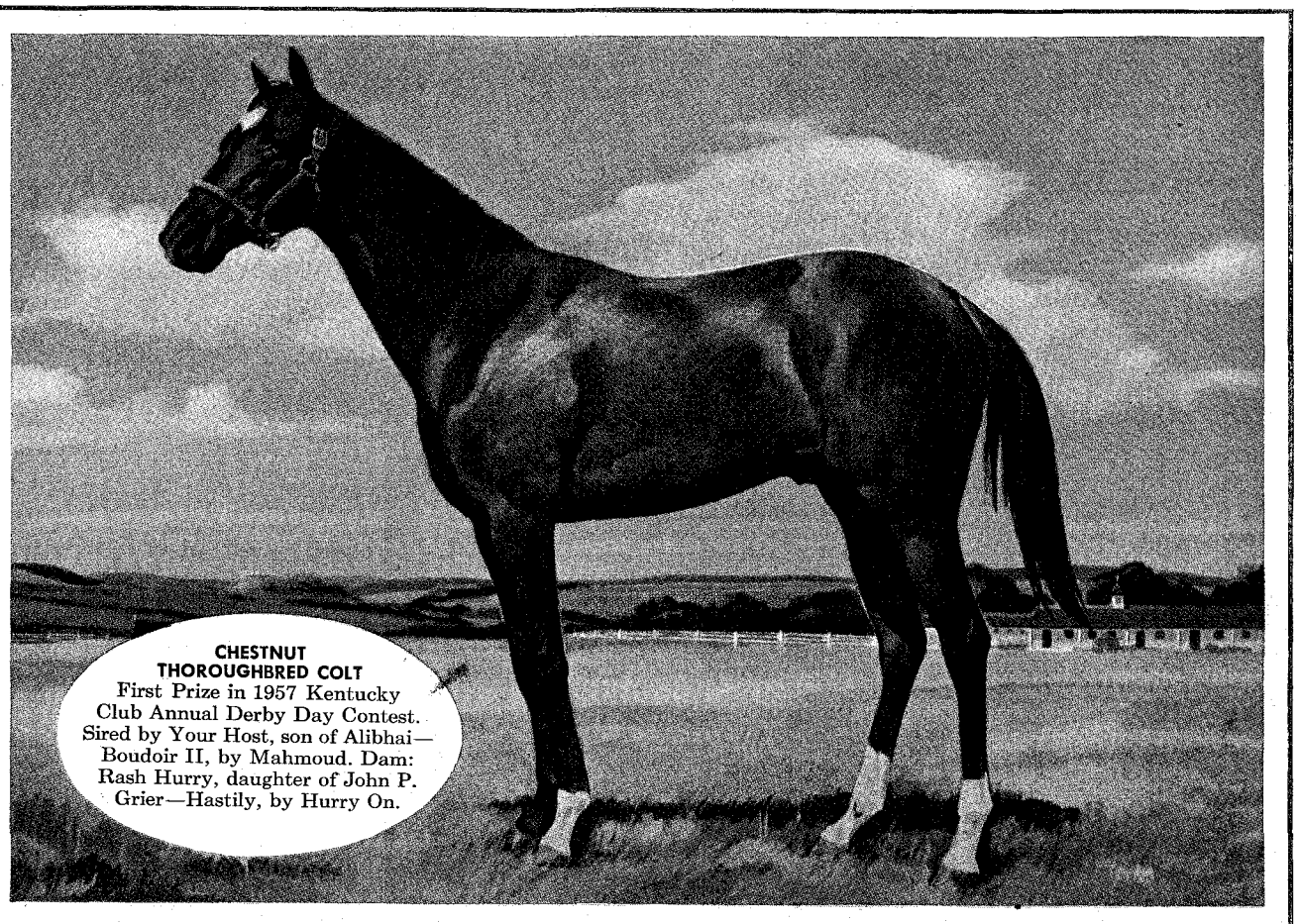
Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

TED ATKINSON

Ted Atkinson, famous jockey, and L. K. Haggin, well-known Kentucky trainer selected this prize colt.



CHESTNUT THOROUGHBRED COLT
First Prize in 1957 Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest. Sired by Your Host, son of Alibhai—Boudoir II, by Mahmoud. Dam: Rash Hurry, daughter of John P. Grier—Hastily, by Hurry On.

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Chestnut Thoroughbred colt described on this page.

2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1957 are paid by Kentucky Club.

3. Two choice seats for 1957 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Imagine the thrill of owning a Thoroughbred race horse—of having your own racing colors! The Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest brings you an easy way to win the race horse of your dreams—a beautiful chestnut colt—a son of gallant *Your Host*. *Your Host* set two new track records and won $384,795.00. This prize son may be another big winner.

Just name this colt and he's yours—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 4—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1957. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Your Host*. Send in as many entries as you like. Be sure each name does not contain more than 14 letters. For example, a name might be *Paying Guest*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Buy Kentucky Club's famous brands. Start now.

P. S. Last year's Kentucky Club prize colt, *Aurecolt*, won his first start; net value to winner $2,600.00. What will this year's prize colt do? Win him and see.

Kentucky Club's 9 Brands All Guaranteed Fresh
You get *Guaranteed Fresh* pipe tobacco when you buy Kentucky Club's brands in the Kenseal Pocket Pouch. Zip open the outer "discard" package—and there's your Kenseal Pouch—filled at the factory and ready to use—and so moisture-tight it keeps your tobacco fresh to the last pipeful. Nine choice blends.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Paying Guest* counts as 12 letters. Use ordinary paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

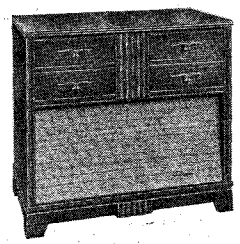
2. Send as many entries as you like to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 9-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club Regular, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 8, 1957. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES



2nd to 10th Prizes
DUMONT Tanglewood Hi-Fi Combination—Full concert-hall realism. Famous Collaro record changer plus A.M./F.M radio. Separate bass and treble controls. Three speakers: 15" woofer plus two 3½" tweeters, in Dynacoustic Sound Chamber. Fine mahogany veneer cabinet.

11th to 500th Prizes
8 English highball glasses beautifully decorated with picture of 1957 prize colt.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 14 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

.....
NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 9-C Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Dept. SE

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club Regular, Willoughby Taylor. Please underline brand name of wrapper with this entry. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 8, 1957.

.....
PRINT YOUR NAME

.....
STREET

.....
CITY ZONE STATE

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DESOTO FIREFLITE 4-DOOR SEDAN IN SEATONE BLUE AND WHITE

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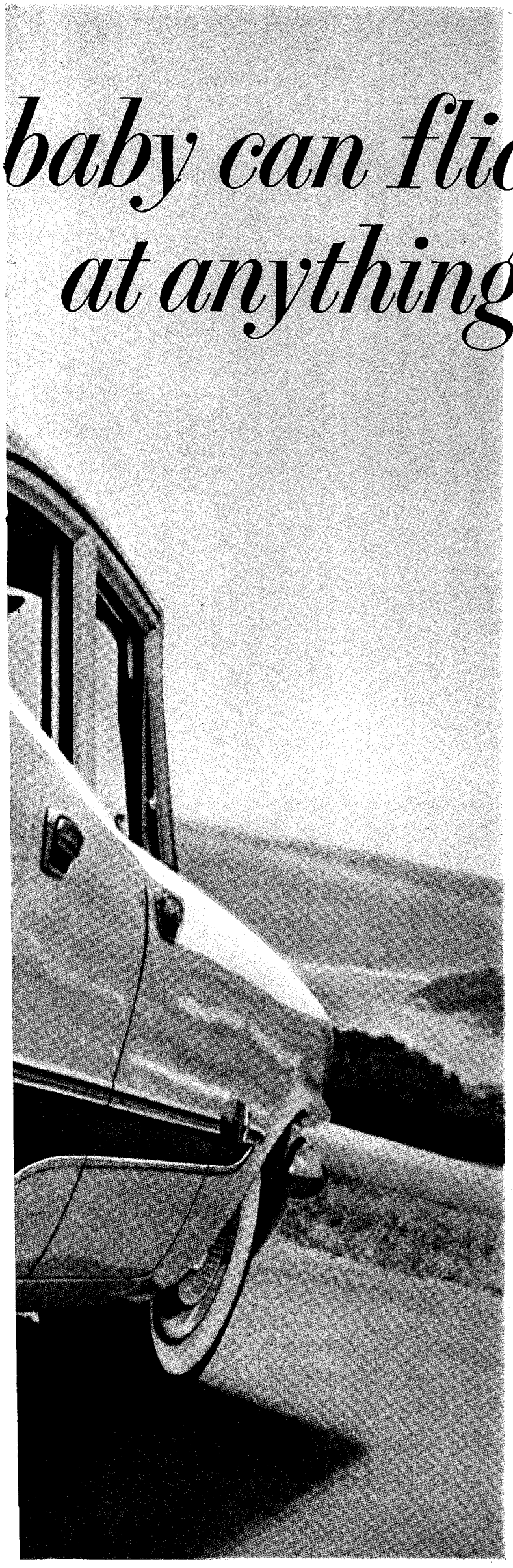
baby can flick its tail at anything on the road!



Take the wheel of a new De Soto. Pilot her out through traffic toward the open road. Before you turn your second corner, you'll know this is the most exciting car in the world today.

And here are the eight big reasons why:

New *Torsion-Aire* ride! De Soto for '57 presents a completely new suspension that combines torsion bars, outrider springs and super-soft cushion tires. It gives you an exciting level ride, takes corners without lean or sway and prevents "dive" on quick stops.

New *TorqueFlite* transmission! The most advanced transmission ever built, it gives you a smooth, continuous flow of power and exciting new getaway!

New *Triple-Range* push-button control! Simply touch a button of De Soto's new push-button control, and—like magic—you're on your way! Automatic with positive mechanical control.

New *Flight Sweep* styling! De Soto presents the new shape of motion—long, upswept tail fins; a low silhouette (only 4 feet 7 inches high), plenty of head room and 32% more windshield area!

New super-powered V-8 engines! '57 De Soto engines are rugged, efficient and powerful. (Up to 295 horsepower!)

New *4-Season* air conditioner! This advanced and compact unit—mounted out of the way under the dash—cools in summer, heats in winter. One simple set of controls.

New advanced power features! You can have your choice of the finest power features ever offered in an automobile!

New glamorous interiors! Each '57 De Soto interior features luxurious new fabrics with smart, accenting trim and a new flight-styled instrument panel.

Drive the 1957 De Soto before you decide on any car! You—and your pocketbook—will be glad you did! De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

WIDE NEW PRICE RANGE . . . STARTS CLOSE TO THE LOWEST!

FIRESWEEP—big-value newcomer for 1957—priced just above the lowest. 245 hp.

FIREDOME—medium-priced pacemaker in 1957—exciting style & performance. 270 hp.

FIREFLITE—high-powered luxury for 1957—the last word in design and power. 295 hp.

DE SOTO

...the most exciting car in the world today!

De Soto dealers present **Groucho Marx** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV

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Editorials

To Curb Inflation, Squeeze the Water Out of That Budget!

The disquiet which President Eisenhower's budget for the fiscal year 1958 has created in financial circles and to a considerable degree in his own party in Congress is not explained by the size of the budget alone, although $71,807,000,000 is more money than the people of the United States have ever been asked in time of peace to contribute to the maintenance of the Federal Government. The qualms and anxieties, pale reflections of which appear in statements by Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, and by the President himself in his statements regarding controls to curb inflation, arise from the suspicion that the Administration has given up the retrenchment fight, so valiantly promised by Mr. Eisenhower in both his campaigns, and is now reconciled to spending "this kind of money" indefinitely.

Much of the responsibility for our fiscal confusion belongs to the present budget system itself. As matters now stand, the Federal budget bears only a remote relation to the ability of the nation to pay for the services recommended. It is not a part of an appropriation measure, much less of a tax bill. Contrasted with the British budget, which puts the extra ha'penny tax on tea or cigarettes in the same bill which increases Social Security benefits or the R.A.F. appropriation, our budget is simply the sum of what the departments of the Government would like to have the taxpayer pay for.

As the Survey of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York for February points out, defense spending cannot be held accountable for the increase in the size of the 1958 budget. "Proper perspective is achieved by noting that the $2.7 billion increase in national-security programs over the three-year period constituted less than four-tenths of the over-all budgetary increase of $7.2 billion. Actually the $7.2 billion figure substantially understates the rise, owing to the fact that the greater part of Federal highway expenditures . . . are no longer in the conventional budget." There are plenty of places for cutting even if the military-security-foreign-aid items must remain sacrosanct—which may be doubted.

For example, Sen. Frank Lausche, of Ohio, points to the item calling for $3,000,000 to aid the states in fighting juvenile delinquency. "What," asks Senator Lausche, "can be done by turning loose a swarm of social workers on the country to duplicate the job which schools, parents, ministers, priests, local officials and social workers are supposed to be doing already?"

Then there is the $1,300,000,000 for Federal aid to state and local school-building programs. According to figures supplied by the United States Office of Education, 36,000 new classrooms will be needed to provide for the expected increase in enrollment during the coming school year. Local communities have already committed themselves to build 69,000 classrooms—thus meeting the emergency shortage and cutting deeply into the over-all shortage, which still exists. The need is still great. But the point is that, up to now, states and local communities have kept abreast of the classroom crisis largely from their own resources. Must we now—when the purchasing power of the dollar has fallen to one half its value as compared to its worth in the four years 1935–1939—burden the Federal Treasury further?

Possibly any one of these isolated items, taken in comparison with the total budget figure of $71,807,000,000 is "peanuts." But a national budget is made up of an array of items, many of which in themselves are insignificant but which add up to a possibly unmanageable total. Furthermore, every new "service" taken on by the Federal Government is certain to stimulate new demands by new groups which want to cast their burdens on Uncle Sam.

Is government spending at this level really the will of the people anyway? Members of Congress report that their constituents complain of high taxation which—at all levels of government—now exacts 29 per cent of the national income. Few local school officials and taxpayers are seeking Federal involvement in that problem! In short, the pressure comes largely from the Federal bureaucracy itself.

Both the President and Mr. Humphrey urged Congress to look for "hundreds of items" where cuts in the estimates could be made. But surely it is the responsibility of the Budget Bureau and the Executive to point to these "hundreds of items." If there is no positive lead at the top, it is unlikely that Congress—where pressures are even more intensively applied—can do much to resist the trend. Nor can labor unions and businessmen, caught in the inflationary squeeze, be relied upon to hold down wages and prices.

Perhaps those who order national spending could profit from perusal of the work of Yale's great sociologist, the late William Graham Sumner. In What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, which has been republished by Caxton Printers, Ltd., Sumner wrote: "The state cannot get a cent *for* any man without taking it away *from* some other man, and this latter must be a man who has produced and saved it. This latter is the Forgotten Man."

He certainly seems to have been at least temporarily overlooked in the Budget for the fiscal year 1958.

Belittling the A.D.A. Did No Serious Harm to Governor Furcolo of Massachusetts

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

Just before Foster Furcolo was inaugurated this past January as governor of Massachusetts, he received from the Americans for Democratic Action a copy of the fifty-six-point program for new legislation which this organization recommends for the Bay State. Governor Furcolo made no comment.

More than three years ago, however, when Mr. Furcolo was state treasurer in Massachusetts, he had some strong comments on the Americans for Democratic Action, and gave them some advice. Making the keynote speech before the seventh annual convention of the Massachusetts A.D.A., he charged the organization with "weakening or defeating Democratic candidates" by supporting them.

"I think most of you know I am right in what I say," he told the convention, according to Associated Press reports. "Ask any public official or any candidate who covers a fairly large area. Ask the governor, two senators, and the fourteen congressmen to state publicly their position on Americans for Democratic Action.

"I do not believe that you will find even one who will acknowledge you because you no longer enjoy the confidence of the people and no political candidate can win without it—and no program will succeed unless it is supported by the public." Mr. Furcolo concluded his A.D.A. address by advising the organization to go out of business.

The Massachusetts A.D.A. did not disband, of course, and it is unlikely that its members have since given the speaker much support. Mr. Furcolo's forthrightness of three years ago, however, certainly didn't seem to hurt him in November, 1956. As candidate for governor he piled up a Democratic majority of approximately 140,000 votes while presidential candidate Eisenhower was piling up a Republican majority in Massachusetts of almost 500,000 votes over Adlai Stevenson—who, incidentally, received strong A.D.A. support.

There are many ramifications, of course, to winning or losing any election. An increasing number of practical politicians all over the country, however, seem to agree with Governor Furcolo's 1953 sentiments concerning the Americans for Democratic Action, and take the position that if the A.D.A. won't go out of business, they won't do business with it.

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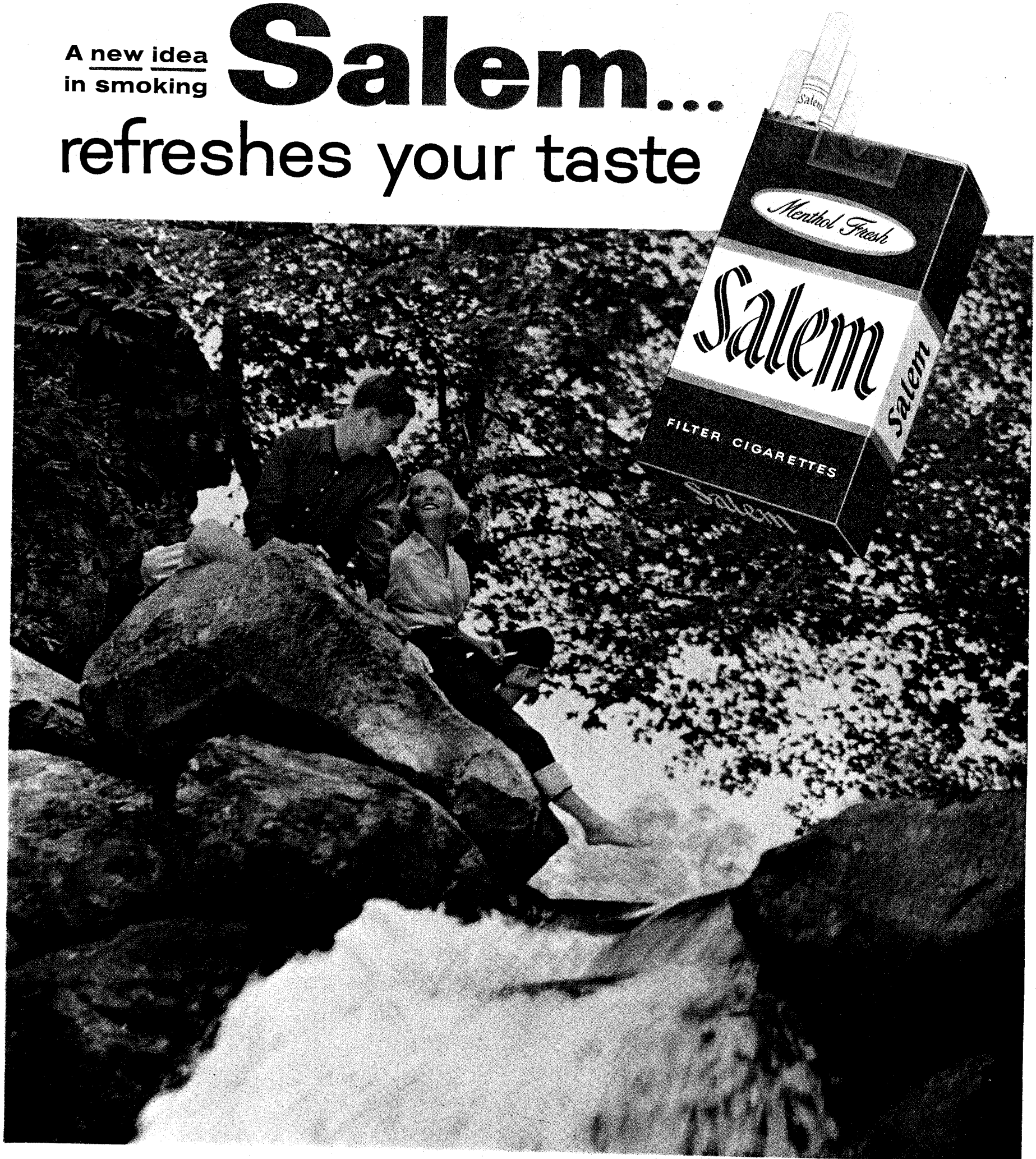
A new idea in smoking

Salem... refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **most modern filter**

Puff after puff . . . pack after pack, you smoke *refreshed* because SALEM refreshes your taste. It's a *new idea* in smoking—a *refreshing* idea for every smoker. SALEM's pure white filter brings you rich tobacco taste with new *surprise* softness...menthol-fresh comfort . . . a smoke as refreshing to your taste as Springtime is to you. Next time you light up — light up a SALEM and smoke refreshed.

Smoke refreshed...smoke **Salem**

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Look Quick what I've Got...

THE TASTE SURPRISE FROM RAISINLAND!

Even a *sampling* of sunny raisins in the hand is worth more than a packageful on the shelf. In school lunches or as afternoon snack, kids would rather have some raisins than almost anything! Tossed into puddings, salads and raisinbread—cookies, rolls and dishes of cereal—these are the saucy-plump rascals that deliver the *taste surprise.* Raisins are extremely healthful. But don't wait to enjoy some until you're feeling weak. Each raisin is a *bite delight* as well as an energy booster. Get at least two packages at a time—raisins are quick on the eat-away!

CALIFORNIA'S RAISINS
NATURAL SEEDLESS
GOLDEN SEEDLESS
MUSCATS
CURRANTS
SULTANAS

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD,
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Now maybe you never imagined—or,
You forgot to shine up the thought—
That all of the flavor grown into a Raisin
Can actually, truly and surely, be bought!

—composed (and sung movingly) by the Raisinland Quartet

EVERYTHING A **BAKER** BAKES TASTES GOOD AND SAVES YOU WORK

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it's NEW... it's GREAT!

...It's recommended by MORE service station dealers than any other tire.

Your neighborhood Atlas dealer is one of 38,000 leading service stations coast to coast who sell the Atlas Plycron Cushionaire Tire. His enthusiasm for this great, new tire is important! For he knows that it takes the finest quality to keep you coming back to him as a regular customer and friend.

IMPROVED MILEAGE

Wide, flat 7-rib tread, "live" rubber and abrasion-resistant carbon black mean better performance at all speeds . . . on all kinds of road.

GREATER SAFETY

Plycron construction increases carcass strength; new design tread provides hundreds of deep anti-skid edges.

BETTER ROADABILITY

Soft riding, easy steering. And new anti-harmonic tread reduces road hum and squeal on turns to a minimum.

STREAMLINED APPEARANCE

Narrow white sidewalls with neat buttressing enhance the appearance of any car—make it look longer, lower, smarter.

WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Ask your dealer about the written guarantee on Atlas tires – honored by 38,000 service station dealers.

ATLAS* TIRES
BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

*Trade-marks "Atlas" "Plycron" and "Cushionaire" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1957, Atlas Supply Co., Newark 2, N. J.

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There's insurance to comfort the cautious. Equitable's Living Insurance is for adventurers, too.

All the world is hers to explore, bird and leaf and bug. The voyage of discovery will be going on for years. And *Living* Insurance can help you to keep it full of delight.

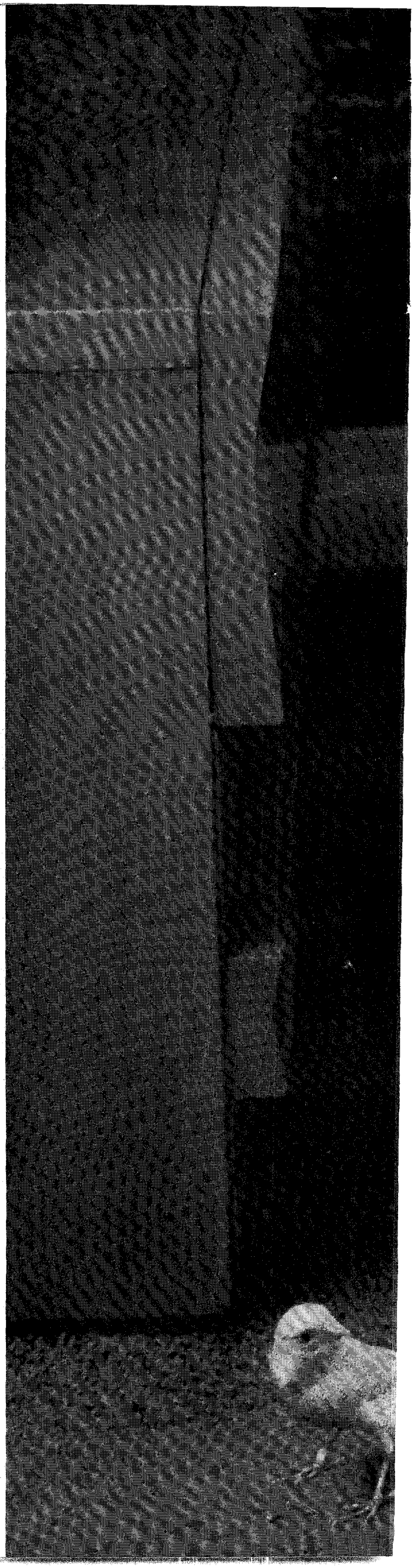
Now, while she's crawling, Equitable will look after her home — free your mind from worry about the mortgage. Later, it will provide insurance with high cash value when the mortgage is paid; will see that she goes to college; see that you can set a date to retire.

For this kind of insurance is more than a safeguard against possible misfortune. *Living* Insurance means benefits for the living. *Benefits for you while you live. If you die, benefits for those who live on after you.* Get in touch with the Man from Equitable. Your life can be — immeasurably — fuller and happier for it.

"Bird Watcher" photographed by Morton Schreiber

Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
393 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



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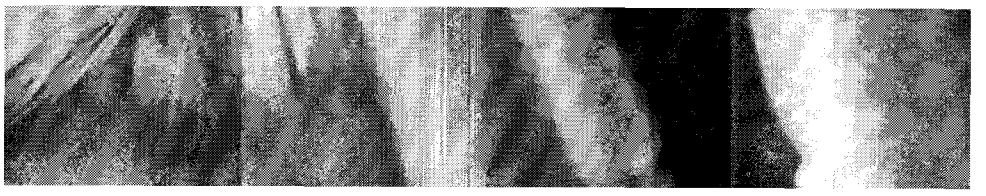

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THE CANADIAN ROCKIES present you with scenes of unexcelled grandeur as far as your eye can reach. And on the Banff-Lake Louise R

You'll see more of magnificent Canada from the Scen

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travel through them in broad daylight, when you can take full advantage of the view from the sky-high Scenic Domes of *The Canadian.*

omes of The Canadian

Canada's only stainless steel streamliner takes you along the Banff-Lake Louise Route through 2,881 miles of ever-changing scenery

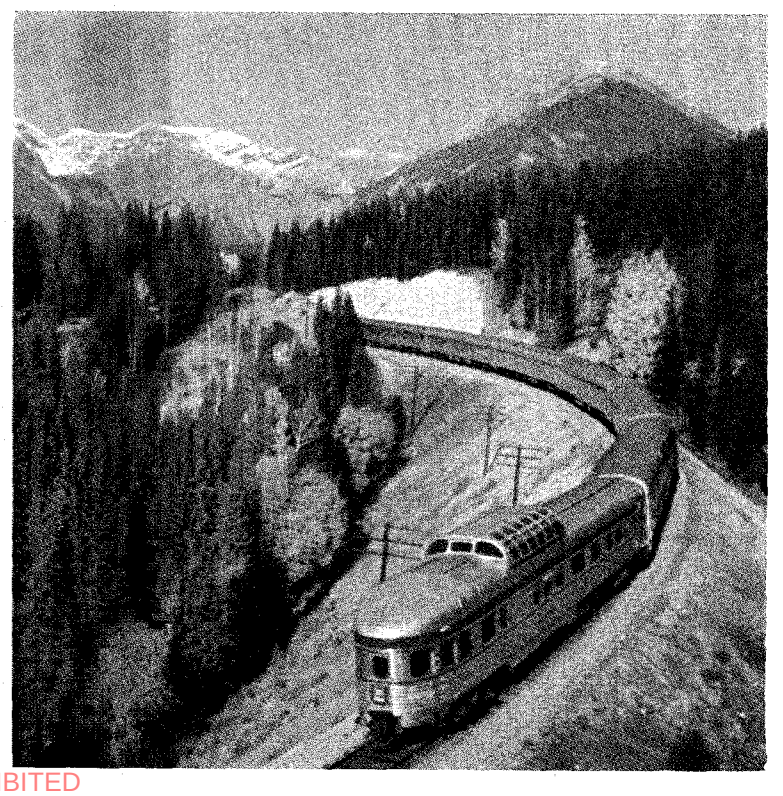
* * *

The moment you step aboard *The Canadian,* you'll enter a new vacation world.

First, perhaps, you'll just sit back and relax in your comfortable armchair, while scenes of majestic beauty flash by. Then you might stroll to the intimate Mural Lounge for refreshments. And as evening approaches, you can enjoy an inexpensive meal in the Skyline Coffee Shop, or make reservations for the finest Canadian cuisine in the Deluxe Dining Room Car.

The Canadian is justly famous for its atmosphere of spacious comfort and ultra-modern luxury. Whether you go coach, tourist, or first class, every seat on the train is reserved at no extra fare. In daily service throughout the year between Montreal and Vancouver and Toronto and Vancouver, *The Canadian* offers you the longest scenic dome ride in the world, under smooth diesel power.

To be sure of the accommodations you want *when* you want them, make reservations now on this popular train. You can get complete details from your local travel agent or from Canadian Pacific in principal cities in the U.S. and Canada.



Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System

Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Communications • Express

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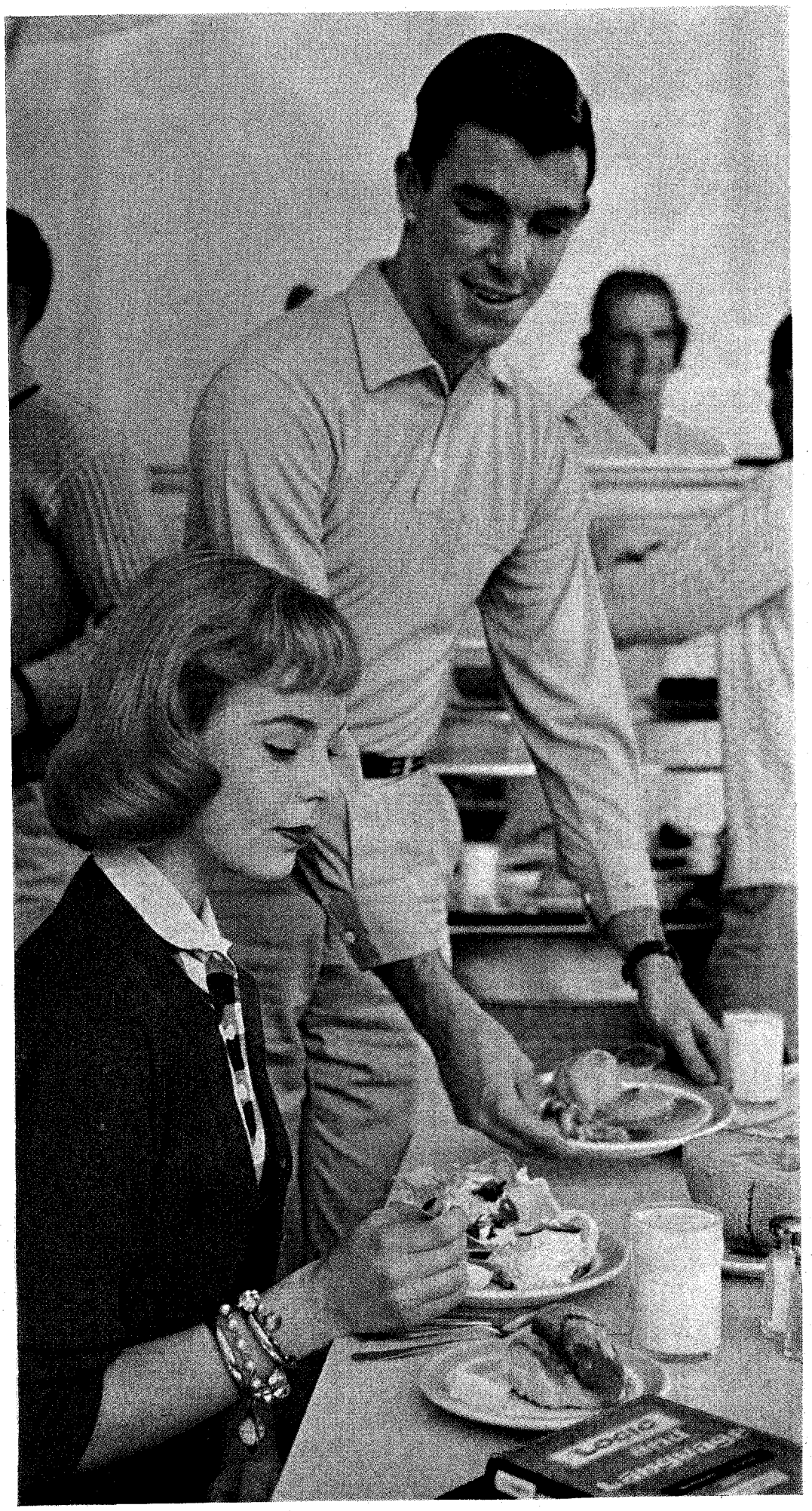
Here's why you should join the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM – *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

Can you—or your family—always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. You'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use *only* Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

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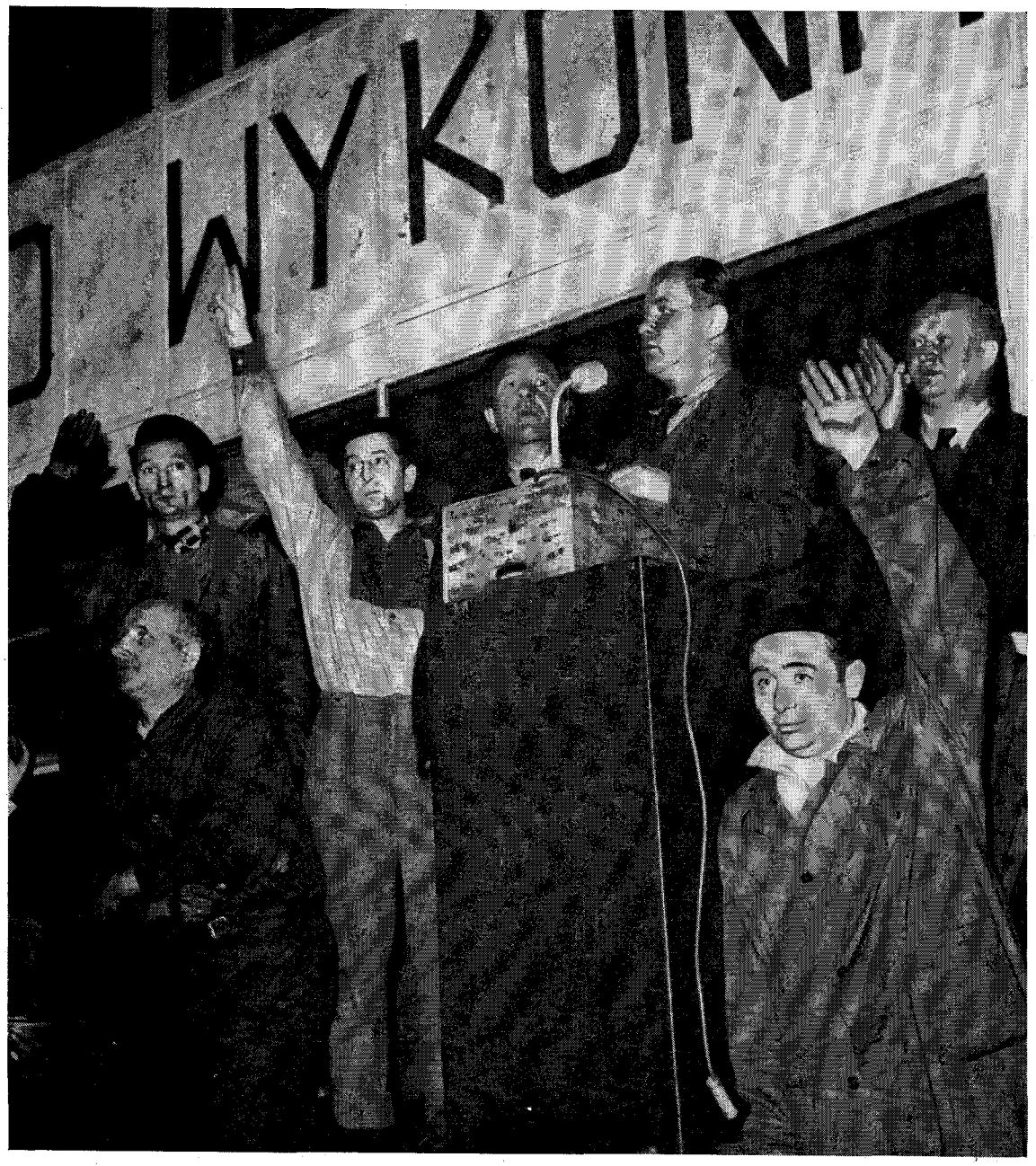
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Polish experiment in relative freedom has paradoxically dealt Russia a subtle, yet staggering, blow. A report on the astounding change in the ways of Communism under Wladyslaw Gomulka.

INSIDE DEFIANT POLAND

By RICHARD C. HOTTELET



Workers' election at the Zeran auto plant, one of Poland's largest and—politically—most militant factories.

One evening last December a comedian in the Vagabunda, a cabaret in Warsaw, reeled off some imaginary want ads to show how times have changed in Poland. With a mocking grin, he recited, "Dwarf, former secret-police officer, well known as little boy who handed flowers to prominent persons at public celebrations, seeks suitable new occupation." The audience roared, TV viewers howled, and the next day all of Warsaw was laughing with them.

Few barbs could more deftly have punctured the inflated hypocrisy of the Communist system and its leaders. The social criticism packed into this simple joke is the moving force in the cold revolution now under way in Poland.

Poland today is an experiment in freedom. It is being led by the incredible working partnership of the First Secretary of the Polish United Workers' Party, Wladyslaw Gomulka, and the Roman Catholic Primate of Poland, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski—both recently out of prison. There are no blueprints for the kind of thing these men and their country are trying to do. To succeed they must subordinate state socialism to human liberty. Surrounded by Soviet power, with Russian divisions and Stalinist remnants in their country, they must preserve national independence. Above all, they must hold hot Polish tempers in check. Their only guide is the tragic example of Hungary, which moved too fast and too far, with too little self-control.

What had been Moscow's chief satrapy in Eastern Europe is now a satellite in name only. The Poles have defied the Kremlin and discarded its dogma. They have thrown a monkey wrench into the co-ordinated economic plan of the Soviet Bloc and turned westward for trade. Internally, they have attained a greater degree of freedom than Tito's Yugoslavia. They do not really

(Continued on Page 99)

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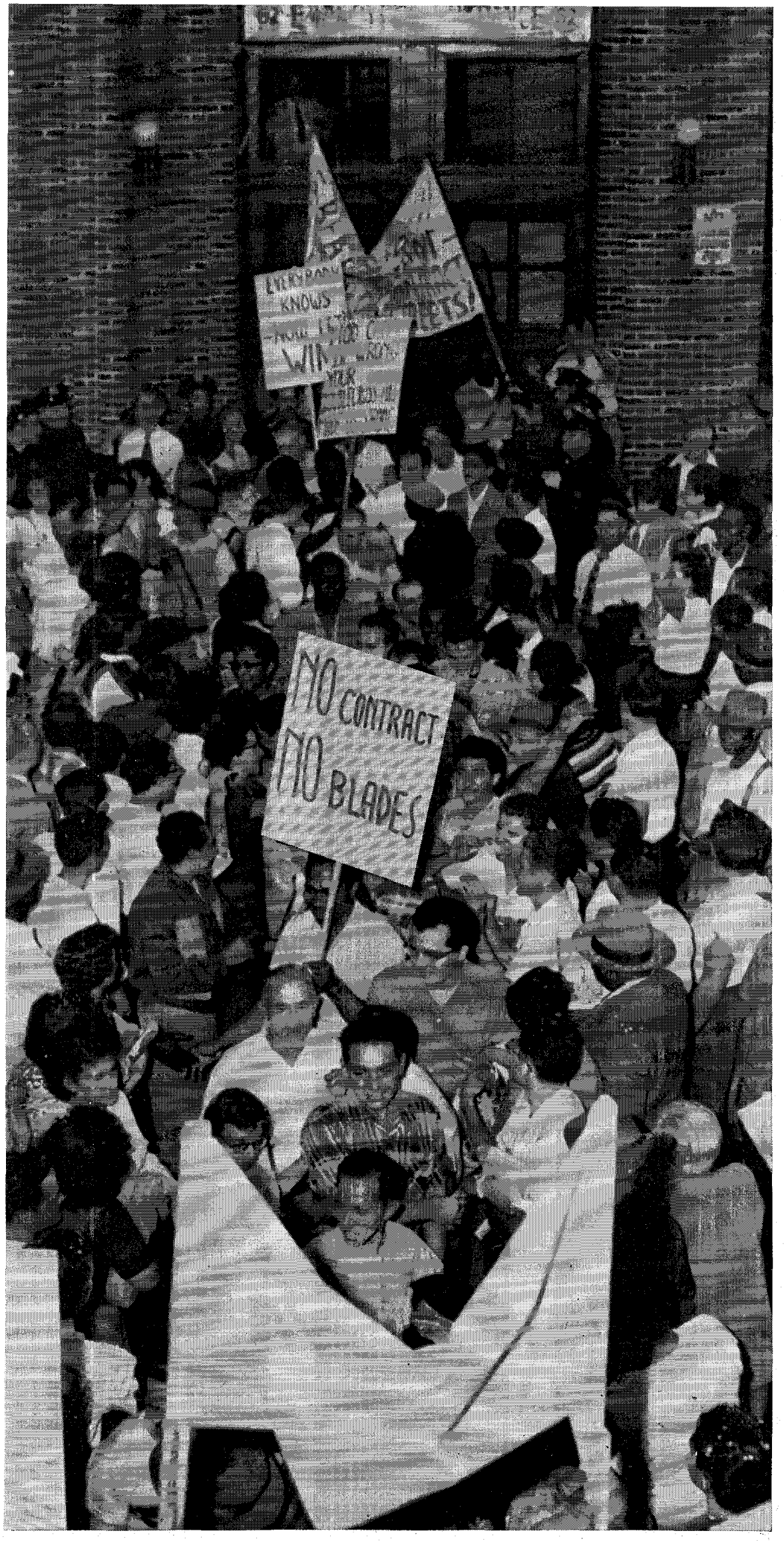
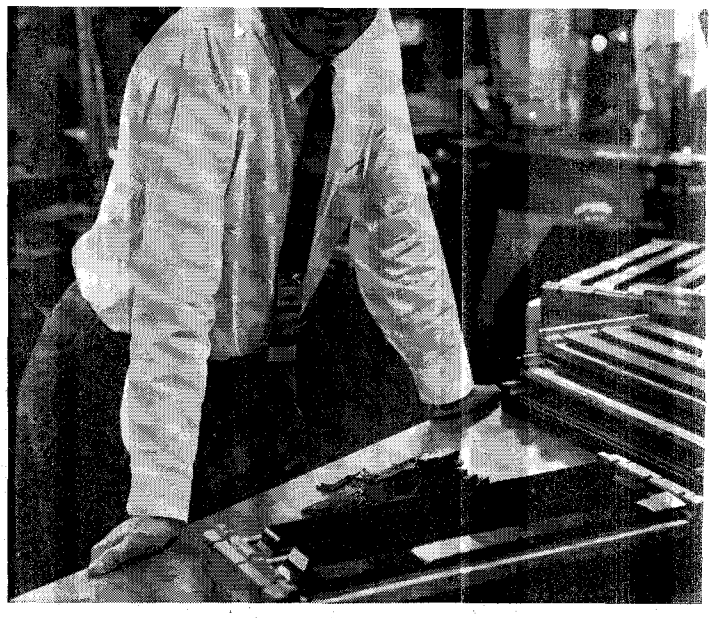


Back in Flatbush things were not always so tranquil. In 1954 some employees of the American Safety Razor Co. picketed the Brooklyn factory in an unsuccessful attempt to halt the move to Staunton, Virginia.



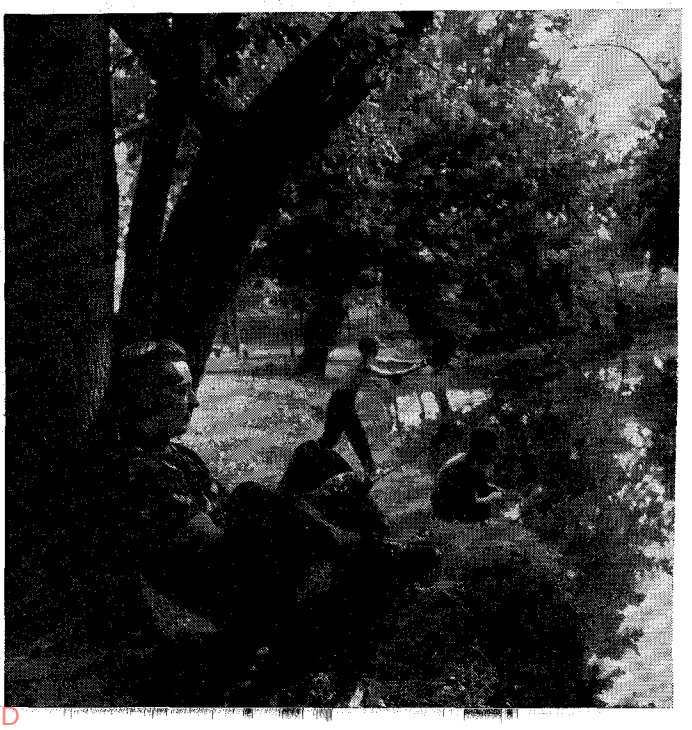
A.S.R.'s David M. Nason masterminded the exodus. "I felt like Moses," he says, "without the beard, of course."

The Happy Fugitives From Flatbush

By POYNTZ TYLER

How a group of dyed-in-the-wool Brooklynites made a remarkable readjustment when the factory they worked in moved way down to Old Virginny.

Who misses Coney? Transplanted Brooklynites Warren Shannon and his sons, Billy and Jimmy, enjoy the pastoral life.



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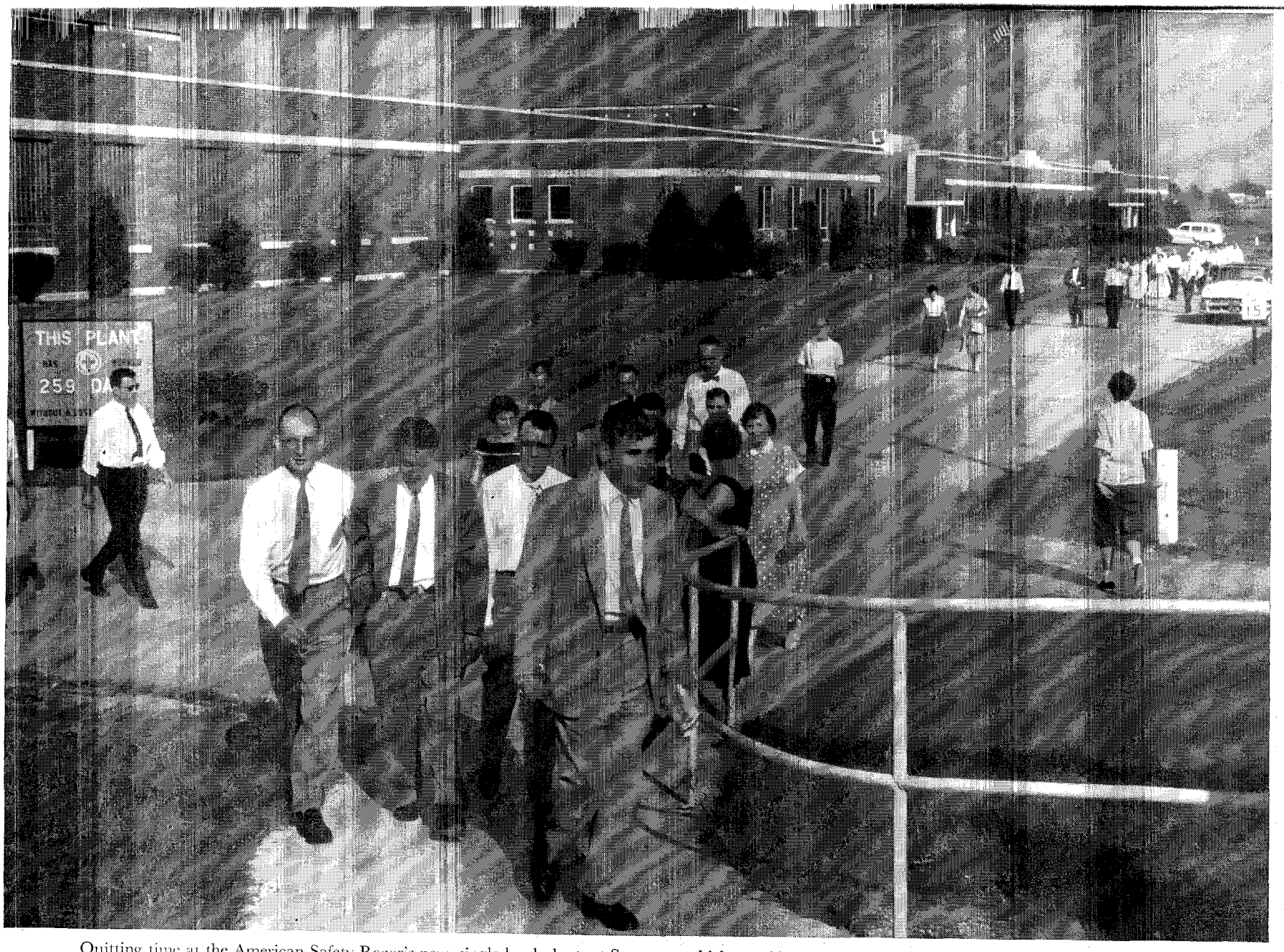

Quitting time at the American Safety Razor's new, single-level plant, at Staunton, which provides economies unattainable in the old eight-story factory.

This is the story of the second Yankee invasion of Staunton, Virginia, a pretty red-brick-and-white-frame Shenandoah Valley town. It came about when the American Safety Razor Corporation, of Brooklyn, New York, caught in the squeeze between mounting costs and competitive prices, moved South and invited its 1423 employees to move with it. More than a hundred accepted, and Staunton hasn't seen so much excitement since Sheridan's cavalry prowled the Valley in 1864.

It had been obvious for years to American Safety Razor, which manufactures razors and brushes as well as blades, that something would have to be done to keep advancing costs from overtaking the prices being set by competitors. The solution was obviously a more efficient and economical manufacturing setup, and this eventually led A.S.R. to Staunton and the blending of two diverse cultures. Thousands of similar moves have marked industry's post-war growth, but the very nature of these two protagonists make their union outstanding. Brooklyn and Virginia are both such dedicated chauvinists that relatives on each side feared disaster, but their marriage of convenience has already lasted two years and might turn into one of the great love affairs of our time.

This took a lot of doing, for Staunton is not an industrial town and doesn't particularly care to be one. It wants a smattering of industry to balance its economy, but it has flourished since 1732 on orchards, livestock, agriculture and light manufacturing and as an educational center. "What it boiled down to," as Sidney Weil, A.S.R.'s president expressed it, "was that Staunton didn't actually need the money, and we were glad of it. We want to be accepted as people, not tolerated as a payroll, so we muted our statistics and flaunted our charms." It was an enlightened approach for a firm which had been (Continued on Page 45)

Former city-apartment dwellers Ethel and Al Krol and daughter, Elaine, in the back yard of their new house in Staunton. Al is a manufacturing foreman at A.S.R.

Fringe benefits: North meets South as pretty new arrivals get acquainted with cadets from Staunton Military Academy.

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Fitzpatrick and his daughter, R
Margaret, joined the other passen
as they filed out to board Flight

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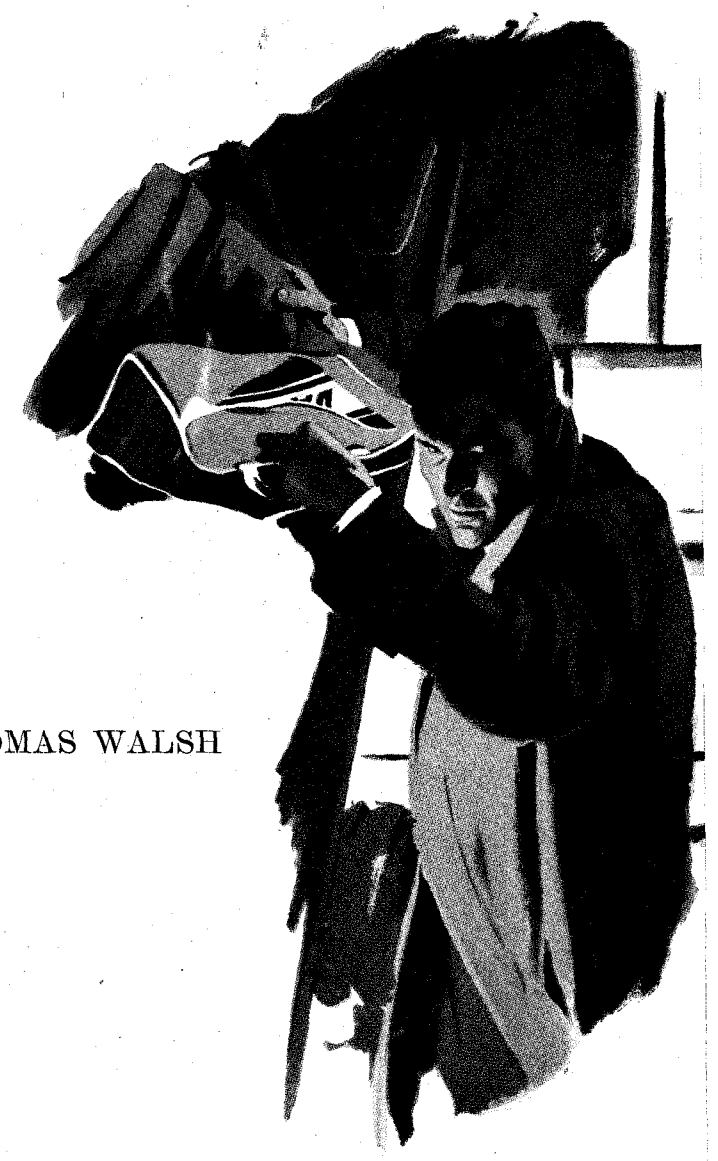
A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Murder On Order

By THOMAS WALSH



After adjusting the timing mechanism of the bomb, Eiler placed the flight bags on the rack.

He had been hired to destroy one man—and didn't care how many other lives he took in the process . . .

On the flight from Rome, there was no sensation of speed for Robert, and no weather. Then it seemed to him that they floated ahead tranquilly, with only a long, gentle glide now and again, in some new and rather overwhelming dimension of high space; and yet, even against such a background of infinite and unearthly latitudes, the miles dropped steadily away, and the hours with them. Seven o'clock passed, seven-thirty, a quarter of eight; and then, over Ireland, they dipped down into another world of sea-green shadow and into a window smudging of thick but colorless March rain.

In the seat ahead, old Fitzpatrick straightened himself now, peering out at the rain and murmuring something or other to the girl beside him. Then he glanced back at Robert, the famous Fitzpatrick hat with its bright feather and gaily pointed Tyrolean crown giving him not the highhanded distinction he must have wanted from it, but, rather, the pathetic raffishness of some jaunty and yet dismayingly senile scarecrow. He narrowed weary old eyes under white eyebrows while shifting his blackthorn stick; and Rose Margaret Fitzpatrick studied quietly but anxiously the distinguished old profile shut off from her—and from everyone else too—with its own brand of haggard and yet unmistakable inner imperiousness.

They had descended farther by this time, with a few lights visible down there, oddly tilted against the queer-looking upward slant of open water and dim, night-colored woods; and in another moment or two it was the solid earth itself that appeared to swing up and off on a long incline, as though circling out under the plane, and then back, on the far edge of an enormous turntable. They dropped quickly now, touching down to the usual faint queasiness in Robert's stomach, and racing ahead into thick dusk; then there were the airport buildings outside, and Flight 903, Rome to New York, checked itself, trundled forward again, and began edging around toward the landing platform.

They stopped, old Fitzpatrick unbuckling his seat belt, and Rose Margaret leaning forward to smooth the overcoat on his shoulders. He twitched off immediately from that attention, quite in character.

"Can't you leave me alone?" he demanded, openly irritated here by such evidence of public and so highly embarrassing concern for him. "Haven't I asked you before—asked you and asked you? Don't keep touching me all the time! Don't keep worrying at me!"

She colored a bit; a slim, coolly composed girl with black hair and fine, luminous gray eyes. Perhaps she was a little too conscious at that moment of young Mr. Robert Kelliher, from the district attorney's office, standing behind them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean it in that way, papa."

"Ah, you didn't," Fitzpatrick told her, his lips curling. "It's never your intention at all, is it? Only ——" His tone revealed sudden and ugly malice. "Can I do this for you, papa?" he whined out, directing the question not at her but at Robert, in a venomous and mocking singsong. "Can I do that for you, papa? Could I —— Yes, papa; no, papa." He smiled grimly. "Ah, thank God," he said. "Haven't I the luck of the world, sir? Haven't I the devoted and long-suffering child?"

Yes, Robert thought quietly, *haven't you?* He said nothing, however, and showed nothing. They went out then, old Fitzpatrick clearing an arrogant way at the plane door with his blackthorn stick; and up forward, all alone in another seat behind the pilots' compartment, the last remaining passenger on Flight 903 buttoned his gray topcoat while asking an apparently casual question of the plane steward. Would they be here long? "No, sir," the steward assured him. "Not very. An hour or so; that's all. Just long enough to fuel up."

An hour, the male passenger told himself. Well, he had known that before—made quite positive of it in Rome this morning—but it never hurt, of course, to recheck important matters of that kind. Turning back to his seat, as if he had forgotten something, he opened a silver-and-blue flight bag that was lying there; then he adjusted something inside quickly and carefully, fastened the bag again, and put it up on the rack under a couple of magazines and a wool blanket.

The steward followed him out, closing the plane door after them; and in a minute or so the big airliner circled around from the landing platform with earthbound sluggishness. A streak of light from outside flashed in across vacant seats, a rumpled pillow or two, a child's toy; and last of all on the blanket covering that silver-and-blue flight bag. There was no sound audible from under the blanket, however; the mechanism now ticking away in there was as noiseless and as precisely adjusted as the finest wrist watch.

The man who had adjusted it paused briefly at the foot of the landing ladder.

"Bad night, sir," the steward remarked amiably. "That rain's really coming down, isn't it?"

The man in the gray topcoat glanced at him with small and satiny-looking brown eyes. He spoke quietly, with his usual low-pitched huskiness.

"That's all right," he said. "I wouldn't worry about it, Jack. Not the weather."

The remark, which was too subtle, of course, for the plane

(Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Perry Peterson

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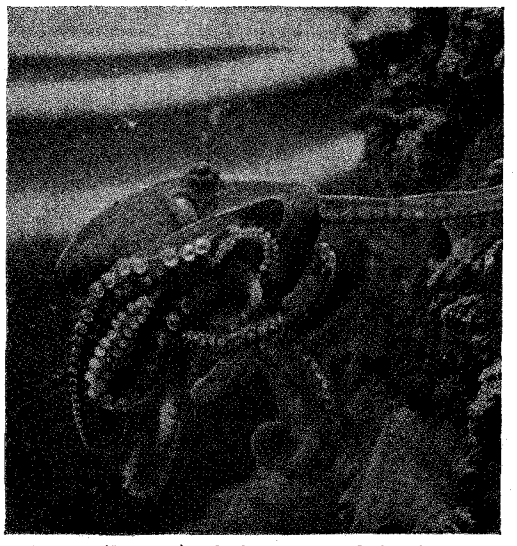
Living Mysteries of the Deep

Thanks to fearless skin divers, anyone can now keep rare and beautiful creatures from the sea in comfortable salt-water captivity.

By DANIEL P. MANNIX



Octopus ($20–30): Only advanced fanciers can cope with his ink-squirting binges and strength.

In the last few years, a new personal enterprise has appeared that combines the excitement of skin diving and wild-animal collecting, plus a gamble that makes drawing to an inside straight look relatively cautious. This weird business is the capturing of rare salt-water fish for fanciers who are willing to pay twenty dollars for a live queen angel, twenty-five dollars for a tiny jewel fish or forty dollars for the exotic little royal gramma. The fish swim by the thousands around reefs off the Bahamas and the Florida keys, but the collector has to dive down after them regardless of barracuda, sharks, poisonous corals and sudden storms.

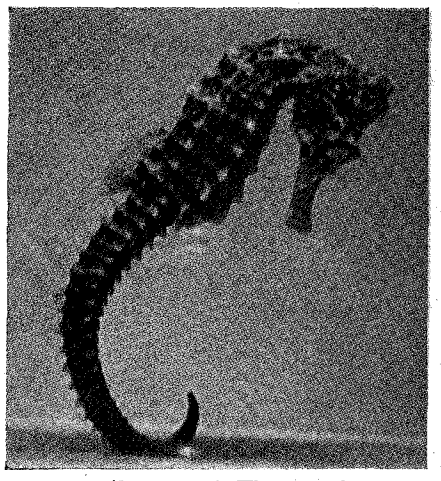
Photographs by Larry Keighley

One of the best known of the collectors is Russ Renaud, a lean, wiry man in his early forties, who still carries the scars of an underwater adventure he had three years ago. Russ was swimming along the Bahama reefs, wearing a glass face mask and rubber flippers. He was carrying the small hand net which is the trade-mark of the fish collector. Below him, he saw a blue angelfish, some three inches long and worth about twelve dollars. Russ shot the air out of his lungs and dived. It was nearly his last dive.

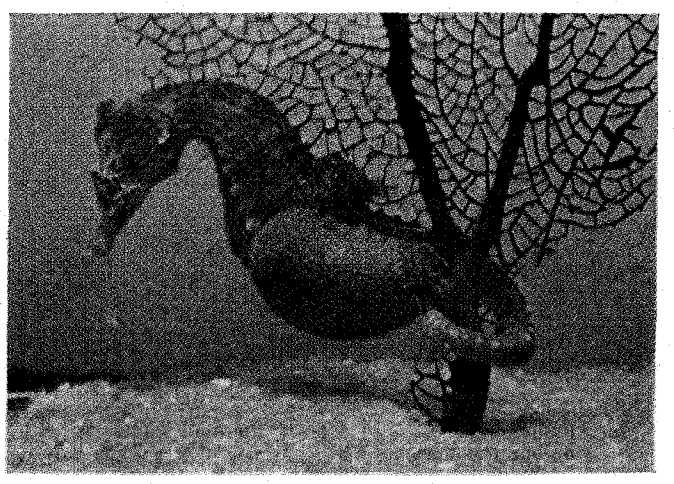
The angel darted into a hole in the reef. Russ didn't dare to put his net in the hole, as the unyielding wire frame might push the valuable little angel against the sharp coral points and injure him. Instead, he put in his hand. Instantly something grabbed him by the wrist.

"I knew at once it was a moray eel," Russ told me while we were discussing fish collecting in his Miami home. "Morays live in holes in the reefs. They have needle-sharp teeth. They get to be about six feet long and are as thick around as a man's thigh. I had enough air in my lungs for only a few more seconds and the surface of the water seemed a mile away. I braced myself against the coral and pulled the eel's head out of the hole. Then I hit him as hard as I could with the wire frame of my net. The second or third crack, he let go and I went for the surface. I still carry the scars."

No one knows exactly how many men make their living in this curious business, because the number keeps changing from week to week. An enthusiastic skin diver decides fish collecting is a good way to make easy money, and he starts in. Usually in a couple of months he gets discouraged and quits. He discovers that a fish collector must not only be a crack



Sea horse ($15 a pair): They are the most popular of all salt-water tropicals.



Pregnant male: Until hatching time, father sea horse carries the eggs in a pouch with a "slide fastener" arrangement.

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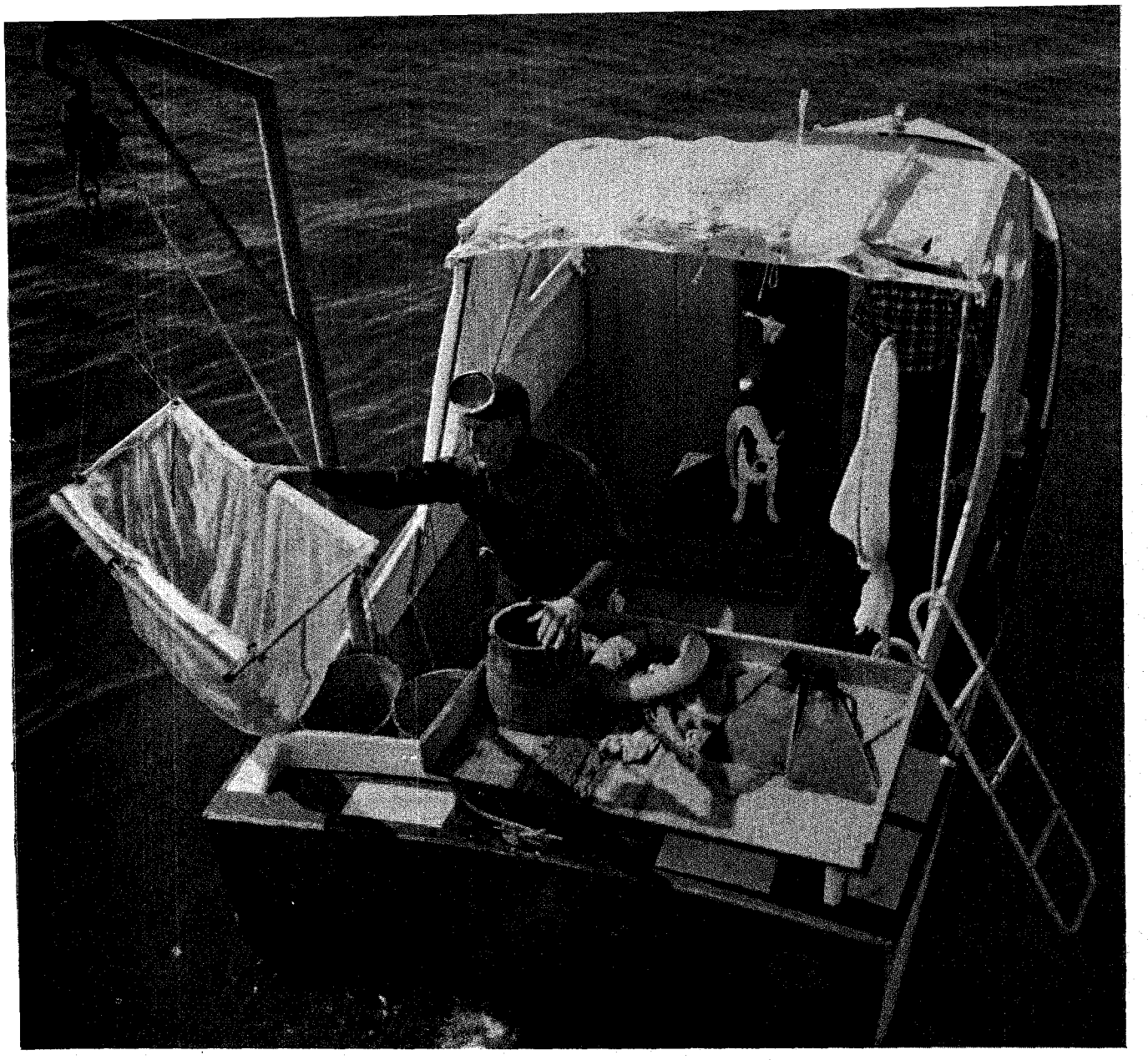
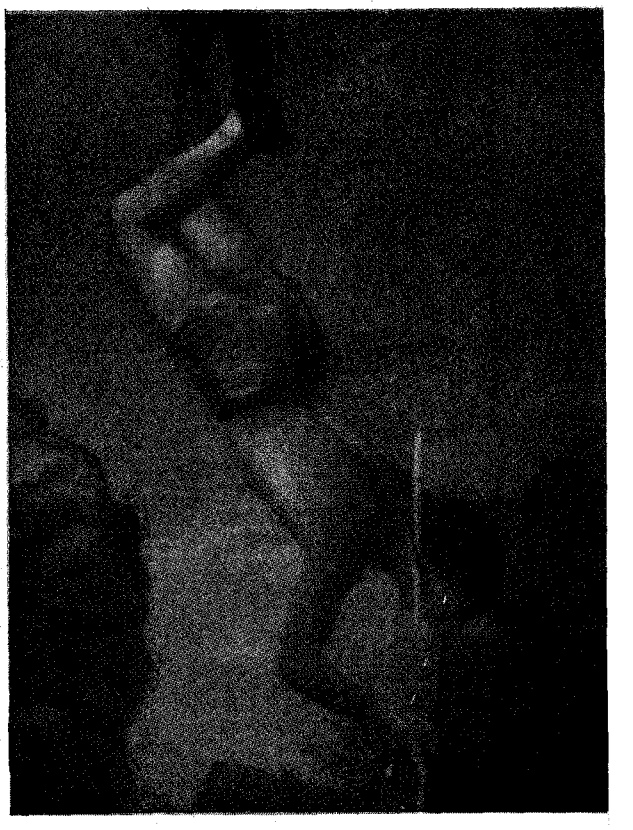


Collector Russ Renaud and his wife
off Cocolobo Island, near the Florida coast.
During the winter months
he wears this neoprene diving suit.

Equipped with face mask and snorkel tube,
Bob Straughan searches for tiny fish
hidden in the crevices of a reef
off Key Largo, Florida.



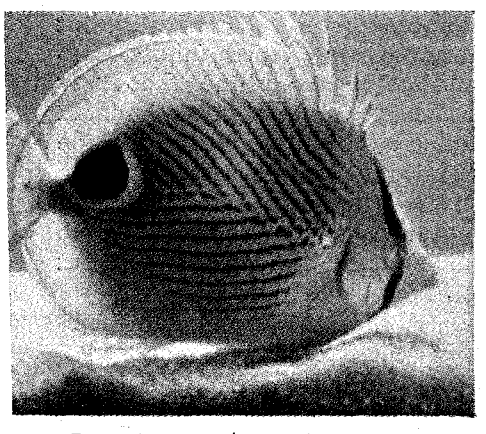
skin diver but also an expert naturalist and a good businessman with enough capital to put several thousand dollars into boats, tanks, nets, diving equipment and filtering apparatus. Keeping salt-water fish alive and healthy is a big gamble too.

With the market steadily increasing, anyone who can successfully breed and raise the colorful salt-water fish might make a small fortune. Already certain varieties have been bred in aquariums, but no one has succeeded in raising the fry to breeding size. Finding a ready market seems to be no problem.

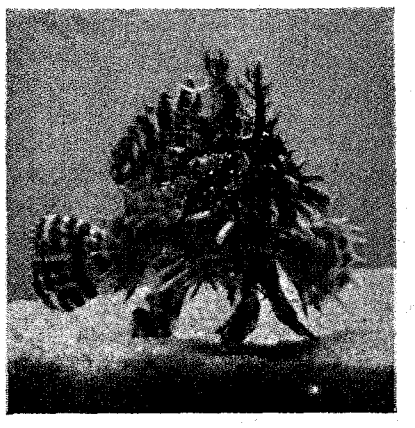
A distracted dealer told me, "I started out forty years ago with goldfish. When tropical fish first came in, I thought no one would bother with them, what with the thermostats, aged water and fancy foods they needed and fish half the size of your little finger costing two or three dollars. Now customers are talking about salinity scales, all-glass aquariums, Gulf Stream water, tidal water, artificial salt water, breeding brine shrimp as a food and heaven knows what. I think people are crazy."

People may be crazy, but there seems to be satisfaction in having a segment of coral reef in your own living room populated with a pair of brilliant sapphire-and-turquoise Beau Gregorys, a school of tiny sea horses and perhaps a cheerful little porcupine fish that feeds from your fingers. Perhaps 20,000 amateur fanciers are experimenting with salt-water aquariums in their homes. Some give up after a few failures. Others keep on in the hope of learning how to breed the exquisite butterfly fish or possibly even the majestic Moorish idol, which sell for $150 each when available.

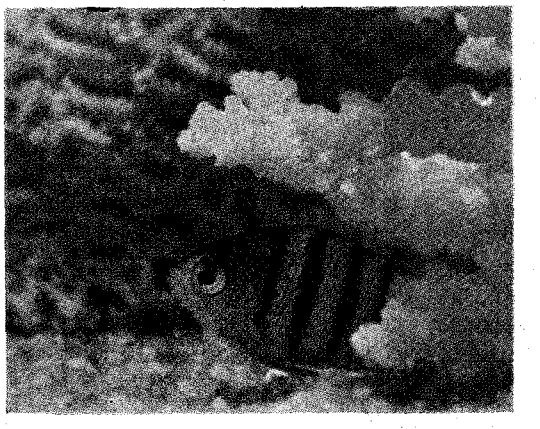
Until the knack of breeding these temperamental imports from the ocean is found, however, fanciers must rely on the professional fish collectors. Nearly all the varieties suitable for home aquariums have to be caught by skin diving with hand nets. Seines can't be used among the coral heads, and hooks would injure the fish. Most of the more valuable types usually won't enter the baited fish trap, which is designed (Continued on Page 109)



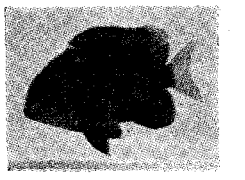
Butterfly fish ($10–15): This fragile-nerved variety sometimes dies of fright.



Sargassum ($6 and up): A seaweedlike creature, he has a built-in fishing rod.



Sergeant Major ($3.50): His favorite haunts are among the nooks in multihued coral formations.



Jewel fish ($25): This is an enlarged picture of a species found only on the outer reefs at depths of twenty feet or so.

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"I'm probably all wrong for you," she said. He started to put his arm around her shoulder, but she twisted free.

DYNAMIC WOMAN

By NOEL CLAD

Betsy made a perfect wife in every way but one—she was ruining her husband's career . . .

"You're right," Buck Keefer said in French to the wise old wife of the French consul. "It sure was *formidable*." Inside himself, he realized with a start, he was wondering, for the first time, whether he should have married his wife.

He could hear Betsy's voice all the way across the room, clear and mellow, her slight Texas drawl cutting through the babble of half a dozen languages, "Ah do believe you're wrong, ambassador. Your theory to the contrary, I still think nineteenth-century economics could do the same thing. And for a lot less money."

Out of the corner of his eye, Buck saw the American ambassador frown, and the old man's face darkened a little. Buck winced. The ambassador was an authority on economic theories. But of more vital concern, it was proverbial in the Foreign Service that Ambassador Forbes did not like to be crossed.

For an instant the French consul's wife sniffed, lips parted, her sharp eyes slightly lidded. Picking up the scent, Buck thought, like the old diplomatic beagle she was, the faintest hint of changing weather in the American consulate. He cudgeled his brain for some excuse to get away, to join his boss before Betsy got in any deeper. But the elderly Frenchwoman put a hand on his arm.

"Never," she said with transparent brightness, "have I seen such an absolute hush in one audience. *Magnifique*. Even for Gigli, the performance was *magnifique*."

Buck saw her chin lifted again. Madame de Main was supposed not to speak English, but you were never certain of those things. Anyway she could see by Forbes' face that Betsy was making herself *persona non grata*. Damn. A wife could make or break her husband in the service. Buck tried to remember if this was the third or the fourth time Betsy had sounded off since he had been assigned to Venice. A couple more *gaffes*, he thought, and Forbes would get himself a new boy.

"I don't know, Mrs. Keefer," the ambassador was saying politely. Buck knew that smile. It was the smile Forbes usually reserved for Russians at diplomatic cocktail parties. "I don't know. I always felt rather differently about it myself." (Continued on Page 65)

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I'm No Quitter

One of the most maligned pitchers in baseball unburdens himself on a sore subject: How it feels to have your courage questioned when you fail in the World Series.

By DON NEWCOMBE, *as told to Milton Gross*

The New York Yankees worked me over pretty badly in the World Series last fall, but the way I was worked over off the field bothered me just as much as what happened on it. Every time I read a newspaper or opened my mail or listened to a sports program on the radio, it was the same sort of thing: "Newcombe can't win the big ones," or "Big Newk dogs it."

People told me I shouldn't let stuff like that get under my skin. They'd say, "Suppose the Yankees did knock you out of two big games in the Series? After all, you won twenty-seven games during the season, and they were all big ones—the Dodgers only won the pennant by one game."

When I was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player award for 1956, and also the first Cy Young Memorial Trophy as the outstanding pitcher in the major leagues, the people who know me best said, "Now aren't you satisfied?" I got a wonderful letter from President Eisenhower. He advised me to forget what happened in the Series and remember what I did in the pennant race. He wrote, "Every athlete in every sport in the world knows that some days things just don't break right."

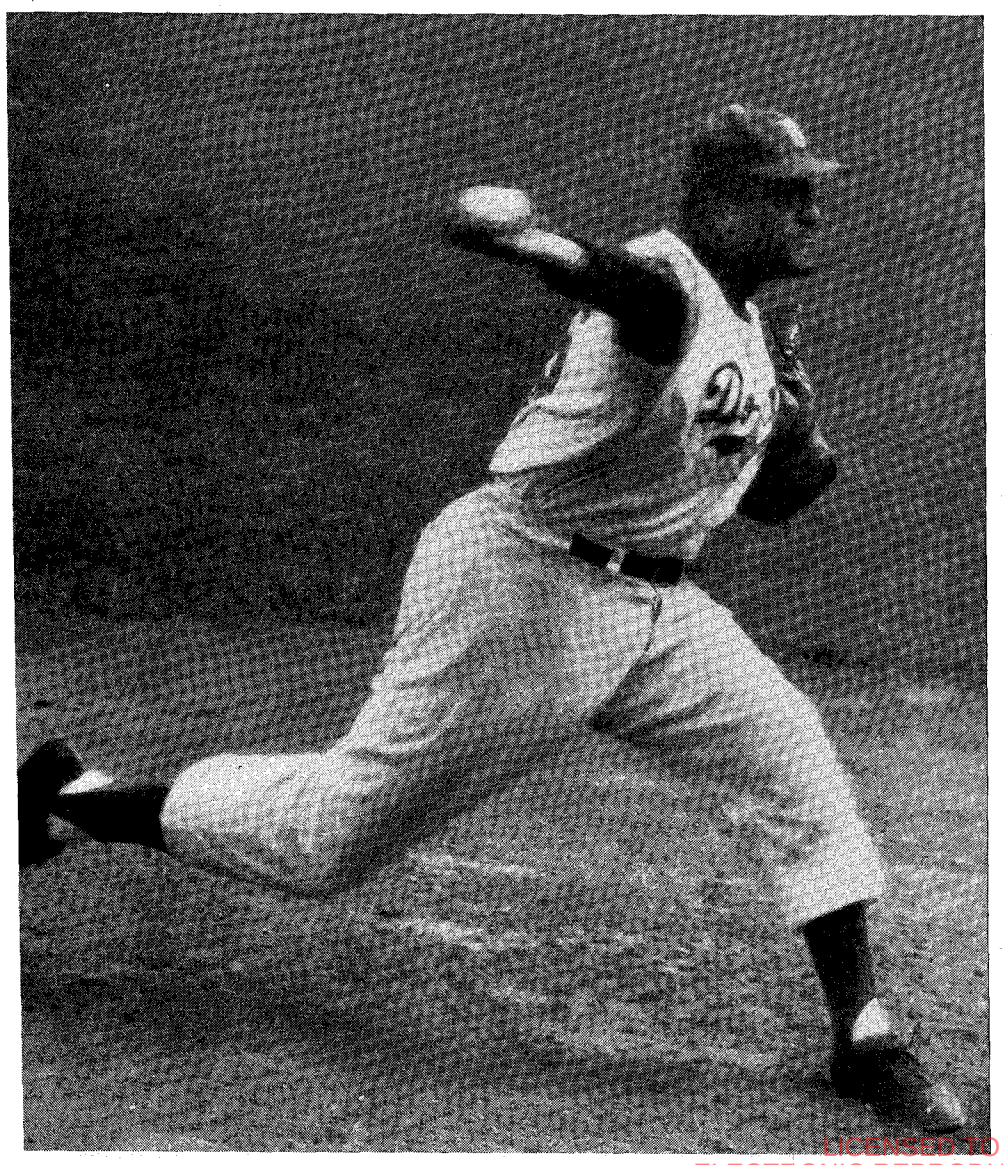
The Dodgers gave me a raise in salary. My wife, my family, and Vice-President Buzzy Bavasi, of the ball club, all said, "Now forget everything that's happened. Stop beating yourself up because some people say things which aren't true."

I'd like to forget it, but I can't. It's a terrible thing to hear such talk about yourself when you want to win so badly you're ready to throw your arm off your shoulder, even though it's already hurting before you walk out to warm up.

After the Yankees knocked me out of the box in the second inning of the second Series game on a grand-slam home run by Yogi Berra, I had a run-in with a parking-lot attendant when I came out of Ebbets Field. He yelled at me, "Can't you take competition? What's the matter, Newk, are you gutless?"

When the Series shifted to Yankee Stadium, I was running in the outfield before a game. I heard somebody shout at me, "You yellow-bellied slob!" I'm big—six-feet-four—but I'd have to be a lot bigger man than I am, or a lot smaller one inside, to shrug off that kind of stuff. Later on, I was in the bull pen right next to the bleachers, and some fan in there kept calling me the dirtiest names. I asked Clem Labine, "Is he saying what I think he is?" I was ready to go into the stands after the guy when a policeman said, "I'll get him for you, Newk." When the officer started for this loudmouth, the guy beat it.

Things like that make you choke up with anger inside. Now (Continued on Page 90)



After giving up three homers in the first four innings, an unhappy Newcombe heads for the showers amidst a torrent of boos. The Yanks won the game 9–0, and the Series 4–3.

The pitch that failed: The Yankees' Yogi Berra slammed this Newcombe fast ball (left) over the right field screen for a two-run homer in the first inning of the final game of the 1956 Series.

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Curiosity: Bringing toys to class is O.K. at the Beauvoir School, where these boys will soon find out what really makes the miniature steam engine (left) and microscope work.

Children are Smarter Than You Think

The fascinating story of what one school is doing to spark youngsters' interest in science, and to assure the country a future supply of Edisons and Einsteins.

By Mary Mitchell

One morning last spring, fifteen kindergarten children and their science teacher, Mrs. Viola Woodside, sat around a table near a window, using a prism to cast rainbow colors on a wall. Before long the teacher noticed that one of the boys was playing with a pair of small metal bars he had taken out of his corduroys pocket. She interrupted the experiment and asked if anyone in the class had ever seen a magnet. No one had.

Pocketing the prism, Mrs. Woodside coaxed the owner of the magnets into laying the bars on the table and letting her push one toward

Astronomy: On a model of the solar system, geared to revolve realistically, teacher Viola Woodside tells third-graders how the earth's rotation on its axis every 24 hours produces the diurnal cycle of darkness and daylight.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Density: Six-year-old Katina Mills proudly proves to classmates that an egg will float in a heavy, salt solution, while an egg in plain water sinks to the bottom.

the other with her forefinger. Suddenly it jumped to hitch onto its twin. The children watched enthralled as she made one bar chase the other in wide circles across the table top.

Soon somebody cried, "Let me!" With everyone yelling for turns, the teacher quietly chalked one end of each bar white—to represent, she said, snow, the Eskimos and the north. She gave her pupils a simple explanation of magnetic poles. Then every child had a turn with the magnets until each one had seen for himself that white repelled white, but attracted black, and that the bars could be chased or tandem-hitched at will.

The subject of magnetism usually is not taught until second or third grade, and many kindergarten (Continued on Page 87)

Refraction: Beauvoir youngsters perform a dance which illustrates how a prism separates sunlight into the colors of the spectrum.

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In the American heartland: Victor, his wife Sanna, and their poodle L'Amour strolling through Hutchinson, Kansas, before a recent performance of his one-man show.

Everybody Laughs at Me

"Don't you like intermissions? I love them. We're going to have an intermission for about an hour and a half tonight . . . so we can really get acquainted."

Victor, in Hitler's Europe, ridiculed the Führer until a gang of Nazi hoodlums tried to break his fingers so he could never play again.

By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings*

Part Four

On a gloomy, drizzling August morning nearly seventeen years ago, the transport American Legion crawled into New York harbor after a perilous twelve-day voyage from Finland through the mine fields of the North Sea.

The vessel brought Crown Princess Martha of Norway and many other European fugitives, both rich and poor, whose homes and homelands Hitler had swallowed up. Walter Winchell itemed the ship's arrival and mentioned one immigrant who had come ashore with no luggage and very little money. He said the man brought in only one personal possession, a little Scottie dog, for which, ironically, he had to pay three dollars' duty. No one at the dock seemed to know the passenger's name. I remember that day very acutely indeed, for I was that unknown man.

In conversations with friends at home in Connecticut I have often referred to that experience as "the miracle of August twenty-eighth," and to (Continued on Page 111)

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Never Trust a Blonde

By RUTH LAMSON

Why Deetsie's aunt tried to steal Deetsie's man. . . .

If you're a good San Franciscan, you consult the view. With a fine Bay view, God loves you, the answer is out there somewhere, and Dorothy Mitchell knew it. Why couldn't she decide? The morning fog, maybe? But all this time over a simple wedding present—*May nineteenth, oh, no!* Well, not so simple, actually. For her only niece and godchild, the gift should be something quite smash. Like Deetsie. Then, too, Deetsie's mother, Julia, had to be considered, or else. As for Clell Ferguson, he was merely the groom.

Mrs. Mitchell tried another window in the high Nob Hill apartment. Standing against the cool invigorating air in a whiff of pink nylon—a figure like hers can feel warm in very little—she debated gifts. Silver? Crystal? A nice piece of rare old heirloom money, perhaps? Or just ask the girl what she wants. If she knows. Thinking of Deetsie as grown up only made it harder. She was tall enough, Lord, yes. Beautiful dark eyes. And certainly there was nothing childish to those lovely, endless legs, brown as Sierra barbecue. But how did one synchronize the changeable hair? The reversible attitudes? The perfectly staggering collection of jazz records she defended to the last blast? And talk about spoiled —— *Now, if she had been mine* —— thought Mrs. Mitchell. *But Clell will cope; there's the boy.* Still the view wouldn't co-operate. Still foggy. Try again, later.

Coffee now. Coffee, brioche, the Chronicle. Assembling all, Mrs. Mitchell sat down and began reading her breakfast. Columns first. Halfway through Terrence O'Flaherty, the phone rang.

"Long distance," the operator said. "Sierra Center calling Mrs. Simon Mitchell. Is Mrs. Mitchell there?"

"This is she." Must be Deetsie's mother. Who else would make a person-to-person call to a lone widow at eight A.M.? Good old Julia, born suspicious. By and large, Julia was no romp. She barged upon the city each fall for the opera season, wearing what Dorothy Mitchell thought of as cement sacks with sequins. *You're just jealous because she has a husband and a beautiful daughter.*

Expecting the firm, assured voice of her older sister, it was something of a shock to hear Julia sounding shrill and desperate.

(Continued on Page 50)

Deetsie glared as her aunt began bustling around Clell as if she owned him.

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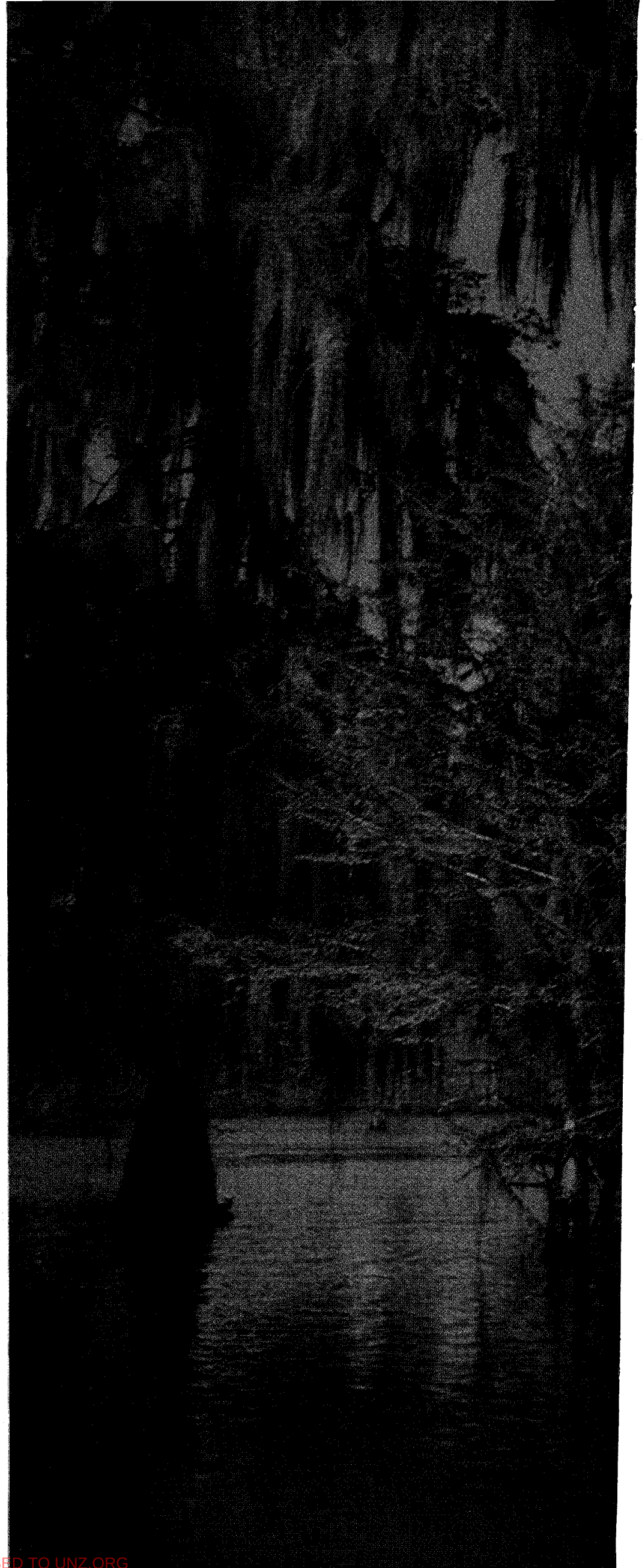
The Face of AMERICA

Watery Wilderness

Beneath gray shrouds of Spanish moss, a Cajun couple paddle across the dark, still waters of Bayou Chicot. Overhead, the boughs of gum trees and tall cypresses shield them from the Louisiana sun. It is a pleasant spring Sunday here, about 75 miles (as the crow flies) northwest of Baton Rouge. Like many of the inhabitants of Evangeline Parish who enjoy boating on the lake, Doc Wiggins and his wife are descendants of the Nova Scotia Acadians whose exile to Louisiana two centuries ago inspired Longfellow to create his ill-fated heroine. From her, the parish took its name. Once a swampy, cut-over area, Bayou Chicot is now a well-cared-for state park. To the Choctaw Indians, this kind of waterway was a *bayuk*, or small river. But to early settlers trying hard to capture the meandering tranquillity of the tree-studded lakes, a bayou was known as "the place of the sleeping water." ❁ Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



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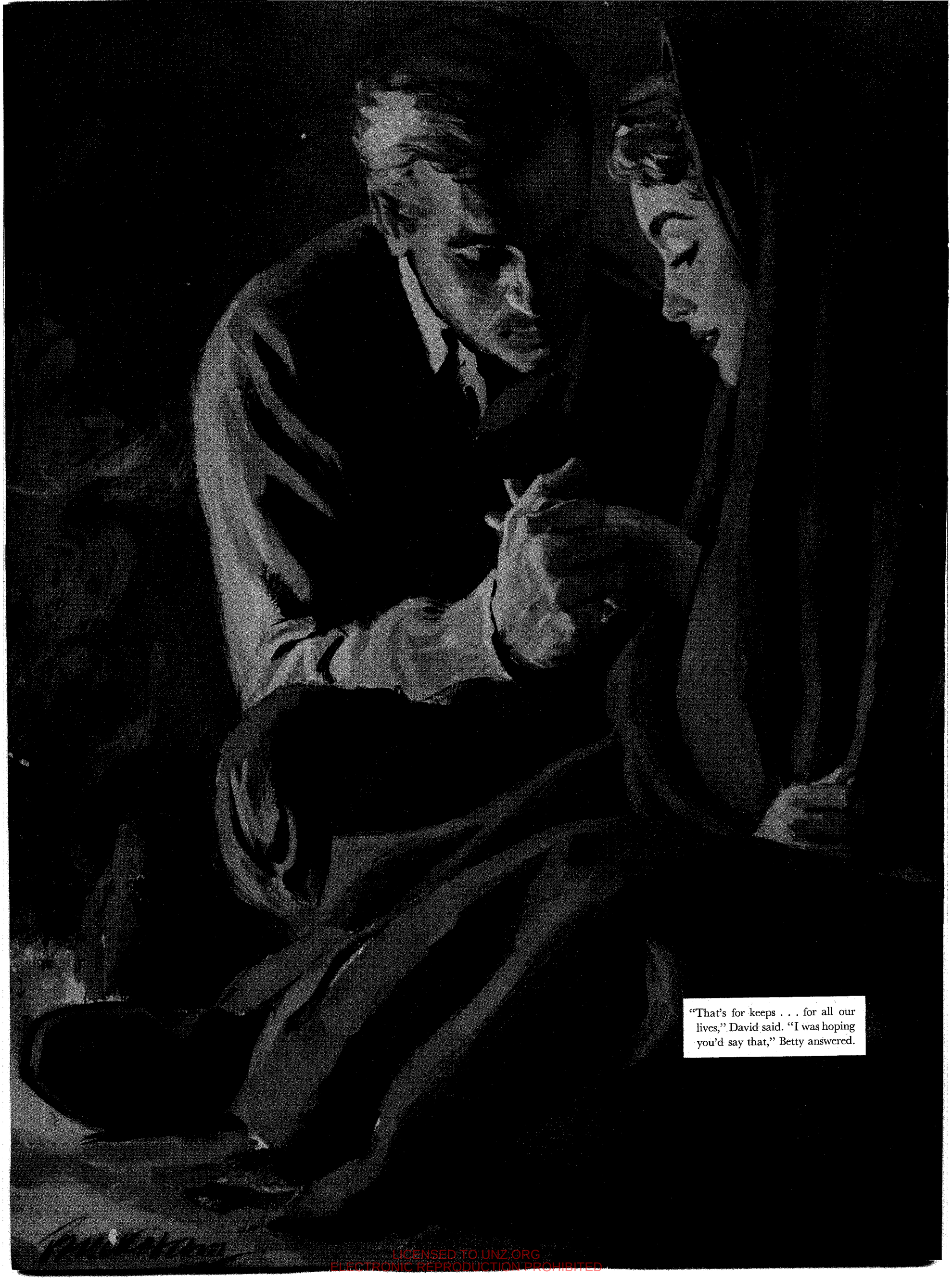

"That's for keeps . . . for all our lives," David said. "I was hoping you'd say that," Betty answered.

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TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

If he didn't hold her now, he would lose her forever.

She was sitting in a dusty station wagon—Hamilton Guide Service—when he saw her first. He came out of the lodge, lugging a couple of heavy rucksacks and a suitcase, feeling very much the tourist in brand-new boots and jeans. He guessed her age to be about his own, twenty, give or take a year. He noticed her hands on the wheel, square and brown and hard, her bare head and her jacket of forest green. He talked with her briefly, waiting for his father to appear, and the thought crossed his mind that she belonged here, on the rim of the high country, like the pines and the lakes and all the leathery, big-hatted men.

She was part of the background, that first morning, present, but making no deeper impression than the bus driver who takes you across the city, the waiter who brings your steak. He watched her move about the corral, helping a lean and boot-brown man ready the pack string for the trail, thinking not of her, but of his father, who sat on a box close by, soaking up the sun. David Ramsey, Sr., M.D., was gaunt and tall, hooked nose and iron-gray hair. He was a smiling, patient man, wise in every way but one. He gave too much of his time and skill to those who could not pay.

"Cap," David said, "why the big grin?"

"No telephones where we're going."

"Nor much of anything else."

"Fine country—the best." His father smiled. "No billboards or hot-dog stands."

"What's wrong with a hot dog?" David asked. "If you ask me, when you've seen one mountain you've seen them all."

"The voice of youth and ignorance," his father said.

"If you're ready, we can start now," the girl said.

She had come up behind them, booted feet making no sound in the dust. Her smile came quickly and was gone—a bus driver's smile—and her clear eyes told nothing of her thoughts.

"Ready?" Cap said. "I've been ready for a long, long time."

"I know," she said. "Ed read me your letters."

Her smile, this time, was warm and for a moment David Ramsey felt he was the stranger here. This girl, this Betty Hamilton, knew and understood the longing Cap had held through all the years, the busy years when he could not get away. More than that, she shared his knowledge of the high country David had heard about but never seen.

"Let's go look at a mountain," David said.

She was busy with the pack string the first morning. He saw her only as a slim back or a lifted hand, somewhere on a curve of the trail, above and far ahead. And he was interested in the country, trying to see it with Cap's eyes. There were rushing streams and stands of virgin pine, but a man could get his fill of these without getting aboard a horse whose normal gait was a racking trot.

Cap did not feel that way. Nor did Ed Hamilton, the lean and weathered man. At the crest of every rise he found something out in the wild and tumbled land—a glinting lake, a waterfall, a lightning-gutted tree—that wakened memory and gave him reason to stop and talk. The morning was half gone before David realized that Ed was timing the halts deliberately.

"Look," he said. "We don't have to stop and rest so often just because I'm a tenderfoot."

"Foot is hardly the word," Cap said dryly. "As you'll know in the morning."

"Both of you," Ed said.

He led them across a lush meadow and into a sun-warmed grove, just at (Continued on Page 104)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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THE OLD TANKER RIDES AGAIN

How that hard-boiled soldier, Major General Ernest Harmon, invaded the world of ivory towers and put a quiet little Vermont college back on the academic map.

By Milton MacKaye

Major General E. N. Harmon, battle-seasoned armored-forces veteran, in his office at Norwich University.

There were smiles of friendly but amused incredulity when news got around that Maj. Gen. E. N. Harmon, one of the old Army's roughest and readiest specimens, was about to exchange his battered and bullet-dented tanker's helmet for a college president's mortarboard.

"Not Ernie," said a three-star colleague of World War II. "I can see him doggedly driving the Second Armored Division seventy miles in a single night in the Ardennes, over strange roads, in snow and sleet, in total darkness. I can hear his rasping voice dressing down a colonel whose carelessness or folly lost a bloody hill during the breakout at Anzio. But I cannot see him juggling a delicate Haviland teacup at a faculty tea or, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, hear him addressing the board of trustees at a suave campus *Kaffeklatsch*. No, not Ernie."

Today the friendly skeptics stand confounded. General Harmon has been president of Norwich University in his boyhood state of Vermont since 1950. Like the hell-for-leather cavalryman he once was, he has ridden roughshod over difficulties which would have unhorsed a less determined and less impervious man. And in a relatively short period of time he has revitalized and expanded a 138-year-old institution which, at the time of his advent, was, in the words of an alumnus, "standin' in the need of prayer."

Winter sports: On the college's excellent slope, students ski for pleasure or train for Norwich's unique Mountain and Winter Warfare ROTC unit.

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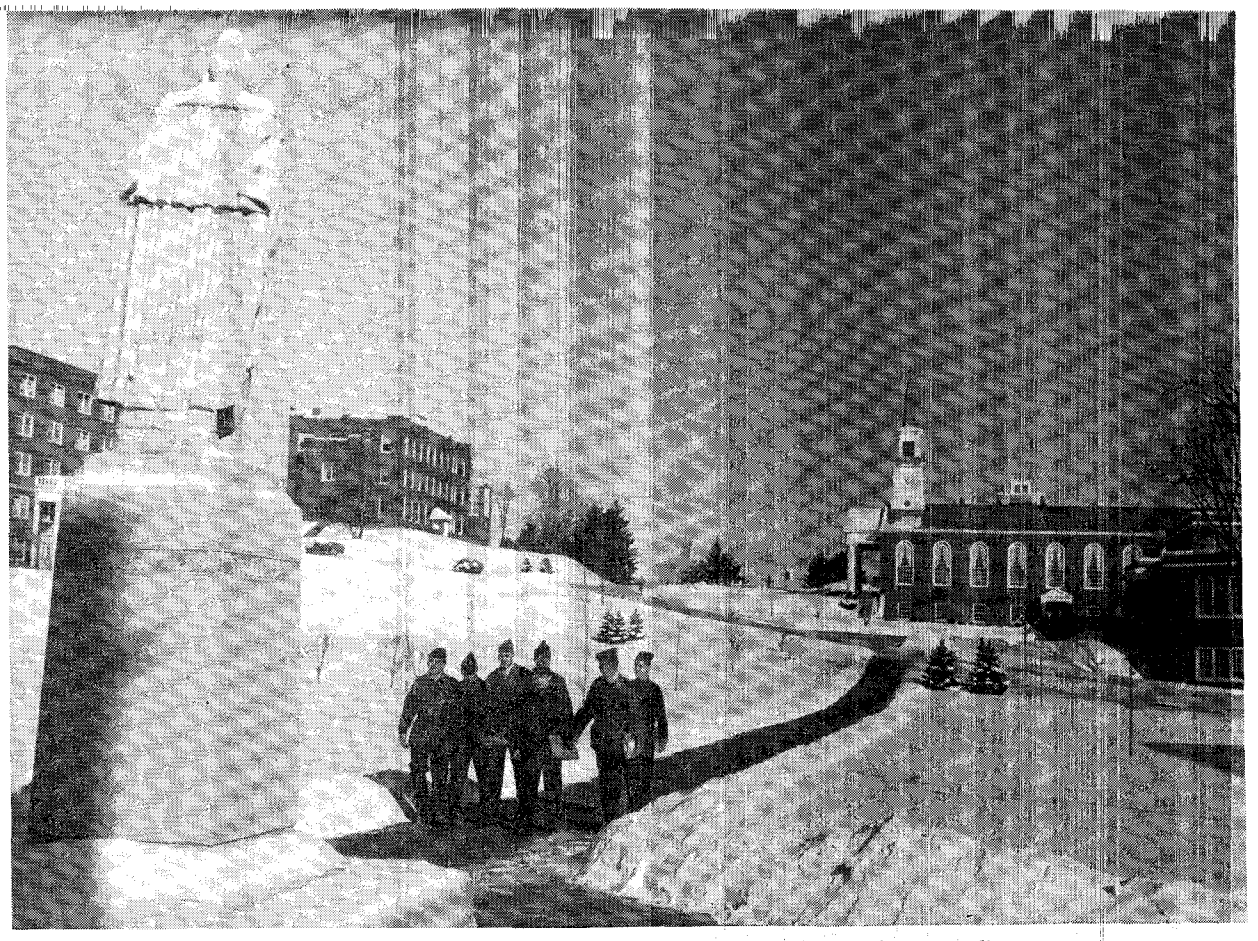
During the Harmon administration there has been a spectacular building program; capital improvements have amounted to $3,847,000. Academic standards have been raised, the quality of the faculty has been improved, student enrollment has increased until even new facilities are beginning to strain at the seams. A long-time friend of the university told me that never in his memory had school spirit been so high.

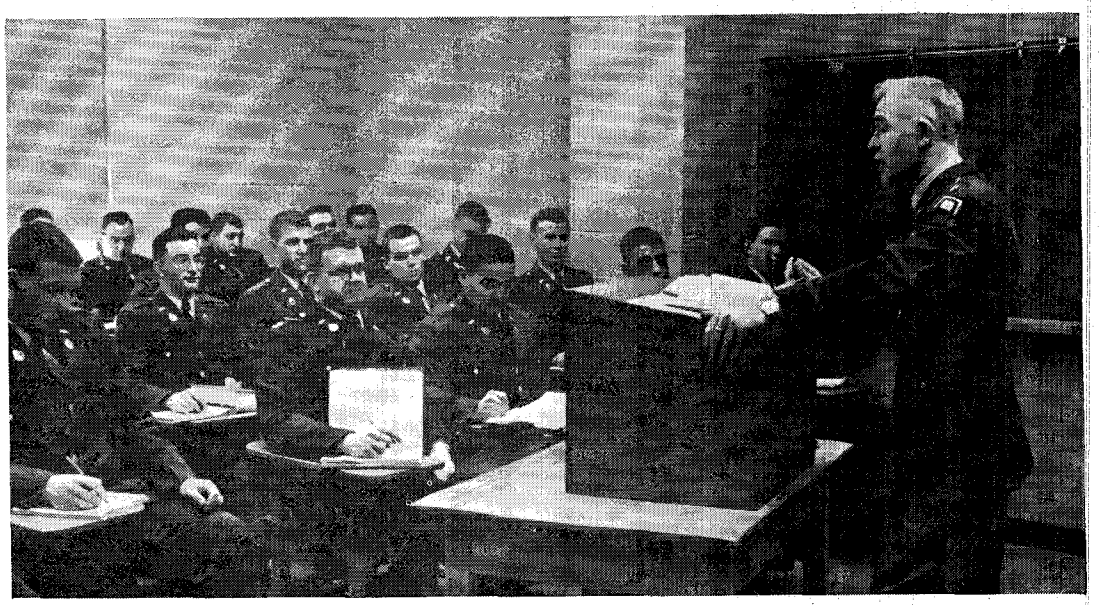
That this is directly attributable to a sixty-three-year-old soldier with a chest full of medals, no one in New England educational circles doubts. Norwich is located in the small, pleasant town of Northfield, which is tucked into a neat fold of the Central Vermont hills. Norwich has been a military college since its beginnings, and it bears an ancient and honorable name. Capt. Alden Partridge, the founder, had the idea of preparing young Americans for the twofold function of the citizen soldier.

In times of peace Norwich's graduates have chosen such civilian occupations as engineering, the sciences, business and teaching. In times of war, they have been ready, available and trained. Partridge's pattern of education is now shared by Norwich with seven other distinctly military colleges, many military preparatory schools and—the traditionalists of Norwich feel—with the 2,000,000 men who have gone through R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) in colleges and universities scattered across the land.

Tradition is priceless, but it does not meet deficits. Before Harmon's arrival, many loyal alumni in Boston and New York despaired of the future of their hilltop alma mater. It was a private college with almost no endowment. Recognized by the legislature as the "Military College of Vermont," its main claim to tax support was a $200 scholarship for Vermont boys who chose to enroll there. After Pearl Harbor most of the student body and a good part of the faculty (Continued on Page 56)



Norwich campus: New student union at far right was named Harmon Hall over the general's protests.



In the classroom: Cadets listen to a history lecture given by a member of the university's military faculty.

Saturday night: Norwich students and their dates at a Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity dance.

September 27, 1945: General Harmon in Prague with Czechoslovakian president Eduard Beneš, who died in 1948 after the Iron Curtain descended on his country.

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"I am not accustomed to being broken in on like this," she said crisply.

The Peaceful Rebellion

For the first time in his life he insisted on the right to make up his own mind . . .

By PAT KELLY

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What would she say, Uncle Dave wondered, when she found out what he wanted? The old Negro was rather afraid of the answer. But he went ahead and held up the letter for his employer to see, and he stretched his surprisingly small mouth into a grin as wide as his nose.

"From my grandbaby, Miss Hattie," Uncle Dave said. "From my grandbaby in New York."

"Oh, yes; that was Delaney," Miss Hattie said.

Thass good—she recollects Delaney, Uncle Dave thought.

They were about the same size, the woman standing on the back porch of her big-winged white house and the old man on the ground below her. Both were short and slender, but the woman—who was gray-haired too—bore her years a little stiffer, a little more proudly than her servant. They both knew why.

"Yassum—Delaney," Uncle Dave said. "A fine gal, 'deed so. Educated and living in New York."

"Well," Miss Hattie said, dismissing the subject, "she's the only one of that crowd who was worth much."

"Yassum, I reckon so," the old man replied, not meekly, but without resentment, because he had the letter and because he had long ago learned to do without resentment. But he couldn't let her get away yet. Hurriedly he said: "She wants me to come up there. For a visit. Wants her old Uncle Dave, Miss Hattie. Says so right in the letter."

"That was nice of her. It's a pity ——"

"And Ise gwine save up my money, and Ise gwine up there and see Delaney."

So, he'd said it, spouting out his dream, interrupting Miss Hattie for probably the first time in his life.

And what would she say?

She spoke crisply: "Don't forget to trim the shrubs in the side yard."

Uncle Dave's response was automatic: "Yassum."

He moved away at once. Donning his ancient Panama, he began walking slowly and gingerly toward the toolshed, a thin black twig, slightly bent. His thoughts were simple: *It's just up to me, thass all.* And he knew there was a need to stop being afraid.

That night in the dilapidated shack where he lived alone—his wife was dead, his children moved away—Uncle Dave took up an old smoking-tobacco tin he'd found and dropped in a dime and two nickels.

That, then, was the beginning.

And he had a plan for hastening the filling of that tin.

The next morning when he came into Miss Hattie's side yard, he found Jake, the real yard man, and (Continued on Page 94)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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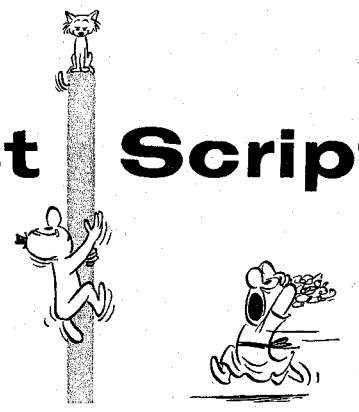
Post Scripts



I Hope We'll Meet Again

"You don't need chains to go up in that country. They have a lot of snow, but they know how to keep ahead of it. They have to ——"

"No, it isn't formal. They wouldn't know what to make of it if you went there in full dress. What you've got on is fine."

"You don't need an electrician for a little job like that. Just put some tape around it where the bare wire shows and you're all set."

"This is my own private remedy for cuts. It's really good—has things like iodine and other stuff in it. Just pour it on full strength."

"The train you want leaves at 4:40. I know the timetable says 4:32, but that's the time it arrives. You've got another five or six minutes before it leaves."

"There's a horse named Gallivantin' Dude in the third that's a real comer. My cousin delivers grain there every week and the trainer says this is one he can't lose."

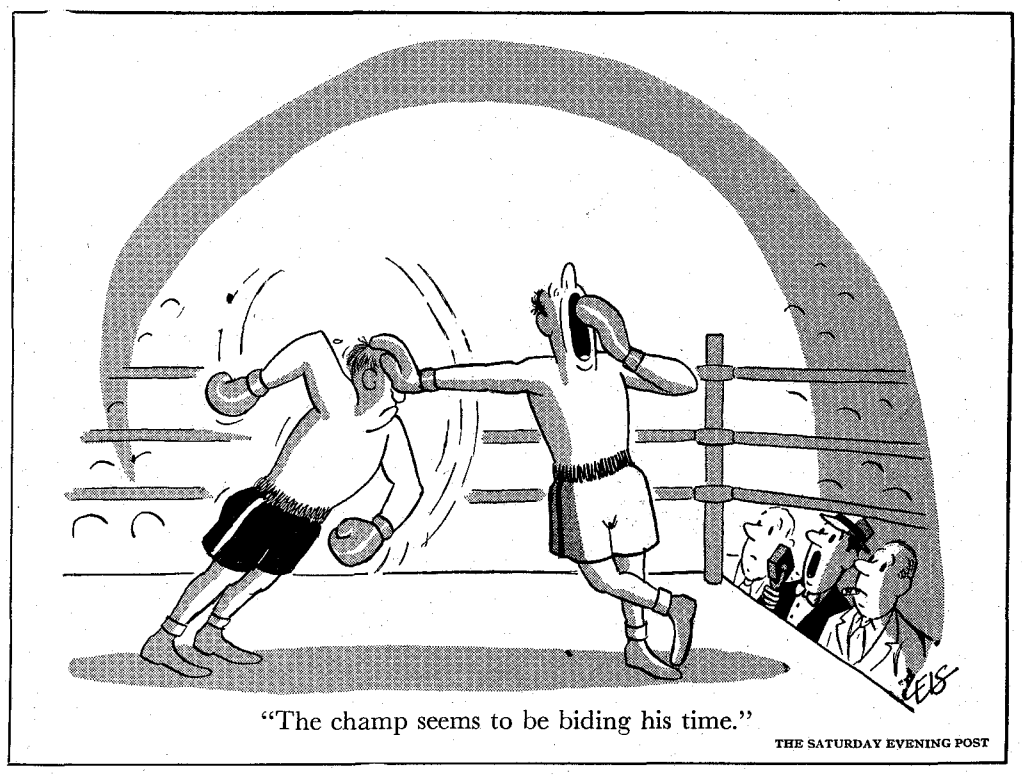
"Now here's a check for two dollars and eighty-seven cents, and a quarter in change. I owe you two dollars and ninety-three cents, so you give me a dollar and a half and we'll be square."

JOSEPH O. SHERMAN

Purplecksing Pairadocks

Ah, dictionary, you would be swell,
Encased in your rusty vellum,
For looking up words I cannot spell,
If I just knew how to spell 'em!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"The champ seems to be biding his time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Observations I Wish I Hadn't Observed

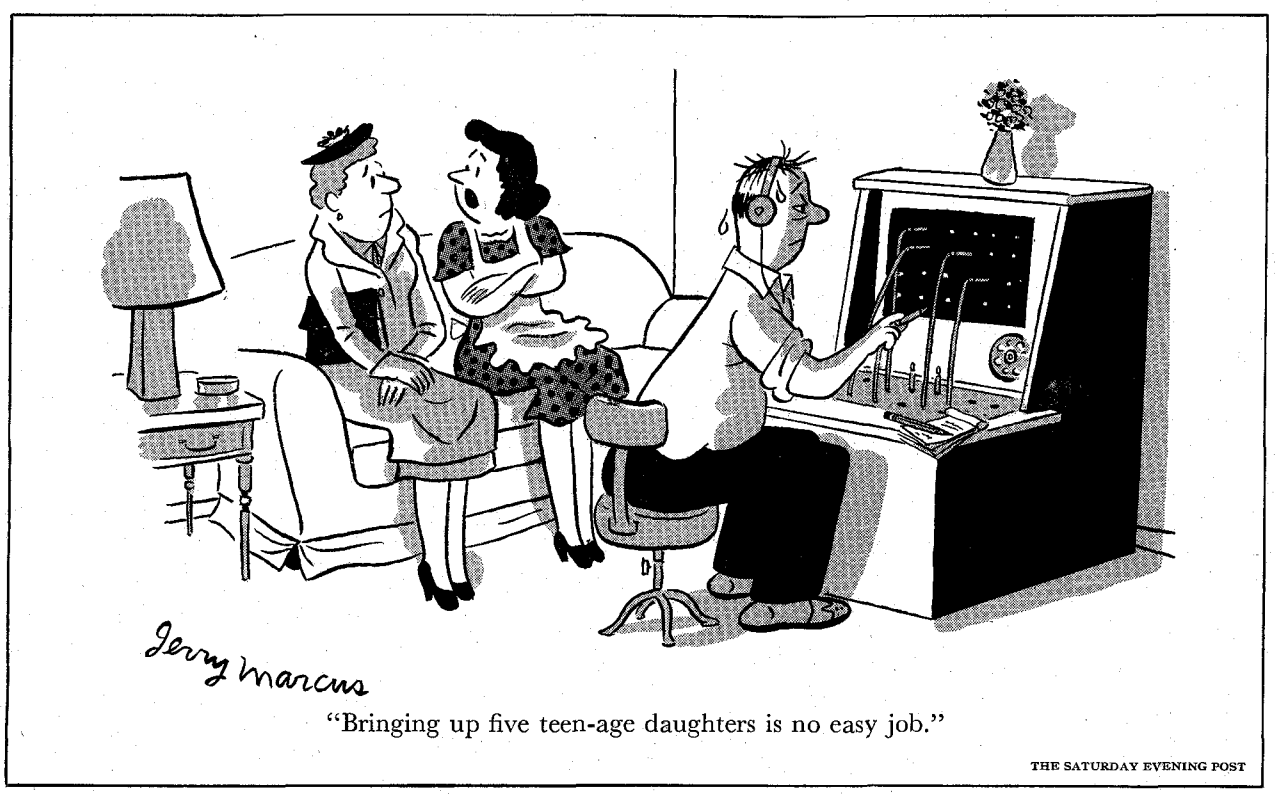
1. There's plenty left to get to the next gas station.
2. That's quite a dish that moved into the Johnsons' house down the block.
3. Those back-porch steps look perfectly sound to me.
4. There's really nothing difficult about skiing.
5. Looks like the Darlingtons are getting a new automatic washing machine.
6. That dark cloud isn't even headed our way.
7. What this office needs is a thorough personnel shake-up.
8. Not now, dear; the time to shop for a fur coat is during the August fur sales.
9. I'll say one thing for Marge; she's a grand sport when I bring home a dinner guest unexpectedly.

DICK EMMONS

Agonized Appeal to a TV Announcer

Sell the product, brother, sell it,
But please don't S-P-E-L-L it!

PENNY PENNINGTON



"Bringing up five teen-age daughters is no easy job."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Get Going!

Man and boy, I have seen a great many operas and during most of them I have been wide awake because of the incredible noise that goes on. I have had a chance to observe something that seems extraordinary to me in the way operas are acted.

Of course, and by the way, it is rather ridiculous anyway to have two people standing there singing, "*What time is it?*

Oh-h-h-h, it is half past five.
My watch must be slow.
Which way did Mimi go?"

That is not what bothers me, however. What bothers me is how they take so long to get going when anything is the matter. You will see a soprano rush on the stage, hop over the cardboard rock and clutch at the doctor in order to inform him that the hero, Guzintia, is dying of a falcon's peck, and the doctor had better rush.

The soprano, however, does not let the doctor rush at all because the soprano has to go on and sing about brave Guzintia and how he doesn't deserve to die because he has always been kind to the animals and the peasants. The doctor is deeply moved, but he doesn't go either because he is a baritone and has to sing:

"*I must fly at once to be by his side,*
At once, at once, at once I must ride,
With the greatest speed in all this heat.
I must fly immediately, I repeat."

He goes on for fifteen minutes, singing about what a hurry he is in and nobody better hold him back because Guzintia is dying.

Sometimes the scene requires a couple of opera stars to be sneaking up in the darkness to kidnap someone. All is still and it is the dead of night. A knee cracking would wake up the whole village of Gudderblutzen. So the tenor begins singing at the top of his voice:

"*Not a word now, comrade, or we shall be heard.*
Quietly must we go like the wing of a bird.
Softly, softly, SOFTLY! Oh, so QUIETLY we go,
Quietly, Quietly, Qui-et-ly we GO-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

The baritone sings back so loudly it shakes the seats in the third row, informing everyone that only a fool would make the slightest sound on this occasion.

Finally there is the love scene where the soprano and the tenor are about to kiss. But do they? Ah, no. She sings about how lovely is a kiss. He sings about how he will kiss her. They both sing together about wasting time when kisses are so sweet and how they cannot wait another second to embrace. They wait, oddly, twenty minutes.

Me, I just couldn't stand it.

GIDEON GAY

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Mrs. Selma Urbonas of Chicago celebrated her 25th anniversary with Campbell's last year

You can't beat the old-fashioned paring knife

We still trim by hand to bring you the best of every vegetable

The lady in the picture happens to be trimming potatoes in the Campbell Kitchens.

She could just as well be working on tomatoes, carrots, rutabagas, celery, or parsnips. Because they all get the same treatment at Campbell's.

No substitute for people

Some folks tell us that this seems like a terribly old-fashioned way to do things in modern kitchens like Campbell's. And perhaps they are right.

But it so happens that every single vegetable is different. A keen-eyed, conscientious woman with a sharp knife can spot and remove every last little blemish far better than any machine up to now is able to do.

Value of a conscience

So maybe we are old-fashioned. But we don't mind as long as it's the *best* way to bring you the goodness, and nothing but the goodness, of the choice vegetables in Campbell's products.

The rest is up to our skilled Campbell chefs. When you taste the happy result, we think you'll agree that it wouldn't be fair to give them anything less than the best to work with.

As it says in our motto at the top of the page: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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The Golden Shadow

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

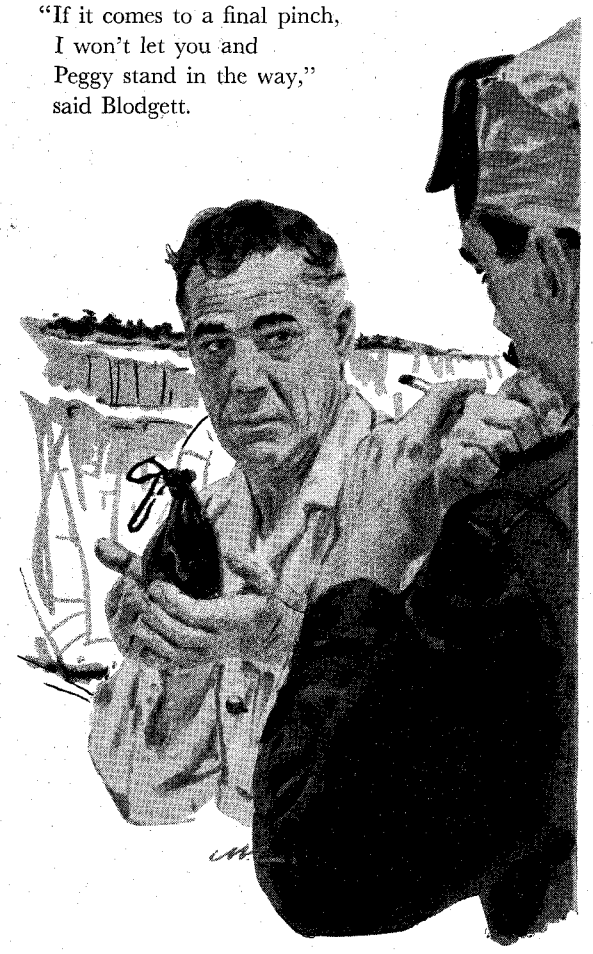
Ravenhill made the swindler show his cards—and they added up to double murder.

"The Mounties know we're here," Peggy McGraw told Ravenhill, "and they must know that Captain Blodgett's here. Even if Captain Blodgett wanted to cheat us, to—to jump our claim, he'd know there's no chance whatever."

Ravenhill, who had tangled with Blodgett before, knew better. But Peggy had hired him to find the lost gold mine discovered by her late father, Monty, so he followed her orders. The two had flown up the gorge of the Nahanni River deep into Yukon Territory to locate the elusive gold strike, and saw from the air that Captain Blodgett and his crew had got there first. By posing as a good friend of the late Monty McGraw, the captain had learned the general location of the mine from Peggy.

On the flight north, Peggy told Ravenhill how her father had happened upon the richly laden quartz. Ravenhill's sharp ears picked up a clue which told him why he hadn't been able to find the gold on a previous attempt, but he kept this knowledge to himself. He was glad he did when Peggy insisted that they land at the camp of Blodgett and his cutthroats.

"If it comes to a final pinch, I won't let you and Peggy stand in the way," said Blodgett.



II

They plunged through the wheeling mists and were above the falls, skimming the surface. Ravenhill brought the ship down close to the right bank, and they taxied on upriver, the Zenith's twin floats cutting through the deceptively swift current pouring down to the brink.

Ravenhill's resentment at Peggy faded quickly. Her doubts about his good faith had some justification, in all fairness. At first he'd insisted that he couldn't find the mine. Now—belatedly, with the test at hand—he'd admitted that he could. There was no time to explain how he'd deduced that knowledge. She mustn't know where the mine was, in fact. Its location—how to find it—was Ravenhill's sole trump card in dealing with Blodgett.

And that represented the other horn of the dilemma: if Blodgett had the opportunity to question Peggy about her father's wanderings on the bench, as Ravenhill had done, the game would be up. Blodgett, too, knew the ways of the north and its Monty McGraws.

Meantime, a moment of final decision was at hand. They were approaching the cove. "Last chance, my dear," Ravenhill said. "We can still take off. If we do, the mine will still be here. Blodgett can't find it without us. What d'you say?"

"I say let's find the mine and stake it," she returned. "That's why we're here. Why all this cloak-and-dagger business, Riv? All Captain Blodgett wants ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill said, sliding back the window beside him. There was no further time for argument. The cards must now be played as they fell, with or without Peggy's cooperation. "Have you got your father's note with you?" he asked. "The directions for finding the mine?"

She nodded, indicating her purse.

"Let me have it, please."

She produced it, hesitated, then gave it to him. It was faded and sweat-stained, written on a piece of coarse wrapping paper. He tore it up and tossed the fragments overboard.

She started to protest, but he cut her off. "We know the directions. Either of us can repeat them word for word. Now listen, please. You trust Blodgett. I don't. There's an easy way to demonstrate what the blighter's up to."

"What is it?"

"He says he wants only the adjoining claims," Ravenhill pointed out. "Very well, tell him nothing—your father's directions, nothing at all. Just make this proposal: you and I—just you and I—go out and stake the claim tomorrow, when the shadow of the butte can be checked at the right time. Then ——"

"So the mine's there, where it's supposed to be!" she said bitterly. "You know, in spite of everything, I still believed ——"

"I didn't say it was there," he cut in urgently. The cove was widening before them. "We must wait until tomorrow however. . . . Remember, tell Blodgett we'll stake the claim alone. Before we take off, we tell him where it is; then he can stake adjoining claims. Don't you see how that will test his good faith? At least," he urged grimly, "will you try it? When you've nothing to lose?"

"I suppose I should," she agreed doubtfully. "You're so suspicious, Riv. You make me feel like I'm alone among the wolves."

"You may be, my dear," he told her. "Deeper in the den than you think. But just put it up to Blodgett. Then judge for yourself."

Ravenhill swung the old Zenith into the cove. There was (Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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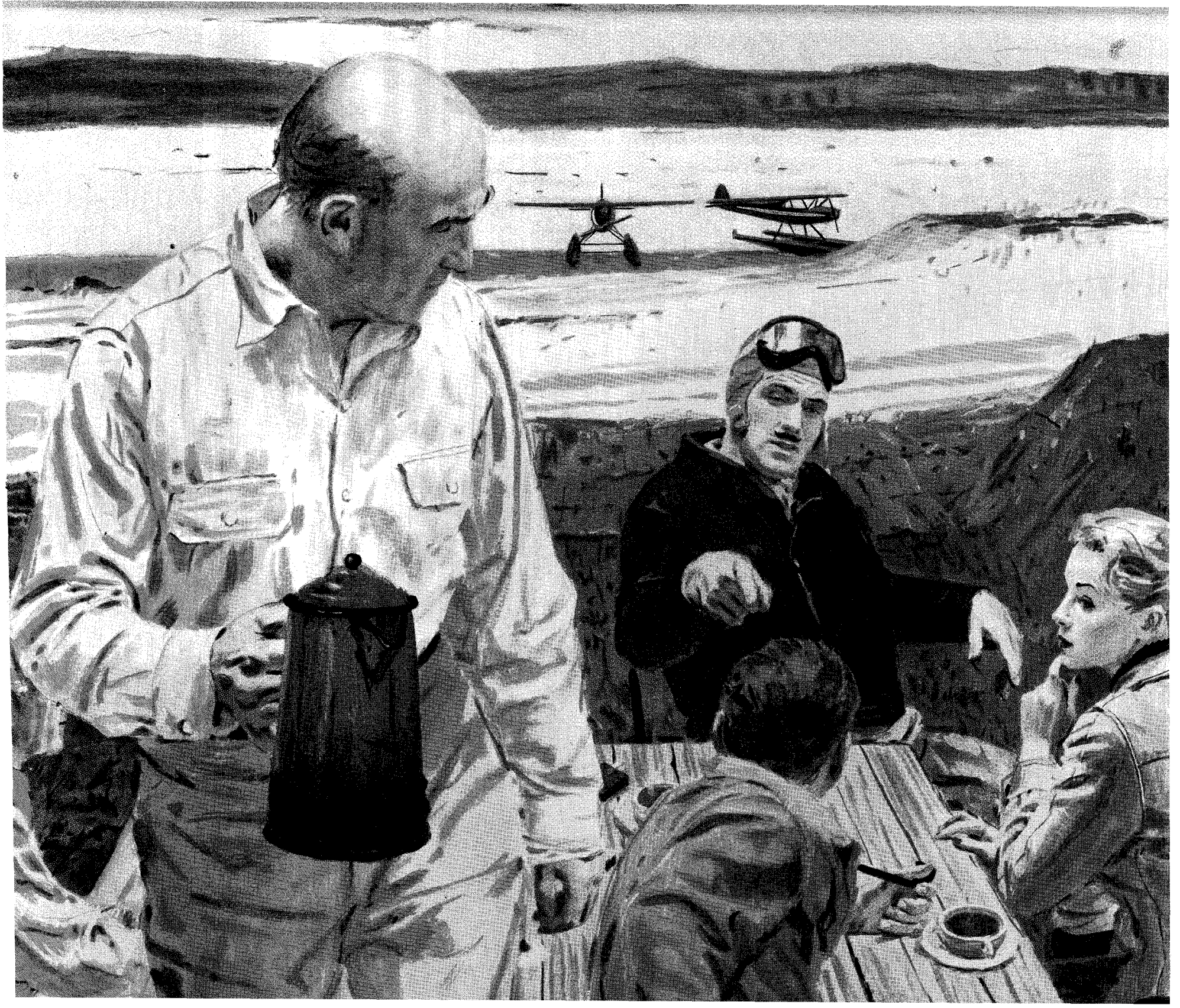

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DON'T LOOK NOW—BUT Pontiac's being Followed!*

* Cast an eye over the nimble number that's giving them all ideas for the years ahead! Take into account a total tally of nearly fourscore first-time features . . . *bright notions like Pontiac's trend-setting accent color styling* . . . and you'll know why Pontiac's a regular rolling blueprint of tomorrow! Try it—and discover in a single mile of driving how this husky beauty's rewriting the book on roadability! Take the wheel and feel the spry response of Pontiac's all-new, *deep-chested Strato-Streak V-8 engine*. Test the hair-trigger reflexes of perfected controls. Then find yourself a rough stretch of highway and sample *the road-paving magic of Level-Line Ride!* You won't blame them for playing follow the leader with this one! Try it . . . and get a taste of the future today in America's Number One Road Car!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

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The Happy Fugitives From Flatbush

(Continued from Page 21)

wallowing in so many facts and figures during the preceding years that there were suggestions—not entirely facetious—that an abacus should be emblazoned on the corporate seal.

The ancestral fact was that the company's eight-story Brooklyn plant would have to be abandoned for two compelling reasons. The first, pointed out by industrial engineers, was that multiple stories, like butlers, were a by-gone luxury. The second reason, which made the first academic, was that New York City was preparing to condemn the factory as part of a Civic Center project for the burgeoning Borough of Brooklyn. Development of this huge municipal project—restricted to public buildings, educational institutions, parks, plazas, possibly an occasional statue of Pee Wee Reese—had been delayed by the war, but by 1953 the bulldozers were at the gates and A.S.R. knew for certain that it was living on borrowed time. It was move or else.

The first step in making an industrial move is precisely the same as the first step in making hasenpfeffer—get your rabbit—so the company authorized a firm of industrial engineers to analyze its financial and production situation and submit an advisory report on a new plant. The report was submitted early in 1954 and coincided with the first of two lucky breaks that mitigated, to some extent, the rigors of the enforced move. This was the sale of the old plant, with a three-year lease-back provision, to the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, a legitimate tenant of the Civic Center development. The lease-back arrangement gave the company three invaluable years to find a new home. Beyond this happy juxtaposition, however, the report gave little cause for rejoicing. Starting with the absolutely minimal requirements of 300,000 square feet on one floor, a railway siding and room to expand, the engineers had laid out an ideal production facility with only one serious defect—it would cost between five and six million dollars.

"Building it," says George Bratt, Jr., assistant to the president and in general charge of relocation, "would have meant jumping from the frying pan into the fire—from a wasteful factory to an extravagant debt. So I got on the train."

The first train he boarded was the subway. A.S.R. wanted to stay in Brooklyn, its home for over half a century, and Mr. Bratt felt that somewhere in that sprawling borough—certainly in the metropolitan area—there must be a vacant factory that would meet the company's requirements. There wasn't.

Mr. Bratt took to the Pullmans when A.S.R. openly entered the market for a factory. Prior to that it had dealt *sotto voce* or through intermediaries. Once the secret was out, it got sales pitches from all over the country. "We had written real-estate men, railroads, banks, utility companies, even our own dealers," Mr. Bratt recalls with a shudder, "and I traveled so much my family got the impression I'd been made sales manager. We were oscillating between Florence, Alabama, and Vincennes, Indiana, when we got the news that changed the whole picture."

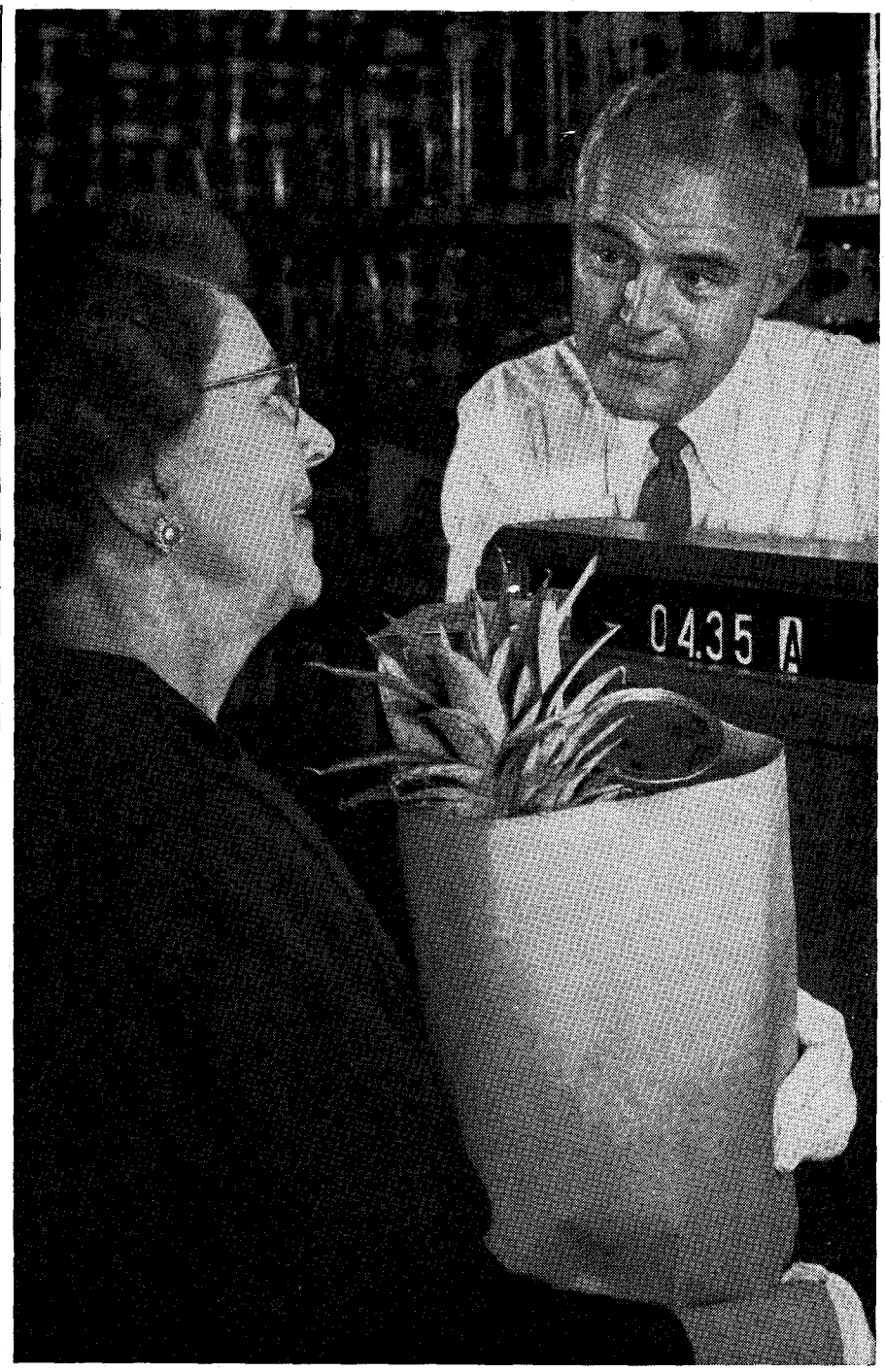
The eventful news was that the Celanese Corporation of America had lowered the asking price on a factory it owned in Staunton. Built in 1947 as a pilot plant to devise new uses for Celanese yarns and fibers in the textile industry, it had been relinquished when the job was done. A.S.R. had refused it, reluctantly, at $2,600,000, but at the new price of $1,800,000 it had the aura of a bargain.

"So we offered an even million," says Mr. Bratt, "just to start the conversation, and darned if we didn't get it for a million one hundred and fifty thousand. I put my suitcase in the attic and thought our troubles were over."

Actually they were just starting, for in transferring its operations A.S.R. ran into labor troubles. A new contract was drawn that provided for a gradual transfer to Staunton and uninterrupted production during the remainder of the stay in Brooklyn.

Contingent upon the signing of this contract was a company proposal for easing the transfer. It had three basic provisions. The first guaranteed a comparable job in Staunton to any employee who followed the company; paid all moving expenses, including cost of a preliminary trip to Staunton by the employee and his family to inspect the town; offered help in finding suitable rental housing in Staunton or financial help in building or buying; and protected employees against loss in the forced sale or relinquishment of their metropolitan homes. The second provided severance pay ranging from one to one and one half weeks' wages for each year of service to those wishing to remain, plus professional help in finding other employment; and the third gave life pensions to all over sixty-five who stayed in Brooklyn.

"We were unfortunate in our bargaining union," says Mr. Weil, "and our



"Checking out, Mr. Stanley?"

"Judy called us last Sunday!"

"Sounded just wonderful. She and Ed are bringing the children home to see us this week end. We can't wait to see them!"

• • • • •

Why not telephone your out-of-town family and friends? It keeps you close. It's easy to do. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low.

Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	*Station-to-Station Calls* First Three Minutes	Each Added Minute
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢	15¢
Chicago to Indianapolis	55¢	15¢
Buffalo to Detroit	65¢	20¢
New York to Miami	$1.45	40¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

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union was unfortunate in its leadership, for despite the unanimous approval of the contract and our proposal by the rank and file, their officers flatly refused to sign. Instead they instigated a series of slowdowns which culminated in a sit-in strike by eighty workers that closed the factory and dissipated—through interrupted production and a hurried and wasteful move—the money that should have gone to our people in pensions and severance pay." The union, on the contrary, claims that the company at the last minute refused to sign the contract.

The majority of A.S.R.'s employees, for personal, professional or amatory reasons, elected to stay in Brooklyn (population 2,731,000; National League) but 146 of the indispensable supervisory personnel went to Staunton (19,927; Shenandoah Valley League) as a skilled cadre for the new plant. Moving them, their families, their belongings and the factory itself was the personal headache of David M. Nason, then assistant director of purchasing, whose previous experience consisted of transferring his family from one house to another.

"I felt like Moses," says Mr. Nason, "without the beard, naturally, and without his flair for mass migrations, but George Bratt told me I was in the wrong book. He said if I wanted vicarious experience I should skip *Exodus* and read *Matthew* 7:7. I don't know where he got his Biblical hep—from some quiz program no doubt—but it was a sound lead. Saint Matthew says, Ask and it shall be given you, so I wrote every firm I could think of that had ever moved and asked how they did it. Every one of them took the trouble to reply, and it gave us a comprehensive blueprint that we followed to the letter."

Letters from the prime movers consulted had agreed on three points. These were that continuing A.S.R. employees, not riggers, oversee removal of machinery from Brooklyn and that the same employees oversee its installation in Staunton; that all equipment leaving Brooklyn be clearly marked with its exact location in the Staunton plant; and that one A.S.R. executive, and only one, be in complete charge during the move and vested with absolute authority over everything and everybody.

"I was that omnipotent man," says Mr. Nason, "and after stifling a wild impulse to send the chairman of the board out for sandwiches, I said a few short prayers and got down to business. We were moving six months sooner than we'd planned, twice as fast, and doing it under police protection through a picket line in the dead of winter."

The picket line, maintained to the bitter end by a die-hard core of the ousted sit-in strikers, was ineffective, but it had a greater nuisance value than even its leaders realized. "In retrospect," says Mr. Nason, who was made director of engineering following his able handling of the move, "practically everything that happened seems funny, although I don't recall laughing at the time. The burglar alarms, for example, were damaged during the sit-in and would go off if a mouse cleared his throat. A public-address system was the only communication we had because the intercom system was dismantled and the switchboard operators wouldn't cross the picket line. It sounded like a Gargantuan bingo game, for the pickets could hear it from outside and we were using numbers rather than names so they wouldn't know who was working.

"Riggers and truckers would cross the picket line to move us only if production stayed at an absolute standstill. Putting finished razors in cartons was considered production, as was removing half-finished blades from the honing machines. We couldn't even *not* produce. There was a contraption in the basement that mangled rejects to prevent their sale, but if we'd destroyed a single shaving brush every rigger and trucker would have gone home. They were touchy as boils, but they knew the business better than I did and delivered every piece of equipment at the Staunton plant, about four hundred miles away, in exact order. They used thirty trailers and twelve tractors to make six hundred trips. My worst job had been deciding what *not* to take. Some machinery was sold because it wouldn't fit into the new production setup, but what about shelving, partitions, hoists, cables, pipes? What about pencil sharpeners? Floor mops? Mouse traps? The only mice we've got down here are field mice, and the girls won't let us trap them because they're cute, but that's when having one man with the authority to say *yes* or *no* pays off. Even if he only tosses a coin. As it happened, we didn't leave a thing in Brooklyn we've needed down here, and I consider it a moving victory for husbands everywhere. My wife left most of our linen at the laundry and a fellow out in Blade Cartoning tells me his wife forgot the baby carriage. The child wasn't in it, of course, but it goes to show."

While Mr. Nason, in Brooklyn, was striking his blow for benedicts, A.S.R.'s advance guard was in Staunton telescoping months of work into weeks. "Blades are the tail that wags the dog in the razor business," says Leo Wise, director of purchasing, "so if your dealers are out of blades you're practically out of business. It was our job to get the Staunton plant operating while we still had some blades to sell. It was a tough assignment, but I don't think we lost a single customer, because the first thing we did was borrow a cup of sugar. That's the way Mr. Weil expressed it. He said the best way to get acquainted in a strange town was to go next door and borrow a cup of sugar. It's the perfect ice breaker because it gives your neighbor a chance to help you. And we needed help. So we hired Bill Morrison. He was our liaison, our adviser, our expediter, our sponsor, our entree. He was our cup of sugar."

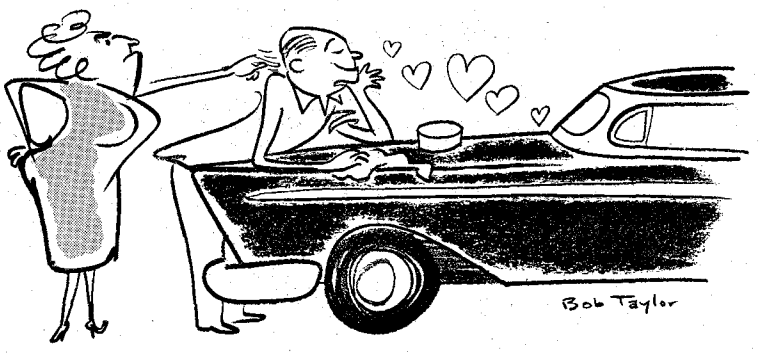
William L. (Bill) Morrison, A.S.R.'s first Virginia employee and its director of community relations, needed all this versatility because the company was in a rush that became more frantic every time someone shaved with an A.S.R. blade. The Staunton factory, basically ideal, had to be greatly enlarged and altered for its new tenants. While this was going on, the machines from Brooklyn had to be overhauled and painted, a labor force recruited, temporary office and storage space rented, and housing found for some 300 strangers in a town where scarcely fifty rental properties were on the market.

"Actually," says Mr. Morrison, "it wasn't so bad as it sounds, for we've got excellent hotels here, and motels, and the company had already made arrangements for its people to acquire their own homes. All we had to do was expedite these plans without going off half cocked, and the most tempting way to go off half cocked was rejected by Mr. Weil the minute it was suggested. This was to buy several hundred acres near the plant and build an A.S.R. community. It would have been quicker and cheaper, but we didn't want an A.S.R. community. We wanted them in this community, right up to their ears."

Mr. Morrison deplores intimations that he had to act as intermediary, even referee, in this fusion. "All I did," he claims, "was tell our people they weren't moving from Brooklyn, New York, to Staunton, Virginia. They were moving from a large city to a small town—it could have been Rome, Georgia, or Fargo, North Dakota—and they'd have to accept different customs and different ways. A few wouldn't, and another few simply couldn't. They wanted to be friendly, but they suffered from a complete breakdown in communication. They didn't realize, for instance, that in a small town the old inhabitant makes one call on a new neighbor and then waits for it to be returned. A second call, without any response to the first, would be 'pushing,' but some of our people didn't observe this little nicety. They sat back, waiting to be wooed. When they weren't, they complained that after one 'snooping visit' the neighbors dropped them as though they had leprosy. Or a new friend would invite them to 'Come over and see us sometime.' In New York this means absolutely nothing—like 'Let's have lunch together someday,' without setting a definite day—but down here it means exactly what it says. It means 'Come over and see us sometime. Anytime. Bring the children.' Our people didn't understand this, either, so they stayed home twiddling their thumbs. Then they'd get lonely and gravitate into an A.S.R. clique, and that was the end. That's happened with five or six families, but the rest have become more Virginian than the governor—and of forty-one who came down intending to stay, and then went back to New York, the vast majority left here with regret on both sides. Some returned for family reasons and some couldn't stand the quiet. But some of the men who came down just to help open the plant have stayed on, and Tommy Sheehan went back to Brooklyn on a visit and found he didn't like it any more."

Mr. Sheehan, who is manufacturing administrator, denies he disliked Brooklyn on second sight, but admits he prefers Staunton. "It took me quite a while to find out," he says, "and my wife longer, but from now on we're strictly Confederate. Brooklyn died hard with me because it's full of my relatives. That and the cold. I drove down here with two other fellows in a December snowstorm and all the way down we kept figuring that it would suddenly, somehow, turn warm and nice as soon as we crossed the Mason and Dixon line. Instead it snowed harder, and when Bill Smith stepped out of the car in Staunton, he fell on the ice and broke three ribs. On the ice, mind you, in the sunny South. And I was lonely. I'd left my family in Brooklyn and I was living in a hotel. Then things got under control at the plant and I went home on a visit and—bang!—the bloom went off Brooklyn. Suddenly the whole place seemed like the New Lots Avenue express. Everybody was pushing and shoving to get nowhere faster, and when they asked how you were, they didn't give a damn. Down here they really want to know. I came right back and rented a house.

"Mrs. Sheehan didn't like Staunton at first. No friends. No crowds. She loves crowds, and you could pack all of Staunton into Ebbets Field and still have room for Ladies' Day. Then she decided Virginians were just like the Irish, and she's been happy as a lark ever since. What decided her was the landlord refusing to redecorate while his regular painter was in jail, because he'd need the work when he got out. Six months. D. and D. Now she's more native than Pocahontas and feeds me fried apples for breakfast. Next it'll be hominy grits and corn bread. The kids don't like hominy grits because it looks like cereal, but they're nuts about hominy because it looks like popcorn. The little girl is also nuts about military academies. There are two of them in this section and she spends most of her time looking at cadets. Drooling. She's ten. After renting for a year, we built our own house. Mrs. Sheehan wanted a split level like they have on Long Island, but the contractor talked her out of it. Said his wife didn't like them. *His* wife, mind you, not mine. So they compromised. He built a ranch-type house (*Continued on Page 49*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Sharpest believed that her husband's first and sole duty was to do as she commanded. From daybreak until long after dark she filled the poor man's ears with orders and demands. She regulated his time, directed his movements and tried to rule his life. He took it all patiently, while the neighbors wondered how he could stand it.

Going to the garage one afternoon to get him to drive her somewhere, Mrs. Sharpest found him in the midst of waxing his new car.

"This is the second time this month you've done that," she snapped. "If men would fuss over their wives as much as they do over their cars, this would be a happier world."

"That's true," her husband replied mildly. "But don't forget, I'm particular about this car because next year I'm going to trade it in on a brand-new model."

Helen Potter

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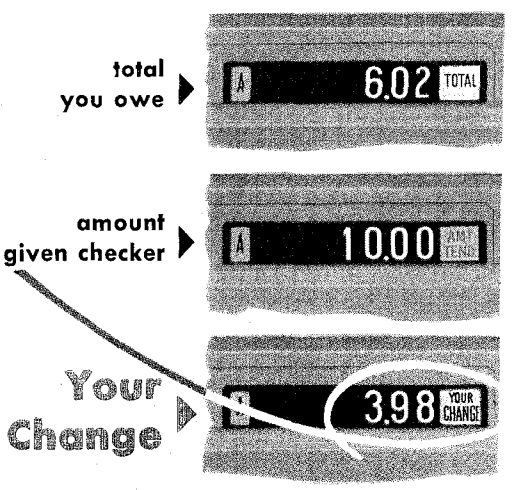

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(*Continued from Page 46*) and my wife made him drop the living room. Now everybody's happy, but some of our people were arguing with their contractors right down to the wire."

The "wire" was the December 31, 1956, time limit set by the company on its offer to finance new homes. The offer guaranteed financing up to two and one half times the employee's annual salary for housing; and additional financing, up to one quarter of a year's salary, for household appliances and automobiles. Cars are necessary to reach the plant, three miles from Staunton, so this last part has had a bigger play than the first, but sixty-six of the 108 remaining families have built or purchased homes and the great majority were financed entirely by the company.

Prices, sometimes higher than in Brooklyn, have been almost the sole area of discord. "New Yorkers are discount happy," one merchant complains sadly, "spoiled by the 'I can get it for you wholesale' school of merchandising and by the discount houses. But discount houses require big-city volume and they don't give service or credit." Staunton merchants extend credit to practically anyone wearing shoes, and with an airy disregard for time that astounds some of the newcomers and shocks others.

"In New York," says Richard Goodnow, credit manager for A.S.R., "the doctor wouldn't even put me on the operating table until I'd arranged for his bill. Down here I have to plead with my doctor to send me one. Same way with furniture. I walked in the store a total stranger, and the owner put everything on the cuff. I didn't ask him to, he just did it, and I almost had to subpoena him to get a bill. Janet Parkinson, one of our voucher girls, ran into the same thing with the vet. He treated her beagle for distemper, and when it died anyway, he wouldn't send a bill until he'd found her another. Now she's got a pair of them and he still hasn't sent it. Probably waiting until she can start a pack, but how's Janet going to keep her books?"

Mr. Morrison, whose ownership of a grocery store and a stock farm makes him an authority on Valley cuffing practices, has a simple explanation for this fiscal *laissez faire*. "Staunton merchants and professional men aren't patsies," he says. "They go on friendship and personal integrity, and the fact they've extended credit from the beginning is a tribute to our Brooklyn people and the company's spadework. Mr. Goodnow wasn't a stranger when he walked into Wall's Colonial House to buy furniture, and Mrs. Parkinson wasn't a stranger to her vet—they were both old friends with established credit. A.S.R. introduced them *in absentia*."

The company's spadework was done before, during, and after the move. Employees in Brooklyn, in addition to free trips to Staunton, were provided with illustrated brochures that described the town in detail—its schools, churches, hospitals, stores, government, industries, people, history, habits, customs and crotchets. This information was supplemented by specially prepared documentary films of Staunton and the Shenandoah Valley and by personal conferences with company officials. In Staunton these same officials spoke to service clubs, educators, ministers, businessmen and passers-by, explaining the firm's plans, prospects, policies and personnel. They scuttled rumors—one, that A.S.R. was importing 400 Puerto Ricans, probably in chains, to work at starvation wages, was particularly rampant—and they allayed fears that all Brooklynites carried knives, supported themselves by mugging, and kept a marijuana cigarette dangling from one side of their mouths while they mangled the king's English from the other.

The move, completed in early January of 1955, has had important dollar benefits for Staunton and Augusta County. From a projection of figures compiled by the Norfolk and Western Railroad, which comes right into the plant via its Chesapeake Western subsidiary, the company and its 900 employees bring over $3,000,000 a year to Augusta County in additional retail sales, over $4,000,000 in bank deposits, and over $6,000,000 in capital investment. Such an influx of goods, people and money could not fail to have an impact on a county whose population is less than 40,000, but it is still those immigrants from Brooklyn who have made the deepest impression.

"Before those people came here," says an elderly lady who prefers to remain anonymous, "my only interest in razors was that a lot of Republicans would cut their throats. Now I take beards as a personal affront—but I will not eat salami." Such regional dietary foibles, along with the proper pronunciation of Staunton (the "*u*" is silent), were among the early sources of discord that have all but disappeared. Roe herring, Sally Lunns, hominy grits, okra, turnip greens and corn

... ...

Words Fail Me

My bill for taxes riled me
some—
Since it was more than I
expected—
But he to whom I raved
was calm
And collected.

By Archer T. Spring

... ...

bread, once thought lethal, now grace the Brooklyn boards. Small fry have taken to addressing their startled elders as "sir" and "ma'am." These same elders, after preliminary wails that "You can't buy a drink; you have to buy a drunk," have become inured to the absence of bars and have discovered that buying liquor by the bottle at state package stores has a pleasant effect on the domestic economy.

The Virginia poll tax has found few champions, but the state's pay-as-you-go policy and practically nonexistent public debt have endeared it to employees almost as much as to the company.

"The only unfavorable comparison I could possibly make between Staunton and New York," says Ernest Wigfield, director of industrial relations, "is that Staunton is smaller, and I had to rack my brains to think of that. It lacks a lot of the things that make New York New York—and so do Paris and Chicago—but name me an industrial-relations man in New York who can play golf during his lunch hour, or shoot a bear, or even go home. That's the best part. Down here our people are at work ten minutes after they leave home and they're fresh as cucumbers. They haven't spent an hour on the subway, and they don't spend the day dreading the trip back."

Mr. Wigfield hasn't shot any bears yet, but some of his colleagues have, and one of them, to his wife's continuing terror, bagged a wildcat. Most of the others content themselves with the less fearsome game abounding in the nearby Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains or have taken to exploring the mammoth caves that are almost as plentiful. "We've already got a lot of speleologists in this plant," says Malcolm Murlless, director of research and development, "and the place is crawling with amateur historians who follow Stonewall Jackson up and down the valley like sutlers. One fellow put over twenty thousand miles on his car without even crossing the mountains, studying places he'd read about in school.

In moving to Virginia, A.S.R. was actually coming home, for it was incorporated there in its present form in 1919, but few of its employees had ever seen the old homestead. "We organized here because Virginia corporate law was hospitable," says Mr. Wise, "and I'm glad we've finally joined up with our charter. Living in a small town has enriched all of us. I only hope we've done something to enrich the town."

The general consensus among natives is that they have. Brooklyn employees have entered into civic, religious, educational and social affairs almost to a man, and their contribution to the public welfare has been out of all proportion to their number. The Jewish and Roman Catholic congregations—two minority groups in a town of twenty-two Protestant churches—have both been immeasurably strengthened and the B.P.O.E., long dying of malnutrition, has been completely revived. It is as an Elk that Calvin Depew, manager of operations, takes over a Staunton boy's paper route one morning each year, and as a member of Trinity Episcopal Church that he loses his pants to the rummage sales. "We've joined everything that will take us in," he says, "and that means practically everything except the United Daughters of the Confederacy. They'd probably take us in, too, if it weren't for their bylaws. Friendliest people I ever saw."

Once they discovered it wasn't curiosity, this small-town friendliness captured most of the Brooklyn employees—especially John Rogers, chief inspector of quality control. "It's been fantastic," says Mr. Rogers, a transplanted former British naval officer, "the friendship and the fun we've found. Our smallest boy, going on four, was hit by a taxi soon after we arrived, and spent two months in the hospital. During that time he received a hundred and twenty-three presents *from total strangers*. And a lot of other total strangers, including the taxi driver, would spend their afternoons reading to him. The visiting hours made it hard for Mrs. Rogers to see to dinner, but every night when we returned from the hospital, it would be on the table waiting for us. Sometimes two or three dinners. Neighbors. We'll never forget it."

Others have had less memorable introductions to small-town kindness, but all attribute it to some peculiar alchemy of Virginia and the South. Mr. Morrison has attempted to combat this pleasing canard with statements that geography is immaterial and people the same everywhere, but so far with a gratifying lack of success. His most satisfying failure occurred with Mrs. Gloria Raymond, a Canadian secretary he was helping prepare for her citizenship examination. For weeks her reading of American history had seemed more dutiful than enthralled, and Mr. Morrison was beginning to fear she'd revert to the Queen by default, when her lagging interest suddenly turned to rapt attention.

"The Civil War," she explained almost breathlessly. "It's fascinating."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Morrison. "The War Between the States. A deplorable tragedy that ——"

Mrs. Raymond stopped him in midsentence. "Don't you *dare* tell me how it turns out," she said, "because if the South loses, I'm going to sit right down and cry."

THE END

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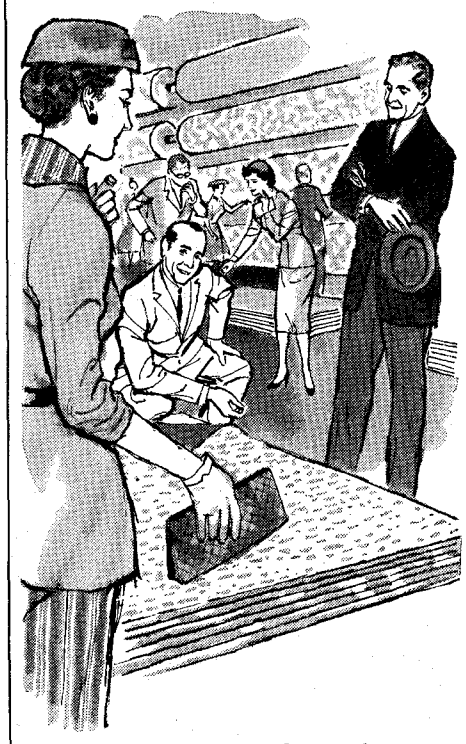

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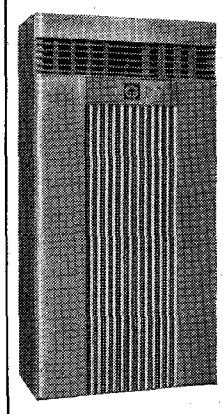

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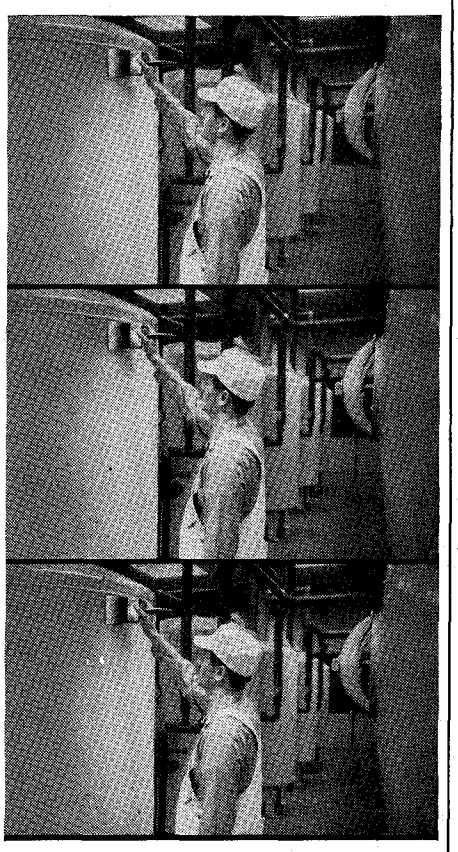

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SUBSIDIARY OF PARKER RUST PROOF COMPANY

Never Trust a Blonde (Continued from Page 31)

"Dorothy? . . . Dorothy, the most terrible thing! Deetsie has broken her engagement!"

"Oh, no!"

The voice shattered piteously. "With the bridesmaids' gloves all made."

"What happened? Why?"

"How would I know?" Julia said, stronger. "I'm only her mother."

"Dear, but you must have some inkling."

"Look. I had to cry through the keyhole for one solid hour before she even let me in."

"What did she say?"

"Not enough," Julia reported grimly. "She said we'd been all through the facts-of-life department, I could just skip that."

Poor Julia, she does try. "But that wasn't all, surely."

"Just about. She wouldn't talk about it. She said"—the voice crumpled—"she said I wouldn't understand. Me. Her own mother. If I can't, for heaven's sake who can?"

Dodging the reply direct, Mrs. Mitchell groped for clues. "Could it be—someone—else?"

The line fairly quivered. "Who? Who else? That's absurd! The best day she lives, she'll never find a better man than Clell Ferguson. And they make such a stunning couple."

"I couldn't agree more. But then, I'm not Deetsie."

"She hasn't even seen anyone else. I would know. A mother is acutely sensitive to emotional transfers in her children"—this was Julia's gracious tone of well-bred triumph—"as you would realize, Dorothy, if you had ever had a child of your own."

As if having no children were intentional. Oh, if Si were only here, he'd tell her. Si, I miss you. Aloud, she said, remotely, "No doubt."

"There couldn't be anyone else," Julia worried away at it, "because Deetsie and Clell grew up in the same cradle. Even if he is six years older."

"But—I mean, does it always follow ——"

"It certainly does," Julia said strongly. "You simply don't understand young people, Dorothy. If she didn't love him, and know him like an old shoe, she couldn't treat him this way."

A dubious interval passed. "Oh," said Mrs. Mitchell.

The dominant note began fading from Julia's voice. "Listen, little sister; I need your help. If you do exactly as I tell you, you won't have the slightest trouble."

"But ——"

"You might remember a few things I've done for you. The night you met Si, for instance, and I lent you my best ——"

"Lent my foot," said Dorothy Mitchell; "you weren't even there."

"Dottie, this is serious. You know how impulsive Deetsie is. No telling what she might do. Oh, I know she thinks the world and all of you—you're her lovely, gay, fascinating, big-city, wonderful Aunty Doll, with a figure ten years too young for you—and I'm very glad she feels that way, don't think for one minute I'm not, but ——"

"Wait!" Dorothy had to yell to make herself heard. "Julia, what is this? What are you saying?"

"That she's in a dangerous mood!" Julia shouted urgently. "She could have a rebound! I want her where I can keep an eye on her! Here! At home!"

Mrs. Mitchell comforted with soothing tones, "Calm yourself, Julia dear; you're getting hysterical. Deetsie isn't here."

"Not yet. But she will be."

It took a moment for that to sink in. Sudden wild panic shook Mrs. Mitchell. *Get mixed up in hot young emotional problems? Oh, please, no.*

"—— hid her car keys," Julia was saying, "but the imp, she slipped out and caught the seven-forty bus. Arriving there around noon. Now, darling, will you please listen carefully? Here's what you're to do: Get her into your car on some pretext, and then keep driving. Don't stop for anything, you hear? Bring her straight back home."

Considerable silence ticked off before Dorothy spoke. "What if I don't?" It surprised even her.

Julia was too stunned for words, almost. "My dear sister, do you realize a wedding is at stake? Gifts are arriving. The Altar Guild for church decorations has called an emergency meeting. And I am prostrated!" The wait was critical. "This isn't some frivolous little detail you can handle."

Mrs. Mitchell's color rose high. "Oh, I can't?" she said. "But you can, h'm?"

An outraged yelp came over the wire, followed by heartbreaking sobs.

"Julia! Julia, listen here. I will not connive at making any girl marry any man she doesn't want to marry, is that clear?"

"But she does!" moaned Julia. "Some silly quarrel ——"

"And I refuse to go through that ridiculous performance. Practically kidnaping."

"Nothing of the kind!" Julia sobbed.

"All right, bride-naping. So far as I am concerned, my dear sister, the whole thing is up to Deetsie." Her hand shook when she hung up.

She went to the window. *Now you've done it.* The fog had lifted slightly. Pearl-pink light hovered behind it, dim but promising. At this moment, Dorothy Mitchell had her perfectly unreliable idea. Still, why not? Anyone can try. Even if they've never had a child of their own.

Returning to the phone before her mood slipped, she put in a call to McClelland Ferguson's law office in Sierra Center, California.

First off the bus, Deetsie whipped through the terminal on a backlash of honeymoon-type perfume, dropping innocent bystanders at twenty paces. She entered a cab on Seventh Street, panting lightly.

"Relax," the driver said. "He'll wait."

Deetsie chipped off a glance. "What he?"

Sensitive to emotional climates, the man turned neutral. "Where to?"

"My aunt's," Deetsie told him. "I wish I could remember her address."

"It helps." The driver sighed.

"She lives somewhere up on Nob Hill. It's a picturesque, very inconvenient old apartment house with a million steps and window boxes, you can't miss it. Just drive around; I'll keep looking. Go up a street the cable car runs on and ——" She leaned forward. "Why don't I drive? I can find it when I'm driving, almost always."

"Miss," said the patient man, "what is your aunt's name?"

"Name? Oh, name." The smile broke out like spring sunshine. "You mean look in the phone book?"

She had been there two hours and no questions asked. Aunty Doll hadn't said "Why?" that prying word. Such an incurious attitude is highly commendable; indeed, yes. More people should be like Aunty Doll, not go snooping around in other people's love business. Absolutely.

"In a place the size of Sierra Center," Deetsie said, unpacking in the guest room, "you have no private life. One hour and the news was all over town."

Her aunt went by with a froth of underthings. "Oh?"

"The phone—honestly, all it did was ring." Deetsie stood up, bravely prepared to face it. "You must be wondering what happened."

"That's your personal affair," Mrs. Mitchell said.

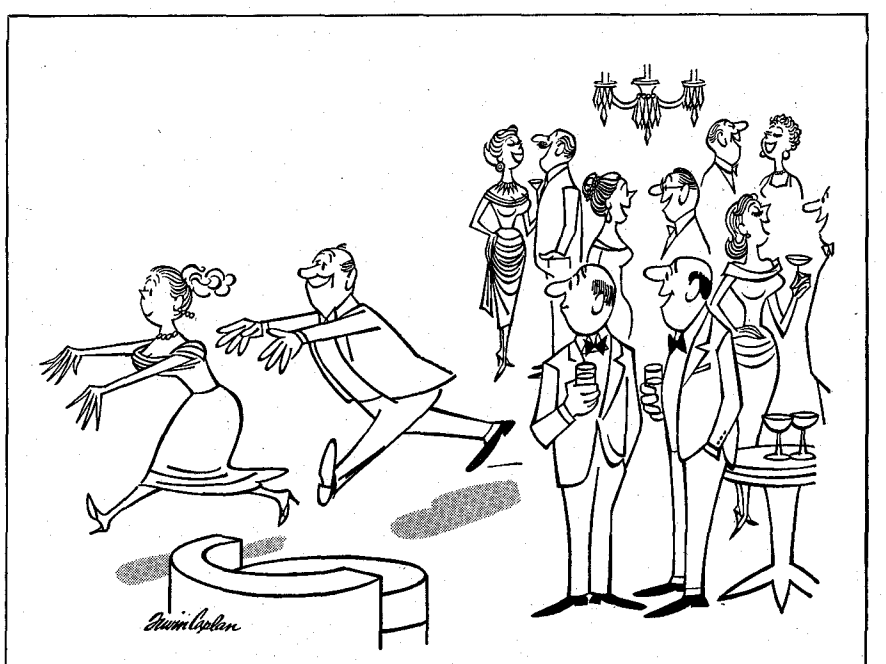
Deetsie dropped three pairs of shoes. "Well, for crying out loud, aren't you even interested?"

"Let's see. I guess these go in the clothes closet." Mrs. Mitchell came back from the clothes closet. "Did you say something, dear?"

Plunging full length across the bed, Deetsie caught hold of her aunt's hand. "Please sit down here. Can't you see I have to talk this out, or bust? First"—she sat up—"let me say this: Clell Ferguson is a very fine person. I have the greatest admiration for him."

"You're not the only one." Mrs. Mitchell held the hand warm.

"The greatest. But, Aunty Doll, if you'd known someone forever; if you had been going steady with him since you had teeth"—baring her pretty teeth to prove it—"if you knew what he's going to say next, (*Continued on Page 52*)



"I guess Malone has about had it—that's his wife!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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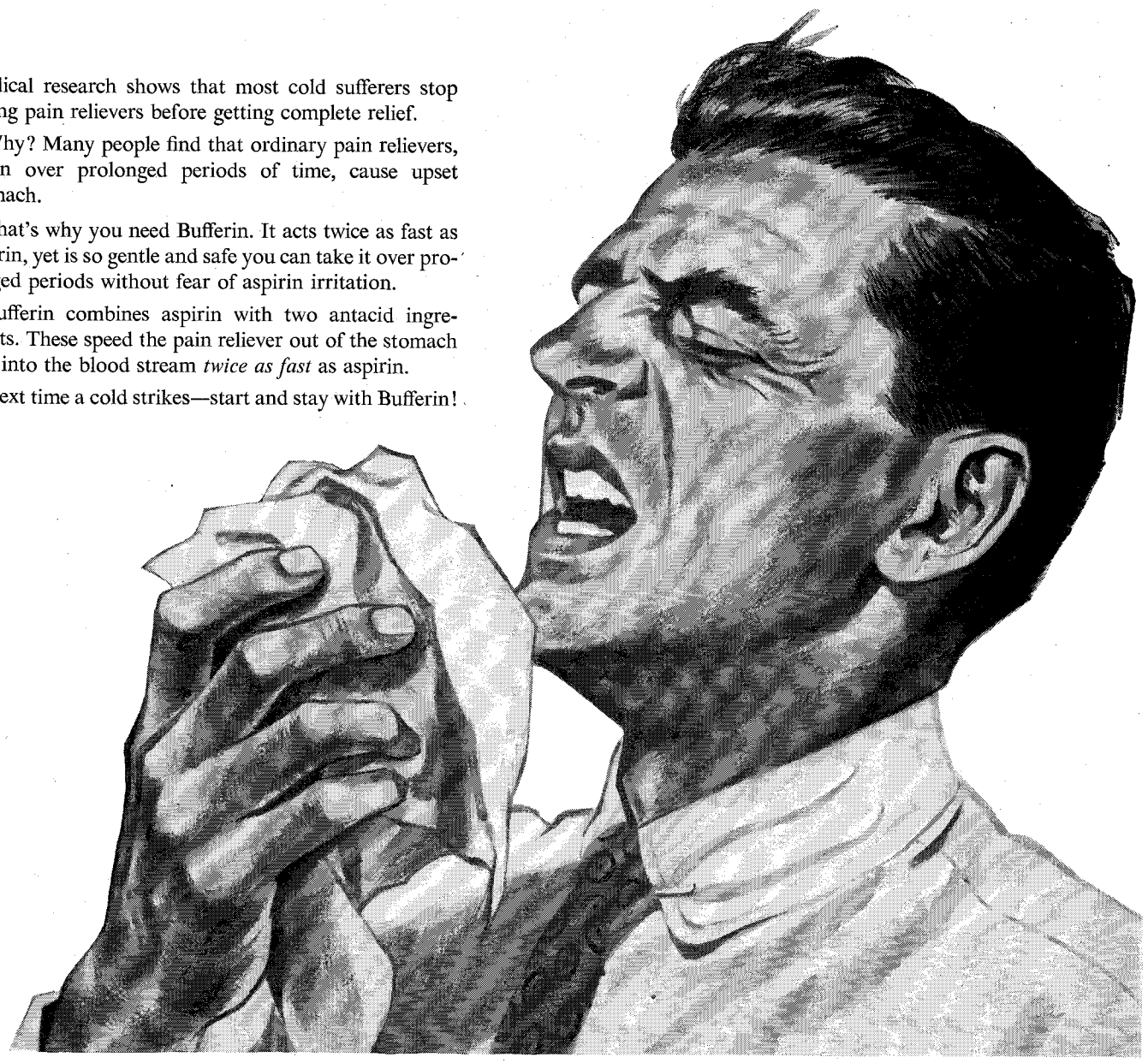

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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(*Continued from Page 50*) and do next, tell me the truth, would you want to marry him?"

"H'm. That's a good question. I would say offhand that very few women know a man that well. It is just possible you are the first in all history, Deetsie dear."

"You're kidding," Deetsie said flatly, "but I can't stop now. Clell is attractive. I guess. But I don't really see him any more, you know? He never looks at any other girl. Two Martinis only. Nice to his mother. Promising young lawyer. Good disposition. I will always know exactly where he is, and once a week the amateur string quartet will meet at our house. Aunty Doll"—she leaned in stunning confidence—"you know what they play? Bach!"

"Is that a fact?" commented her aunt. "No Beethoven?"

"His mother was a fiend for practice, and the way Clell plays the piano, it seems a shame. Just highbrow is so limited."

"How does he feel about jazz?"

"Oh, he sits there. Smokes his pipe. Smiles." Rolling over, Deetsie elevated one shapely tanned leg, rotating a thoughtful foot. "Marriage is a long time."

"Forever, some think."

"I feel lowdown mean"—the girl looked off desperately—"but let's face it, I like fun." She thumped a pillow. "And that sedan he drives. Honest-to-boo, I feel forty years old and ready to crate." Her aunt, thirty-seven, looked sympathetic. "Understand," Deetsie went on unwinding, "when I marry, I do it right. Three meals a day on time, six children, bills paid, shared problems, the fullsize package-deal. But, Aunty Doll, I haven't lived! I want to have experiences. Marry Clell and I never will!" She plunged her head beneath the pillow.

Mrs. Mitchell's arm went around her with heartening pressure. "Then it would be a terrible mistake to marry him."

Deetsie sat up, wet-eyed. "You mean it? May I stay here?"

"Nothing I'd love more. But you must call your mother, first."

"Know what?" The subject changed abruptly. "I'm going to get a job, a perfectly mad job—modeling, maybe. Advertising agency. Something supe. And meet hordes of madly fascinating people and ——"

"Deetsie, call your mother, now." Mrs. Mitchell marched from the room. She felt intoxicated with her own firmness. When Deetsie looked at you with tears in her eyes, you wanted to give her the moon on a pink party toothpick.

A while later, she went back to the guest room. Deetsie smiled.

"Mama put up a good fight, but I won this round. I told her how well you understand me, and we're more of an age, and having no children leaves your mind sort of open." Mrs. Mitchell felt for a chair. "And—well, never mind. Aunty Doll"—no girl could look happier—"is it true you know a lot of wild-eyed Bohemians?"

"They've all been processed." A faint note of regret tinged the tone. "Now, how about a nap? It may be a late evening. Honey, let me move the phone so it won't disturb you"—tucking it snugly beneath a pillow on the far twin bed. "And, dear, don't worry. Things will work out."

Will they? she wondered, going out. *Don't worry, indeed. With the wedding date June fifth? But you would play mother.*

Over the kitchen extension, she called Clell and held an earnest, low-voiced conversation. Then some calls to local friends. The name, Putney Danvers, suddenly popped up. *She wants experiences?* Putt worked in an advertising agency and played in amateur theatricals, or vice versa, no one quite knew. Hurriedly, she looked up the number, dialed, and to her considerable relief, he was out. The view, she thought, looked a spot disappointed.

An old friend, a dignified doctor, was taking them to dinner at seven. One minute before seven, Deetsie appeared, wearing a black creation with good lines.

"It's perfect," her aunt said. "Let's see it without the bolero." Without the bolero, the dress was something sudden. It fitted like the glaze on a porcelain cup. "How time flies!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell. "Has your mother seen you in that?"

"Of course."

Deetsie prepared to drop the subject, but her aunt looked closer. "These darts. Under here."

The girl exhaled rather bitterly. "I put them in, just now."

"Suppose you let them out," suggested Mrs. Mitchell, going along to supervise. "Sweetie, you'd need a husband for protection to wear it that way—and if you had one, he wouldn't let you." She ripped busily. "You're not trying to get in the movies, you know. This is just a nice quiet evening, I hope. . . . There. Try it now."

Dr. Phenomenal Otis, or so the name sounded to Deetsie, and he was delighted with it, took them to the Fior d'Italia—"the old Riviera, you know." Then to Buena Vista for Irish coffee, accumulating people. Nice crew-cut people, carefully selected. *Wild-eyed Bohemians, hah,* thought Mrs. Mitchell, approving them. But Deetsie's eyes strayed continually to a nearby table. A tall blond young man sat there, looking disenchanted. Such an interesting way of holding his cup. He had lived, she felt. He needed a haircut and he wore beat-up old sneakers Clell wouldn't be caught going fishing in.

With her second cup of the happy Hibernian brew, Deetsie smiled socially at a crew-cut. "And to think, at home they give me arguments on plain coffee."

"Too young?" A new voice spoke. The blond young man had just pulled up a chair. He smiled, crinkling his eyes. *Not disenchanted at all, more of a Pebble Beach type.*

"No." Deetsie flushed prettily. "Just that my parents feel that way."

He brushed a sweeping hand. "Ignore them. I was an unloved child, myself."

Probably he's been psychoanalyzed. "I wasn't," she had to admit.

His grin was the most disarming experience she had ever been threatened with. "No wonder." *Could he say more in a five-page poem?*

The cool crew-cut wasn't amused. "That chair is reserved, Putt."

Putt spared half a smile. "Hi, Phil," turning again to Deetsie. "I was just sitting here minding my own impulses."

Phil snapped, "Season's closed."

He stood up with such graceful indolence, Deetsie's heart staggered. "Have to leave anyway, my mother's expecting me at Alcoholics Anonymous." He smiled straight into her eyes. "Miss me nicely."

She looked around, dazed, as from a spotlight. "Who was that?"

Everybody told her:

"Line peddler."

"How obvious can you get?"

"Putt Danvers, the talk-talk boy."

"Let's go someplace and dance."

"Say where, Deetsie: Mark? Frantic? Fairmont? Any place you say."

They looked at her so warmly waiting, so in league. All the nice young men. "Ignore that fellow," their eyes said; "he's off-limits. Look at us; we are safe. This Putt, you don't want to know him." *But I do.*

"Where's the best jazz band?" *I'll bet he loves jazz.*

Bop? Progressive? Dixieland? Rock? they asked.

"Dixieland, naturally," Deetsie said. Her aunt made a wry face at all of it, covering her ears. "In case you don't know," Deetsie informed her, "jazz is our only native American art. If I have to be historical about it."

"Hurrah," said Dr. Phenomenal Otis.

"Make that hysterical and I'll buy it," Aunty Doll said, laughing.

Very gay and very festive, they went out to the cool, bracing night. A path of lights curved across the Bay Bridge, far distant, and nearer the many night colors of Fisherman's Wharf. With a charming young man on each side, it should be so romantic, but ——

He was there—parked at the Hyde Street curb in a long white sports car. Asleep. His head dropped back, his profile cut against the light. It was all Deetsie could do to keep from climbing in beside him.

She woke up to the cling-jingle of a cable-car bell. And far off, the Point Bonita foghorn. A doorman's cab whistle sounded, somewhere. And that voice—was it Putt's? *Stop imagining things.* Oh, this city. You felt such a glorious urge to be up and at. Lying in bed was positively painful. *But that is a voice.* She froze motionless. *A man's voice. In this apartment.* She got up and followed it, mousing along the hall, through the dining room to the kitchen swing door. A cautious inch ——

Clell! Clell Ferguson! So it was going to be like that. So he had to come here and embarrass her. *I refuse to see him.* She looked again.

Clell sat at the kitchen table, shower-fresh, in a white shirt with the collar open, scanning the morning paper. Relaxed. At home. She had never seen him look so perfectly at home.

Aunty Doll stood at the stove in a whiff of pink nylon, stirring something in a double boiler. "This is the only way to make scrambled eggs"—she smiled across—"the way you like them."

The way you like them?

Clell glanced over his paper. As if they were the only two people in the world. "Don't miss Delaplane this morning. He's real cute."

Real cute. First time I ever heard him say that. And why didn't she wear more clothes? Deetsie felt as if she was coming down with a virus.

"Toast?" Aunty Doll said—with a perfectly sickening glance.

Clell read a moment longer, uncrossed his long legs in slow motion, got up and went straight to the bread box. *Straight.* He placed four slices in a small basket, brought the basket to the table, dropped two slices in the toaster, depressed the lever and resumed reading.

"Butter?"

He said "Um-m," absently. In a moment he put down the paper and went straight to the refrigerator. Musing among the contents, he said, "I do believe we're out of butter again, Dot."

Again? Again. Deetsie shook all over. How could butter sound so intimate?

"Silly, look in the butter compartment." Mrs. Mitchell placed the eggs on a plate, surrounded them with bacon, and served Clell. She sat down opposite. He handed her the column half of the paper. Cozy.

Tottering back to her room, Deetsie collapsed on the bed. Her mind reeled in chaos. *He didn't so much as mention my name,* she thought furiously. *He never looks at other girls, oh, no? But Aunty Doll, of all people. Old enough to be his mother, practically. And beautiful, you have to admit. These sneaky blondes. Not only her but how many others? Those trips to the city on legal business. And so handsome, so tall, so good-natured. So damned exasperating.* Rising, she dragged over to the window. The view gave her more ideas than she could handle in one short lifetime. *Hah, Clell Ferguson, I'll—show—you.*

Flying at her teeth, her face, her hair, and into a robe she wished clung more, Deetsie made for the kitchen. Pushing the swing door wide, she sailed through.

Clell glanced up. "Hi, Deets." He made a combination of greeting and turning a newspaper page.

"Good morning, dear," her aunt said.

"Hi." She walked straight past and wound up smack against a cupboard. Opening it, she peered inside for something to do.

"Sit down. I'll make your breakfast," her aunt said. "Eggs?"

"No, thank you." *Eggs. At a big dramatic moment.*

"Clell has a claims case in court this morning." Mrs. Mitchell reached across the small table and turned Clell's wrist to see his watch. "You have thirty minutes." To Deetsie, she said casually, "When he has legal business in town, he runs up and shares breakfast with me."

"Cheering the lonely widow," Clell grinned; "and the food here is very good too." It fell on dead air for a full minute.

"Well, why shouldn't he?" And come to think of it, why shouldn't he? Why not? No harm in it. On the other hand——

Folding his paper, Clell stood up. Mrs. Mitchell began bustling around—*like she owned him.* "Your hat, I'll bring it. Don't forget your tie; it's in your right coat pocket."

She went out. Clell followed. Presumably she tied his tie for him; they were gone long enough. Deetsie downed two cups of scalding coffee. When they returned, her aunt had on a woolly robe.

"The way you girls run around here, you're courting arthritis," Clell commented, glancing impersonally at Deetsie. "And that ain't all." He grinned that grin again at Aunty Doll.

Ain't. Since when does he say ain't? You girls. She's no girl. He hardly looked at me. How can a man change that much overnight?

Clell paused in the doorway. "*Adios,* kids. . . . See you anon, Doll."

"Well!" Deetsie sat down and stared into her (*Continued on Page 54*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

One road that never needs repair is the straight and narrow.

A small town is a place where the only kind of secret is a brand-new one.

While no wives claim to be infallible, quite a few insist they're always right.

Everybody should have some form of relaxation. Even golfers.

The poor relations between a man and his wife are often his or hers.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when the coffee break came at lunch.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) empty cup. "If I ever needed Irish coffee, I need it now."

"Not in the morning, dear," her aunt said absently. She was reading a letter. She giggled at one point. "That Jane."

"What Jane?"

Mrs. Mitchell glanced up briefly. "Clell's secretary."

"Really? I wasn't aware you knew her so well."

"Janey? We're old chums from way back yonder. Listen to this." Her eyes skimmed down the typewritten sheet of Clell's office stationery. "Here it is: 'The news spread like forest fire. Such excitement you never saw. Every detached girl in Nevilda County is out to trap Clell, plus a few that are only semidetached.'"

"Very funny." Pulling her robe tight, Deetsie went to the window. The sun shot sparks from the Bay and her eyes shot them right back. She turned around. "Aunty Doll, if you don't mind, I think I'll pack up and go to a hotel."

"Why, darling!" Her aunt had a stricken look. "Have I said something? Or because Clell was here?"

"Heavens, no!" Deetsie said elaborately. "I hardly gave it a thought. It's just—well, you can think better—alone. And I ——"

The phone rang. Mrs. Mitchell said cordially, "Good morning, Putt. . . . Yes, she's right here," handing the instrument to Deetsie.

"Hi, Deetsie." His furry voice felt so near her ear it tickled. "You breathing?"

"Sort of." Her circulation did seem to pick up a trifle.

"Say me a kind word, I dare you."

"Why?" She cuddled the phone close when her aunt was looking.

"Save it. I have plans for us. Are you dressed?"

"No, but I will be." She glanced to a spot just above her aunt's left shoulder. "In about twenty minutes."

She was all set to argue, but her aunt took the wind out of her sails with a delighted exclamation. "I'm so glad he called! Putt is a real fun fellow, I hear. You'll have a perfectly won——" Deetsie walked out on the rest.

The dove-gray suit was too dressy for a sports car. Sweater and skirt? Too plain. She settled for the beige knit, catching up a brown jacket and scarf on the way out.

Her aunt waved gaily from the doorway. "Have fun, honey. When will you be back?"

"Later."

Mrs. Mitchell closed the door and went to her view for support. She had aged some this morning. Julia would be shocked by her *modus operandi*. But an amateur mother must use what she has to work with, and hope.

The long white sports car took off with a fancy roar. "Mellow, h'm?" Putt said. "That's a real smitty."

If he thought she was impressed enough to ask what a "smitty" was, he could think again. She said, "My hair's blowing off."

He glanced sideways. "Tie your scarf on, Big-Eyes. How about a tour of the city? They made it for this car, you know." Turning onto Powell, he plunged straight down.

With a reply ready, Deetsie opened her mouth and couldn't get it closed. She was about to say "I've seen the city."

Putt drove onto Hyde Street. "Now for the roller coaster. Over on Lombard, near here, is the crookedest street in the world—eight turns in one block. And what a drop." He awaited appropriate enthusiasm.

"Well—O.K.," Deetsie sighed. "But I've had no breakfast. Besides"—she crouched in her bucket seat and held on—"it just occurred to me, I haven't been introduced to you yet."

He howled, pounding the wheel. "I love it! A beautiful comic! Baby, this is a day!" He said, "Sweeting, you're going to have the perfect San Francisco breakfast." The car turned, heading for the Wharf. "See where we're going?"

"Don't be silly," Deetsie mumbled. "I can't even see where I'm talking."

Putt's perfect San Francisco breakfast turned out to be oysters—little tiny Olympia oysters in sharp red sauce. Delicious. But not what the girl wanted. She wanted scrambled eggs made in a double boiler.

It was like that all day long. The poor guy, he tried. He tried the whole afternoon and part of the evening. He took her to Inspiration Point and other celebrated views made for two. He fed her handsomely, where the head waiter knew him by name, and reputation. His sophisticated wild-man patter never got a rise. He even resorted to poetry. He drove down the Peninsula on the Bayshore Highway at a good rousing clip, with some near-misses she would recall forever in her better nightmares. The best jazz band in town was lost on her—she all but went to sleep with one of the hottest horns in the business not ten feet away. When he tried to kiss her, he got nothing for his trouble but a bruise. The man simply couldn't do anything right, that's the whole size of it. He never ran into such a challenge in his life. She seemed to grow more morose and mangled-looking as time dragged on. But say this for him: he died game. When they parted by mutual consent at the apartment entrance, he

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said with heroic valor, "See you tomorrow?"

Deetsie said, "Like fun you will," without a backward glance.

She raced up the steps. On the apartment door, thumbtacked, was a sealed envelope with her name on it. Her heart dropped to ground level. She felt the key in the envelope, opened the door and read the note:

Deetsie dear: After ten, we will be here. Come on over. D. and C.

A newspaper clipping, attached, advertised a new club, the Do-It-Yourself.

In minutes she went through a shower and into the black dress. Down the steps. Into a cab. . . .

The cab stopped. "What a jam," the driver said. "This town sure loves openings. Think you can get in there?"

She could. Next thing was to find Clell and Aunty Doll. It looked like a struggle. The place was packed. Gazing around and over and through the smoke and good-natured crowd, it seemed hopeless. Jammed in, unable to move, she relaxed to catch up on her breathing, and the music took over. The rhythm was all. Dixieland—and what Dixieland. The most tremendous shake-loose jazz, oh, man.

"Listen to that riff, will you?" said the girl pancaked on one side. The player took a fast walk on the piano.

"That's real eighty-eighting," Deetsie replied.

"You know it," the girl said.

"Who's playing?" Deetsie asked presently.

"Somebody with five hands, must be. This place, the customers do the entertaining. And that's some customer!"

The player tied it off. The girl sighed, "Every last note used up."

The crowd yelled, "More! More!"

The player stood up tall, shaking his head, smiling.

"That's for me," the honest girl said, straining forward.

When she moved, Deetsie had a clear view. She screamed, "Clell! Clell, over here!" Then her aunt stood up, waving, and the crowd parted.

Glorious confusion led to a small rear table in the dim light. Breathless, Deetsie held onto Clell. He returned the hold. They traded deep, nourishing looks, side by side, holding fast, wordless. She felt as if she had been running for a long time, and cut the tape. At last.

Aunty Doll said, "May I order something for you?" They didn't hear her.

Deetsie said, "Clell—Clell darling, I haven't a word to say."

He grinned. "Go ahead, I'm listening." Lifting her hand, he bit one finger. "There. You're punished."

"I have been, all day." Her sigh came straight from the heart. "You'll never know. What did you do all day?"

He turned it over and decided on "Practiced." That covered the territory.

"The King Porter Stomp?"

"Well, some, yes. But I've been working on it right along. You see, if you take the polyphonics of Bach"—leaning, he kissed her near ear—"and throw in a little hot syncopation"—his hand rested warmly on the back of her neck—"and give the whole thing a good strong beat ——" Not more than fifty people saw the kiss. None of them enjoyed it as much as Aunty Doll.

A man doesn't become a failure until he is satisfied with being one. O. A. BATTISTA

"Darling. Clell. Promise me something?" Misty-eyed, Deetsie touched his face tenderly. "Promise me you won't ever give up your good music?"

"Now I've heard everything," said Aunty Doll.

He smiled. "A little jazz mixed in won't hurt it. Really intended this as sort of a—well, a wedding present."

Mrs. Mitchell stood up. "If you two can somehow manage to get along without me, I think I'll go phone Julia." *I can hardly wait.*

Deetsie's thoughtful glance followed her aunt. "Just think, Clell, we'll always, always, always be together. Everywhere."

The telephone was upstairs in a hallway with a window at one end. A window with a view. She felt no need for a view at that high moment and went straight to the phone. Sparing her sister the tedious little details, she said, "They've made up. You can go ahead with the wedding."

Julia's superlatives were gratifying. Good old Julia, the salt of the earth. After ten busy minutes, Mrs. Mitchell slid a few words in edgewise. "Now I'm right back where I started," she laughed. "Debating what to give Deetsie."

"My own precious sister"—Julia's voice throbbed with emotion—"what more can you give any girl than a good husband?"

That's right, what more? She walked slowly to the window.

Out over the Bay, the iron-lace bridge curved gracefully against a sky full of stars and tomorrow. Lots of tomorrows. It was a lonely view. She wondered if Dr. Phenomenal Otis might be home.

A widower? With four children?

No harm trying—— THE END

of all building trades?

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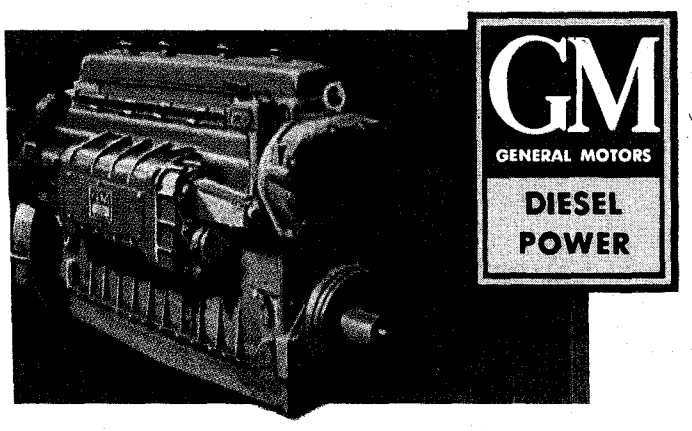

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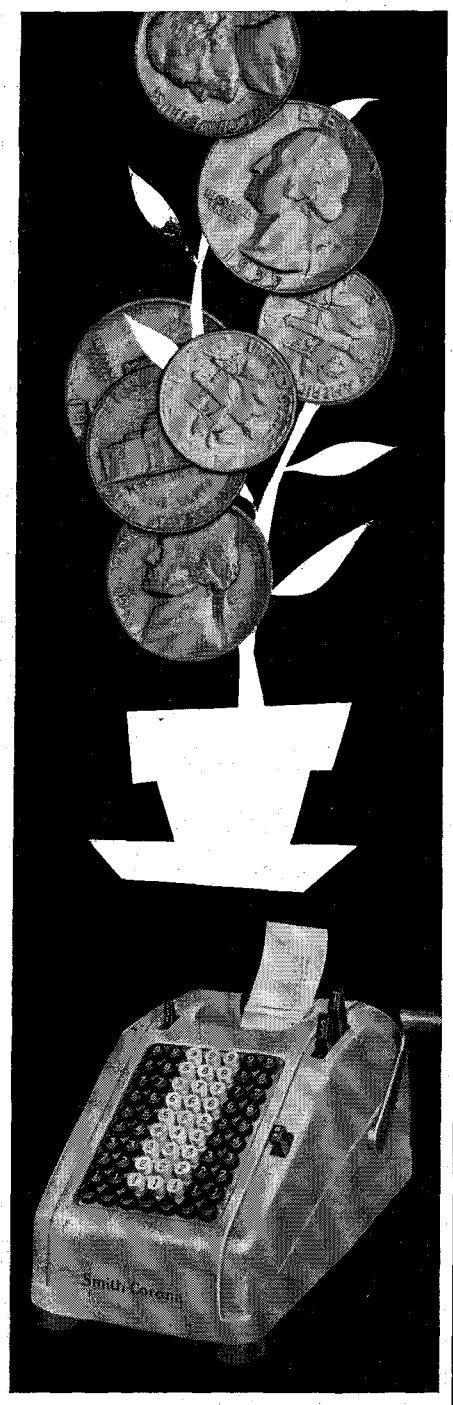

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Count on a Smith-Corona to insure accurate records, profitable operation, better bookkeeping. Nowhere else do you get *so much* adding machine for *so little* money: Low cost; speedy operation; years of trouble-free use. Get a Smith-Corona — lowest-priced, full-featured adding machine in America. As little as
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703 E. Washington Street, Syracuse 1, N. Y.
What you say adds up to good business sense! Rush information and tell me where I can see and try a Smith-Corona adding machine.
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The Old Tanker Rides Again

(Continued from Page 37)

vanished into the armed services. Norwich became a training center for Air Force crews and engineers.

This was not an unusual situation in Norwich's long history. The campus was denuded in the Mexican War, the Civil War and World War I. In World War II, 1673 Norwich men served. The roll call included one rear admiral, fifteen generals, 170 colonels, 210 majors, a large assortment of captains and lieutenants. As in previous crises, their training as citizen soldiers paid off for the nation. Eighty-seven Norwich men died in the performance of their duty.

One of the generals Norwich could claim—at least in part—was Ernie Harmon. Next to Gen. George Patton he was the most famous armored-force commander in the North African, Italian and German theaters. Sulphurous of language, hard-driving, built physically along the architectural lines of a bulldog, his prowess in combat command made him the pride and delight of such Army chiefs as Eisenhower, Bradley and Clark.

Harmon was a West Point graduate and long gone from New England, but there were certain dialect nuances that, even at Anzio and the Battle of the Bulge, proved the ancient adage that you can take the boy out of Vermont, but you can't take Vermont out of the boy. When Harmon retired from the Army in 1948, he bought a place near Cambridge, Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay, and saw his future as a long succession of uneventful days in a salubrious climate; each day's high point was to be the after-breakfast trip in a rowboat to investigate his crab traps in the inlet. His retirement did not turn out that way, and the reason, indubitably, was Vermont. Harmon had always owned a deep obligation to Vermont and to Norwich. State and university had been very good to a youngster born in Lowell, Massachusetts, orphaned, separated from a sister he did not see again for many years, indentured to a farmer as a boy of all work.

Like the orphaned David Copperfield, the orphaned Harmon ran away from the farm. In early adolescence he set up shop as a self-supporting citizen in the town of Bradford, Vermont, and earned his way through Bradford Academy by milking cows and doing odd jobs. He also earned the respect of Bradford's leading citizens. The next step in the pilgrim's progress was a freshman year at Norwich, where he tended furnaces, waited tables and milked the cows that even college professors tethered in their back yards in that unpasteurized and primitive era.

Norwich then was a military school of cavalry persuasion. Harmon, who was to become one of the Army's best polo players, discovered that he liked horses better than cows. He also discovered a lifelong friend in Col. Frank Tompkins, commandant of cadets. Tompkins encouraged Harmon to seek appointment to West Point. Harmon received an appointment as an alternate, but when the time came for the examinations, he did not have the money to go to Boston, where the examinations were to be held.

Without too much hope, but determined to make no errors of omission, Harmon called at a Northfield bank to explore the possibilities of a loan. There was a legend that Vermont bankers, like Vermont horse traders, were weaned on quinces, and that chill salt water rather than blood seeped through their veins. For a little while the boy believed it.

"So far as the bank is concerned," said the cashier, "you have no credit standing. For the bank, I reject your application. But now I'll talk for myself. You have been making your own way for a good many years. Bradford people speak well of you; your professors speak well of you. I will personally make the loan I cannot recommend to others."

Harmon passed his examinations and the original appointee failed his; Harmon went off to West Point. It was to be a long time before he came back.

No one is more surprised today at the metamorphosis of swashbuckler into savant than Harmon himself. During his military career he fostered the legend of Harmon the hell-raiser, the gruff man of action, the unpolished diamond, the modern-day Israel Putnam. And he played the role so long that, most gullible of all, he believed in it implicitly himself.

When he returned from Europe after postwar commands in Czechoslovakia and Germany—where he organized the United States constabulary—he was thinking about voluntary retirement and, when only fifty-four, requested it.

A couple of years found Harmon restless in his little dream of Paradise on Chesapeake Bay. Friends reported him zestful and merry when called back for temporary tours of active duty; after a driving, active life, carpet slippers were not the delightful earned reward they once had seemed to be. His five children were grown and married, and he and his wife were alone. It was just at this time that the Norwich trustees came knocking at his door.

Harmon's doubts were all self doubts. Although Norwich was a military school and he was a military man, he was keenly aware he was no educator. The salary was modest, but that was not a matter for concern; with his retirement pay it would be adequate. His wife was a Vermonter; she, too, would be going home. In addition to one year as a student, he had spent four years at the university, on Army assignment, as professor of military science and tactics. That was in the early '30's, but it added to sentiment some understanding of the school's problems. And the trustees made their point that Norwich needed help.

"I told the board frankly about my inadequacies," Harmon said recently, as he stared out a window at the campus he has enriched, "and warned that they must take me as I was. Bad actors are difficult to change late in life. And I knew no more about running a university than I knew about running a railroad."

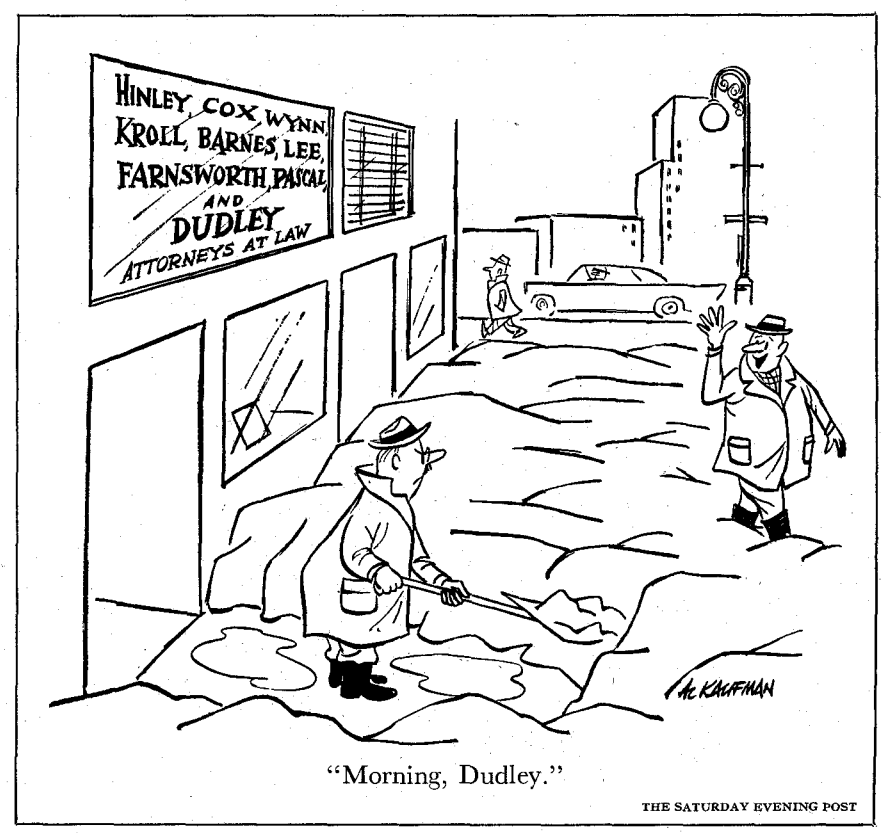
The general, however, is a quick study. He needed to be. Here is a rather grim summary—not this reporter's—of the situation at Norwich when he took over:

"The morale of faculty and students was low; the students were overcrowded in the dormitories, three or four to a room. Academic facilities were limited; the sciences were down in the basements of the dormitories, where they had been for years. The pay of the faculty was low and the faculty lacked stability; there was a rapid turnover in personnel.

"The buildings and grounds were unattractive; much major repair was needed. In general there was little at Norwich to make one proud to have been a graduate, or to induce a graduate to send his son there, or to persuade a bright young instructor to join the faculty. The military was one department which over the years had been kept at a high standard; the Department of the Army consistently sent able personnel to its Vermont outpost."

The value of the physical plant was $1,115,000 in 1946. Four years later, years of boom and national prosperity, it had been increased by only $30,000. In North Africa, Harmon had taken over an armored division of low morale and converted it into one of the great fighting outfits of the war. But it was obvious that at Norwich neither psychology nor the lopping off of heads would do the job. Norwich needed the solid things that would take time—money, friends, a wider and less parochial support.

Like any good camp commander, Harmon was immediately conscious of the shabbiness of the near environs of the university, and appalled that eighteen members of his faculty lived in houses he considered subhuman. Here was a concrete problem to which there were answers. He investigated; one of the reasons for the turnover in junior faculty was housing that modern wives could not abide. Northfield was a small town without adventurous builders. Harmon got busy forthwith. Twenty-eight of the fifty-two members of the faculty now live in buildings owned by the university and acquired during *(Continued on Page 60)*



"Morning, Dudley."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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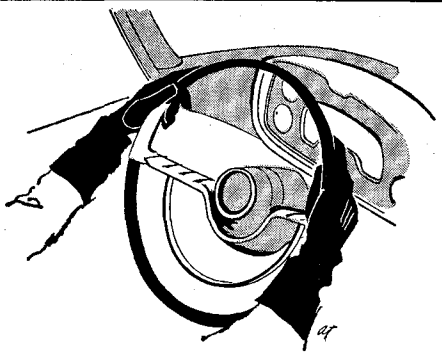
RESPONDS TO YOUR BRAKE, YOUR STEERING WHEEL, YOUR ACCELERATOR AS NO OTHER TIRE EVER DID BEFORE!

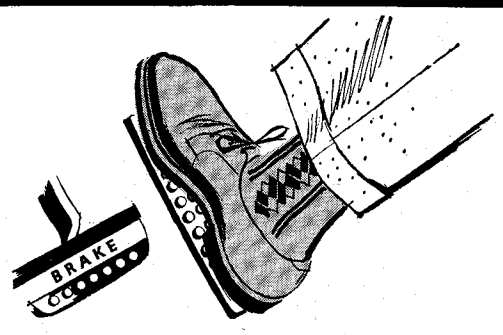
Whether you're headed for the supermarket or the super-highway, you'll enjoy an entirely new sense of worry-free driving with Kelly Celebrity Tires on your wheels! They're designed for instant response on today's higher-horsepower cars . . . built to make *any* car on *any* road safer and easier to drive. The Celebrity is unquestionably today's greatest tire for *worry-free* driving . . . *anywhere!* At your Kelly Dealer's in all sizes, including 1957 models. Be sure to see him today!

YOU CAN FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN CONTROL THIS GREAT NEW TIRE GIVES YOU!



You'll feel it in your hands . . .

You'll notice new steering ease, new stability on the turns! The new *six-rib tread* puts more traction edges on the road to reduce sway and side-slip, give you *steering without veering!*

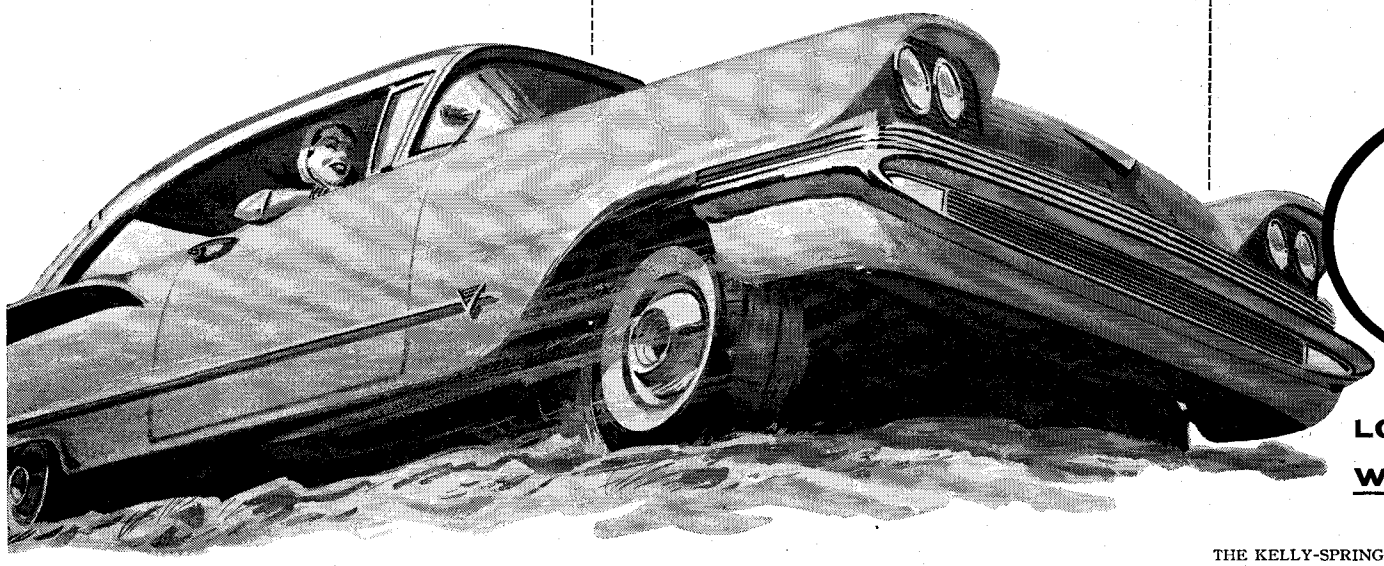


You'll feel it in your feet . . .

You'll see how the Celebrity's new Power Stop Tread responds to your brake to bring you to *safe and shorter stops*—how the added traction gets you off to swifter, surer, *non-slip starts!*

You'll feel it in a lighter heart . . .

You'll know, at last, what *worry-free* driving means! The Celebrity's super-strength nylon body and improved tubeless construction give you greatest possible *puncture safety, blowout safety!*



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LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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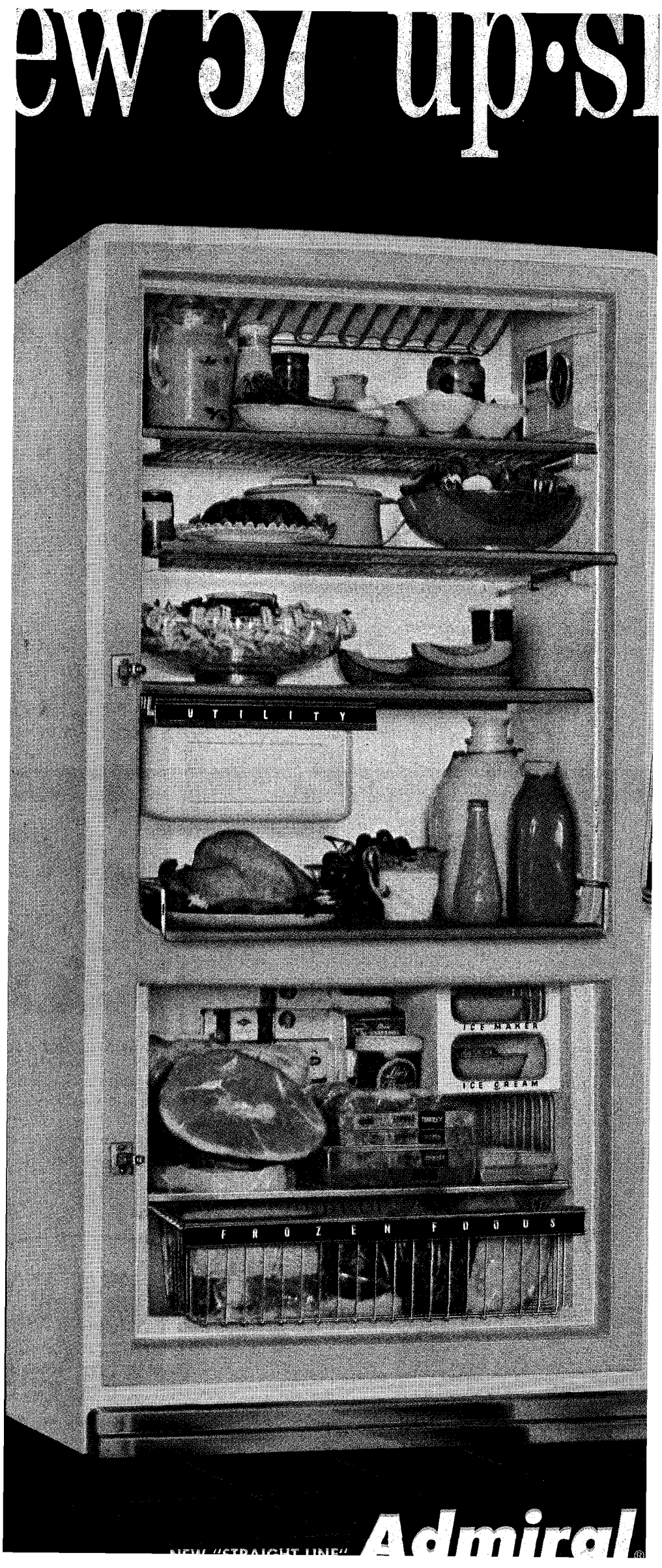

NEW "STRAIGHT LINE"

Admiral®

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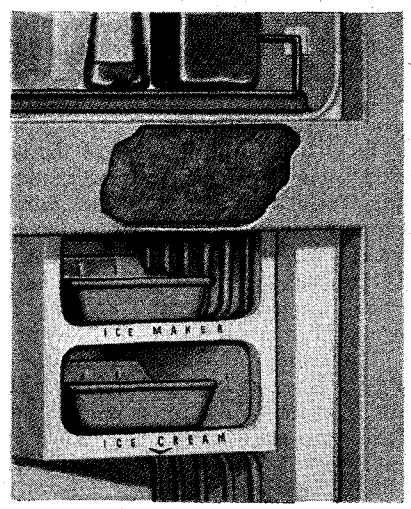
Admiral Dual-Temp

keeps most-used foods *up* where they're easiest to reach !

This new 1957 Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerator has its sub-zero freezer *down below*, its fresh food compartment *up above!* Keeps all your fresh food at a handy height, easily reached without stooping and straining!

There's *extra* beauty and convenience too, in the '57 Dual-Temp. Sleek "Fashion Front" and 2-tone interior give kitchens a gay, modern touch. Glide-out shelves and "pantry-doors" give you *plus* storage space.

Look at these fabulous Dual-Temp features...

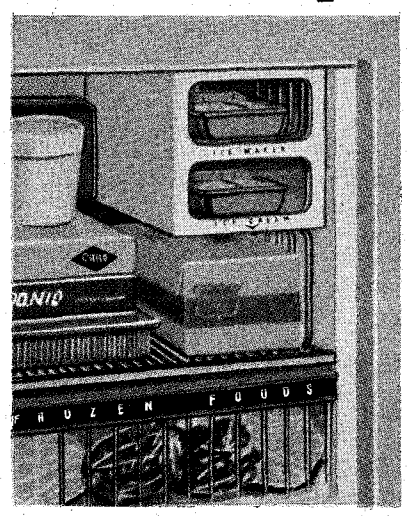


Exclusive Dual-Temp Design

Two zones of cold—one in refrigerator, one in freezer—separated by extra high efficiency insulation! 137 lb. capacity freezer *stays* at sub-zero temperatures for fastest freezing. And there's no defrosting, no pans of water to empty, *ever,* in the fresh food compartment.

Foods Don't Trade Flavors

Even onion and custard left uncovered on the same shelf stay their own "sweet selves"! Admiral's "Magic Ray" Lamp keeps air inside the refrigerator sunshine-fresh all the time. Admiral's exclusive "Humid-Cold Plate" keeps foods fresher and moist longer.



Freezes Ice Cubes Faster

Admiral's exclusive new "Arctic Circle" surrounds each ice cube tray with sub-zero freezing coils! Makes ice cubes *twice* as fast as conventional refrigerators. Storage pan for 5½ lbs. of ice cubes. Special area under "Arctic Circle" holds half-gallon ice cream.

Exclusive "Lifeguard" Inside Door Release

Prevents children from being trapped in refrigerator. Glows in the dark—swings the door open instantly with the slightest push, pull or turn. New, Touch-O-Magic door handle lets you open door with a gentle touch, even with both hands full!

Admiral®

Auto-defrost Refrigerator

GREATEST REFRIGERATOR VALUE IN AMERICA

Here's *extra* convenience for you that no other refrigerator can match at such a low price. Compactly designed to give you more food storage in less space . . . adds a bright modern touch to your kitchen . . . plus:

- 10.7 Gross Cubic Feet Capacity
- 4 Extra-strong, Full Width Shelves
- Extra-roomy swing-out Butter, Egg and Snack Chest
- Exclusive Touch-O-Magic Handle opens door at a touch
- 3 Deep-Capacity Door Shelves
- Canyon Copper, tarnish-proof trim for added beauty
- Full Width Freezer Chest and Drawer for added storage
- Full Width, Clear View Crisper
- "Lifeguard" Inside Door Release
- 5-Year Protection Policy

Admiral Refrigerator
Model DA1110—10.7 gr. cu. ft.

only $299.95

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(*Continued from Page 56*) the past six years at a cost of approximately $10,000 a unit.

In 1950 the university had some $60,000 invested in faculty housing. In September, 1956, the investment had risen to $327,000. Faculty salaries totaled $149,522 in 1950–51, and $258,600 in 1956–57.

This represents an increase of 74 per cent in the past five years and compares favorably with the salary standards of most small colleges with enrollments of 500 to 1000 students.

Don't let your sleep be spoiled by

ACID INDIGESTION HEARTBURN!

Get TUMS Ideal Relief... "People-Tested" by Satisfied Millions!

TUMS scientific formula works faster, safer, surer than soda or alkalizers...which may actually upset your digestion, prolong your discomfort.

TUMS are ideal because they neutralize only the *excess* stomach acid ...safely, instantly! And TUMS' relief really *lasts!*

For acid indigestion, heartburn, gas, just eat one or two tasty TUMS. Keep 'em at your bedside... and sleep like a baby!

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

A new optimism about Norwich, the improved conditions, and, above all, a confidence in Harmon's fighting spirit brought about faculty stabilization. In the period 1946–50 loss or turnover of faculty personnel averaged 33⅓ per cent. This year it was 8 per cent. There has been steady improvement in professional attainment. It did not take an old field tactician long to learn that a Ph.D. in a college catalogue was as important as a bull's-eye on the target range. Ten years ago there were seven men with Ph.D. degrees on the faculty and twenty-three with master's degrees. This year there are fifteen Ph.D.'s and thirty-five masters; young professors are encouraged, even pressed, to continue with postgraduate work.

"I opposed the choice of General Harmon as president," said an emeritus department head who won his degrees at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. "I admired him as a soldier, but thought him temperamentally unsuited to head a college. I was wrong, and I admit it. He has done a great deal to raise academic standards at Norwich and, after a lifetime of teaching here, I can be nothing other than grateful."

Norwich prides itself on being—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, New York, amiably disputes the claim—the first American college (1821) to give courses in "civil" engineering as differentiated from military engineering. Despite this historic distinction, Norwich's engineering courses were in trouble. Civil engineering alone had full accreditation from the Engineer's Council for Professional Development. Mechanical engineering had a temporary accreditation and electrical engineering had lost its accreditation. Laboratories and physical equipment on the Norwich campus simply did not meet modern requirements.

Norwich's engineering departments are now fully accredited. Chemistry has been accredited by the American Chemical Society. All other courses are regionally accredited by the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

Laboratories and new buildings cost money—lots of money. Harmon, who was no businessman, abruptly found himself in high finance, without a parachute. He had never sold so much as an aluminum pan or a set of O. Henry to a credulous housewife, but he was confronted with the job of selling a college and its aims to dissident alumni and to the men of wealth and the captains of industry who might be willing to help.

The record shows he did pretty well. Never a public speaker by choice, he accepted engagements to speak at plush banquets, at Rotary and Kiwanis luncheons, at exclusive city clubs. Harmon mastered the skills of mendicancy and his present campus is the proof of it. Tompkins Hall, a mechanical-engineering building, was built in 1951. The James Jackson Cabot Hall of Science was built in the autumn of 1952. The college library, now the Henry Prescott Chaplin Memorial Library, was completely modernized in 1953. Two additional dormitories went up at about the same time, and the new Student Union—named Harmon Hall over the general's protest—was finished in the summer of 1955. During this same period $200,000 was spent on student recreational facilities, and $288,000 on major improvements to existing plant.

Harmon on the trail of an almoner has become as single-minded as Fearless Fosdick. He also keeps his eyes and ears open for the cause. A weather station on the campus, about to be abandoned, was wheedled from the Federal Government, and, remodeled, is now the Ainsworth Infirmary. The riding hall, a memento of old cavalry days, sparked an idea. Why not enlarge it and refrigerate it? When I was at Norwich the Taylor Memorial Hockey Arena, financed by gifts from alumni and the family of one of Norwich's war dead, was nearing completion. And within fifteen minutes of the campus the crack Lybrand Ski Area—suitable for intercollegiate competition—had come into existence. It was the contribution of a man from Connecticut who summers in Northfield.

Not long ago Harmon got wind of the fact that a set of excellent Belgian carillon bells were sequestered in a warehouse in Cambridge, Massachusetts. They had been brought to this country for the Chicago World's Fair and then stored at Harvard. Since the early 1930's they had been unheard and unrung; Harvard either had carillon bells of its own or didn't want any. The donor family was glad to pass them on to Norwich. Carillon bells need a tower, and this was provided by the widow of Dr. Porter H. Adams, president of Norwich 1933–39, as a memorial to her husband's mother, Jeannie Porter Adams.

Such acquisitive instincts in a private individual might seem repulsive; in a college president they constitute merit. Indeed, the general sometimes maintains that his ability to classify potential donors and identify their genera has enabled him to reclassify the facets of his own character and to identify areas of improvement.

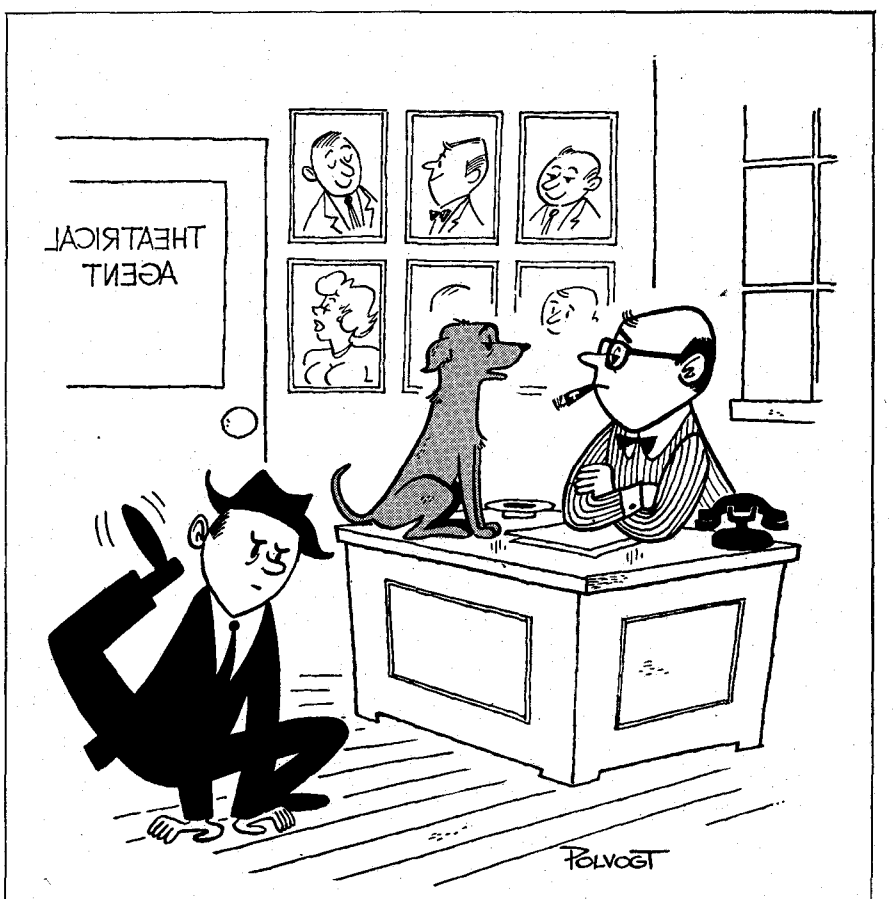
"A good many unflattering descriptions have been applied to me in my day," Harmon said recently. "I have been called foolhardy. I have been called blustering, and I have been called belligerent. General Zadhov, of the Soviet Army, once paid me a high compliment. He said I was mean and tough enough to be a Siberian general. Currently I am a man of peace.

"I think I have been foolhardy on only two occasions. One was long ago. Maj. Ralph Sasse was coaching football at West Point and I was detailed there as an assistant coach. Ralph and I went out for a winter walk and came to a frozen-over pond; there was free water at the edge. 'Are you a man?' asked Ralph, and I saw what he meant. We stripped off our clothes, swam under the ice to the other shore, turned around and swam back again.

"The other occasion? Norwich had been given a six-hundred-thousand-dollar building, but nothing for equipment or maintenance. I gambled and ordered ninety-two thousand dollars' worth of equipment without a nickel with which to pay for it. A week or so later I confessed my sins to an industrialist in New York. He paused, and then said, 'I believe in what you're doing.' In the next thirty minutes I had a pleasant introduction to what is called 'pool giving.' My friend got on the telephone, prefaced each request with 'I'll give five thousand if you will,' and raised sixty-five thousand dollars. With that head start, I liquidated the rest of the equipment debt without too much trouble."

Norwich during this academic year has 800 cadets. Their geographic origins are scrambled. Massachusetts leads the list with 279 students, and New York is second with 165. Vermont is in third place with 131, and the rest of the East is adequately represented. Thereafter the enrollment feathers off to a single student from many Western states and six foreign nations. Norwich once had a considerable Asiatic representation; sixteen Chinese generals had their training at the hilltop. There is not much news about them at present.

Some 40 per cent of the students are engineers; the rest are rather evenly divided among business administration, aviation administration, economics and liberal arts. The Department of Aviation Administration is unique. Its sponsor is Godfrey Lowell Cabot, of Boston, a former president of the National Aeronautic Association. As early as 1935, Doctor Cabot created the James Jackson Cabot Fund for aviation studies; it was named for a son shot down over France in World War I. Much later, and with large additional gifts, Doctor Cabot provided for the support of the Department of Aviation Administration at Norwich and the (*Continued on Page 62*)



"I think we have a quite unusual act."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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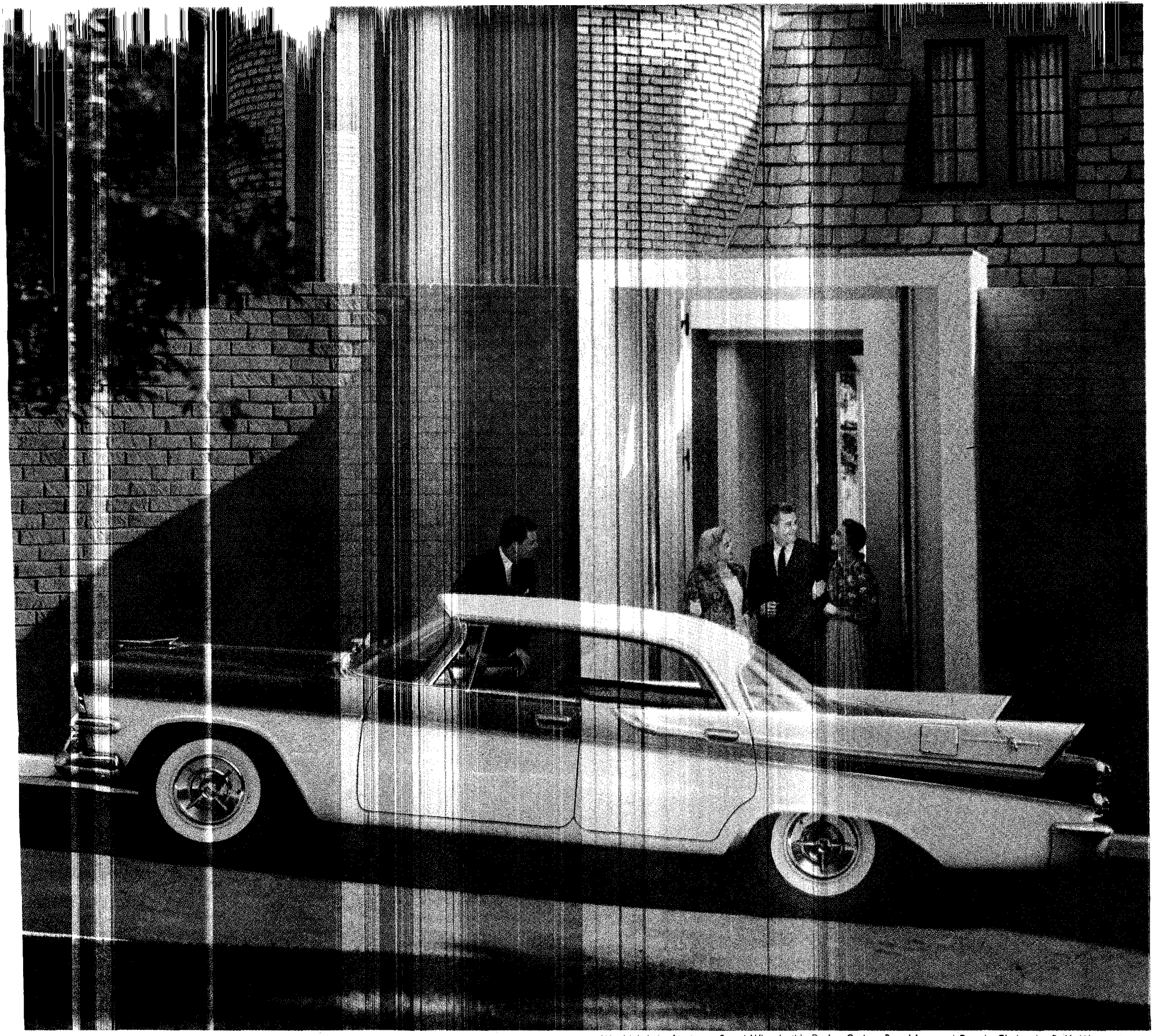

Wouldn't it be *fun* to go Swept-Wing in this Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 4-Door! Clothes by B. H. Wragge.

Step into the wonderful world of AUTODYNAMICS!

Swept·Wing Is Sweeping The Country!

It unleashes a hurricane of power

It breaks through the vibration barrier

It is swept-wing mastery of motion

Autodynamics . . . it holds you snug to the road on curves with race-car torsion bar suspension. This is just one of the sensational benefits of new Torsion-Aire "Realm of Silence" Ride.

Well, it's happened. People who have been "sold" on other makes of cars *for years* are making the swing to the Swept-Wing Dodge.

It took quite a revolution to break them away—and Dodge touched it off with *Autodynamics*.

Here is a world where *everything is new from road to roof* to create a master of motion that teams *sports car lowness* with *limousine luxury*.

It unleashes a hurricane of power from a thundering aircraft-type engine (up to 310 hp.). Tames a tornado of torque with new Push-Button Torque-Flite that packs a silk-smooth 1-2 punch. Breaks through the vibration barrier into a "Realm of Silence" with amazing new Torsion-Aire Ride.

You really should stop in at your Dodge dealer's and find out what's behind the big swing to Swept-Wing. Take a drive and discover the difference. You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it!

SWEPT·WING '57 Dodge

Now! TWO different full-hour Lawrence Welk Shows each week on TV! "Dancing Party" and "Top Tunes and New Talent"—ABC-TV.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) construction there of the Cabot Hall of Science.

Aviation administration combines with a liberal-arts course practical trade-school training in the operation of commercial air lines and airports. Top air-lines executives of the nation are represented on the board of advisors. Graduates immediately find jobs in the transportation industry. Incidentally, Norwich recently was selected by the Department of Defense as one of the colleges where Air R.O.T.C. students will get professional Air Force flight training. The Government will construct a new airfield there during the next few months.

A composite picture of an average Norwich student is a little difficult. He is almost certain to come from a middle-class family of some prosperity. (It costs a minimum of $1500 a year to attend Norwich.) He tends—in the words of a cadet captain—to be "an all-around guy." That is, he likes outdoor activities and winter sports and can take books or let them alone; young intellectuals and specialists choose universities where their specialties are emphasized. The fact that he has chosen to attend a military college sheds some light on his personality; few rebels or flaming individualists elect that kind of discipline.

In physical appearance—except that he wears the Army uniform—the cadet has the same differences and the amazing sameness of all college boys. Few of the Norwich cadets expect to choose the Army as a career, but, with military service inevitably ahead of them in these times, they have chosen an education which may make them Army officers instead of Army privates, and equips them for a civilian profession later on.

Norwich students may select their R.O.T.C. specialization in Armor, the Corps of Engineers or the Signal Corps. The military faculty—consisting at present of eight master sergeants of long experience and seven commissioned officers under a full colonel—is assigned to the school by the Department of the Army. Graduates are eligible for appointment as second lieutenant in the Army Reserve Corps; a limited number of cadets who have been designated as Distinguished Military Students are offered commissions in the Regular Army.

Several buildings on the campus are named for early cadets. These include Admiral George Dewey, Spanish-American War hero, and Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific Railroad. Back in 1951 General Harmon played host to 8000 people when Norwich celebrated the centenary of Dodge's graduation. Ransom Hall is named for Truman B. Ransom, second president of the university, who died before Chapultepec in the Mexican War. Ordered to capture the Heights there, Colonel Ransom is supposed to have said, "I will try." For more than a century that has been the university's motto.

Norwich has the only Mountain and Winter Warfare R.O.T.C. unit. These are students who volunteer to take an extra four hours of military training a week. These hours are spent not in warm classrooms, but in climbing mountains on skis and snowshoes when the temperature is zero or below. The climax of the course is a winter bivouac; each student is required to carry in his rucksack all equipment necessary to sustain himself in deep snow and very cold weather, above timberline and below it. He climbs a minimum of 2000 feet vertical ascent and an over-all distance of from six to twelve miles; he provides his own shelter and cooks his own meals, melts snow for water, finds wood for his fires. Some of Vermont's highest mountains are near Norwich and temperatures drop on occasion to twenty-five below zero. About 100 cadets a year take this training.

The Mountain and Winter Unit is especially close to General Harmon's heart. Frequently, when the cadets go out on their frigid maneuvers, he told me, he remembers the rugged winter weather that made a frozen nightmare of the Battle of the Bulge. He is reminded, in particular, of the holiday season; an attack was launched at dawn on Christmas Day. With thoughts of his own sons in mind—the three Harmon boys were then in the Army—the general climbed into his jeep and for many hours paid a series of visits at battleground stations to lend the GIs shivering in the open the bleak comfort of knowing their commander was sharing the bitter weather with them.

The New Look of the Norwich campus, the feeling that the school is "going places," has produced a feeling of pride among cadets. Casual talks on the campus, in dormitories and recreational rooms, convinced me that Harmon is tremendously popular with the student body. But the sailing was not always so smooth.

There was real bitterness among fraternity men when Harmon issued an edict that all students must eat at the mess hall. Previously, fraternity members were permitted to take their meals in their off-campus houses. A compelling reason for the building of the Student Union was the fact that half of the students were nonfraternity men who had no facilities for fun, recreation and socializing. And the income from a full mess hall was vital to the amortizing of the Union's indebtedness.

"That's all over," a senior fraternity man told me. "We all realize there was no alternative. As far as I personally am concerned, I put my university ahead of my fraternity. After a couple of classes graduate, no one will ever recall that the Greek-letter guys ever had those special privileges."

A few years ago there was grumbling over the sports program. The football coach and the football team believed they were entitled to special privileges and relief from certain cadet drill requirements. Harmon didn't, and he got a new football coach. Norwich had a winning record this year after two arid seasons.

Harmon likes football. He played in the same backfield with the great Elmer Oliphant at West Point. "My only job," Harmon says deprecatingly, "was to block out the end so Oliphant could run." But he believes in an athletic policy based on moderation. He is content to win half the games and let opponents have their share. He likes to schedule colleges with the same attitude.

"We here at Norwich," he told me, "believe that athletics are part of a student's development, that they must take their place in balance with other activities. We are much more interested in developing intramural sports in which all can participate than in developing championship teams. We can't afford the championship policy and don't believe in it."

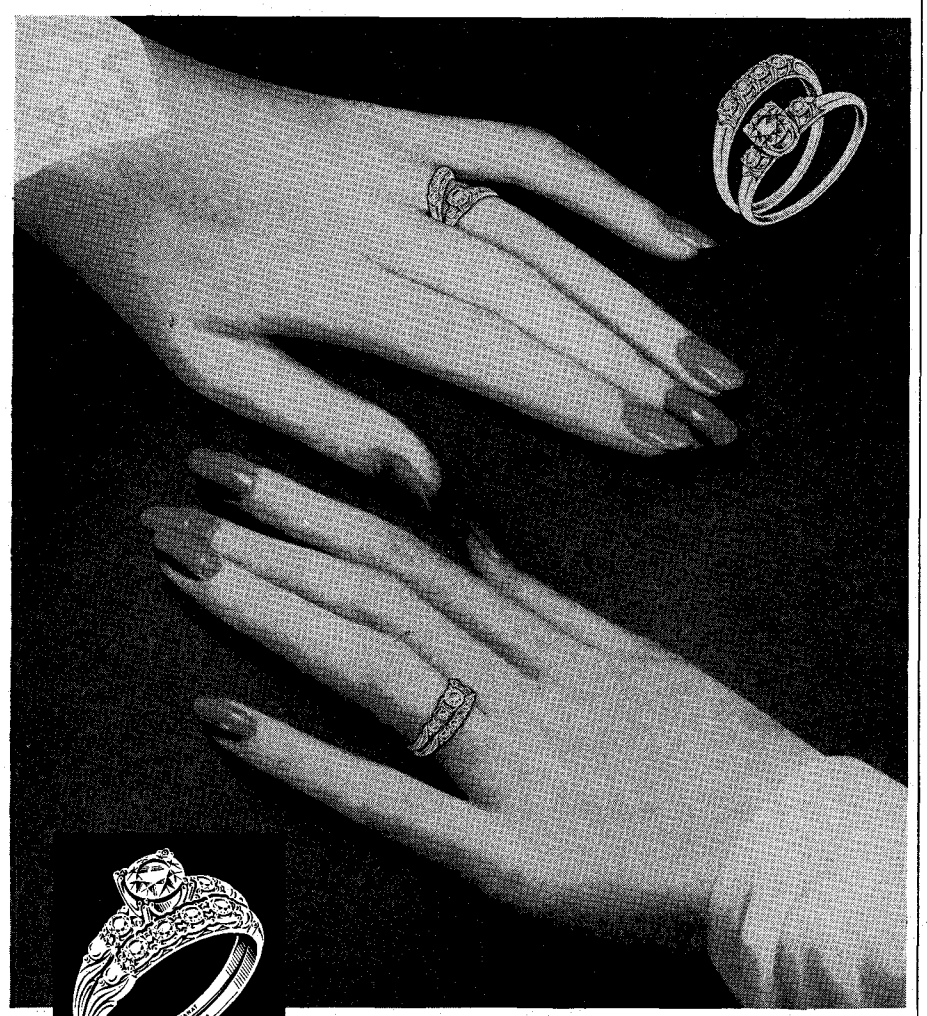
Probably there is no other college in America so largely administered by its own student body as Norwich. General Harmon introduced the West Point honor system and students caught cribbing are promptly ejected. The corps of cadets has its own student officers, and the student officers are the disciplinary police in dormitories; the administration has no proctors, no spies of its own, there at any time.

Harmon is a thorough believer in the abilities and common sense of young Americans. At the Anzio breakout, in what might justifiably be described as his first trial run as an educator, he tangled with fellow commanders on behalf of his GIs.

"I decided," he wrote in his memoirs, "that all troops of the First Armored should be told the detailed plan of attack. I was criticized by some commanders on the ground that I was taking chances with military security. Well, that was the issue—security versus understanding. Tank warfare is complex at its simplest, and, with my eyes open, I chose understanding."

Harmon and his staff did more than tell the troops the plan of attack. He had designed a fifty-foot-square relief map of the entire sector, showing every hill, stream, bridge, road, path—a map so detailed that even the color of rooftops was reproduced. A boardwalk was placed above the exhibit, and the business of graphic education began. Day after day the troops, in installments, came to study the relief map. Day after day, Harmon saw them using sticks and twigs as pointers, tracing the routes their units must pursue. In the subsequent battle, 1st Armored performed faultlessly, and Harmon is convinced that familiarity with terrain saved hundreds of lives.

Which is the happier bride?



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The blustering, cussing, explosive trooper of the Italian campaign has been repressed and muted a little by his contacts with ivory towers, but not too much. In general, he leaves matters of curriculum and scholarship to his Ph.D.'s, but not always. He handles a teacup as deftly as the next man, and the last evening I spent with him—shades of a thousand departed drill sergeants!—we saw a performance of Hamlet in the college armory. It is true the general had said good night before the final tattered group of actors expired onstage, but he, indubitably, was there. Entertaining at Lybrand House is gracious and informal under the supervision of the charming and gentle Mrs. Harmon, who does not choose to keep a servant. "Even Ernie's worst enemies," said a close friend, "worship the ground his wife walks on."

The vice of profanity is one with which Harmon has manfully struggled, but he continues to lose the decision. The remodeling of an old building into the present beautiful White Memorial Chapel engaged the general greatly. In the process of shopping for church furniture in New York ecclesiastical-merchant marts, Harmon equipped himself with a considerable knowledge in a rather specialized field.

"You've taught me a totally new language," he told a church expert.

"You've taught us a new one too," said the expert.

Almost from the beginning, the alumni of Norwich swung into solid support of Harmon's program. Indeed, the new mechanical-engineering building, which cost $254,000, was financed entirely by alumni gifts. It is named for Colonel Tompkins, who commanded a regiment in France in World War I—the same Colonel Tompkins who helped Harmon get his West Point appointment. His widow, bedfast, still lives in Northfield.

Harmon's board of trustees also supports him strongly. Chairman is Stanley C. Wilson, former governor of Vermont. There is room here to mention only a few of the thirty-one members. It is a virile group and includes Doctor Cabot and his grandson, Louis W. Cabot, whose benefactions in the public mind are more closely associated with Harvard. Another is William D. Hassett, wise and cultured secretary to both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, who came back to his home town of Northfield when he retired from Government service. Another is William M. Lybrand, who presented to the school the Lybrand Ski Area and the handsome colonial residence in which president and Mrs. Harmon reside. Still another is J. Watson Webb, onetime polo player and retired New York Central executive with whom Harmon often goes hunting. In difficult years Webb's contributions have helped substantially to keep books balanced.

A. Conger Goodyear, of Old Westbury, Long Island, first met General Harmon during the occupation of Germany. He has been generous in friendship, financial advice and gifts. This year or next the Goodyear Swimming Pool will make its appearance at Northfield. Harry W. Patterson, of Buffalo, New York, a wealthy engineering alumnus, came to Harmon's rescue when the problem of faculty housing was acute; he gave Norwich a percentage of royalty in oil wells he owned. When no one showed interest in the modernization of the college library, it was Henry P. Chaplin, a trustee from Windsor, Vermont, who footed the bill.

Norwich's problem is the problem of many small colleges and some big ones—insufficient endowment. The unrestricted endowment is only $322,000. Last year it produced an income of only $13,000. Two factory workers can earn as much on a forty-hour work week. The restricted endowment of $835,000 can be used legally only for scholarships and other purposes specifically stated, and not for the university's general support.

The general, then, has played a dual role from the beginning: (1) the college president obliged to improve educational facilities; (2) the boss of a marginal business who, like the manager of a chain store, must end every year in the black. So far, he has been able to walk the tightrope while waving both parasols.

Sometimes Harmon has been able to combine admirably academic needs with the mating call of the cash register. Harmon, the chain-store manager, saw his campus comparatively idle in the summertime. Harmon, the educator, was acutely conscious of the fact that many students—particularly engineering students—were lost to Norwich because they flunked out in their first year. The reason was simple; their high-school education in mathematics was insufficient to the demands of an engineering course.

Two years ago General Harmon put a small advertisement in the educational section of a New York Sunday newspaper. Norwich offered not only remedial courses in reading—the plague of many colleges—but remedial courses in algebra, trigonometry and simple arithmetic. That summer Norwich had fifteen remedial students. Last summer it had sixty remedial students and a total of 145 students during the entire summer session. This coming summer preparations are being made for 250 students.

Most of Norwich's building program was financed by gifts. The university now has an indebtedness of $1,464,000. Some $779,000 is owed to the Federal Government on a long-time loan at an interest rate of 2¾ per cent. This money financed and made possible the two new dormitories now in use at Norwich. About $35,000 is owed on faculty housing, but that is being swiftly paid off. Amortization of the $650,000 loan on the Student Union building, obtained from a New England insurance company, is spread over twenty-five years; income from the mess hall and the college store should take care of that.

It seems to me, an objective observer, that high ingenuity and excellent management have been evident since General Harmon took over. Ingenuity and legerdemain are required to keep a college afloat when tuition carries the load. Tuition is now $725 and will go higher. This troubles Harmon. Once a poor boy himself, he has few scholarships to offer worthy youngsters with a bent for engineering and science. He is convinced that many more scholarships are necessary if the educational health of the university is to be preserved. THE END

Portrait of an Enthusiast

By Richard Armour

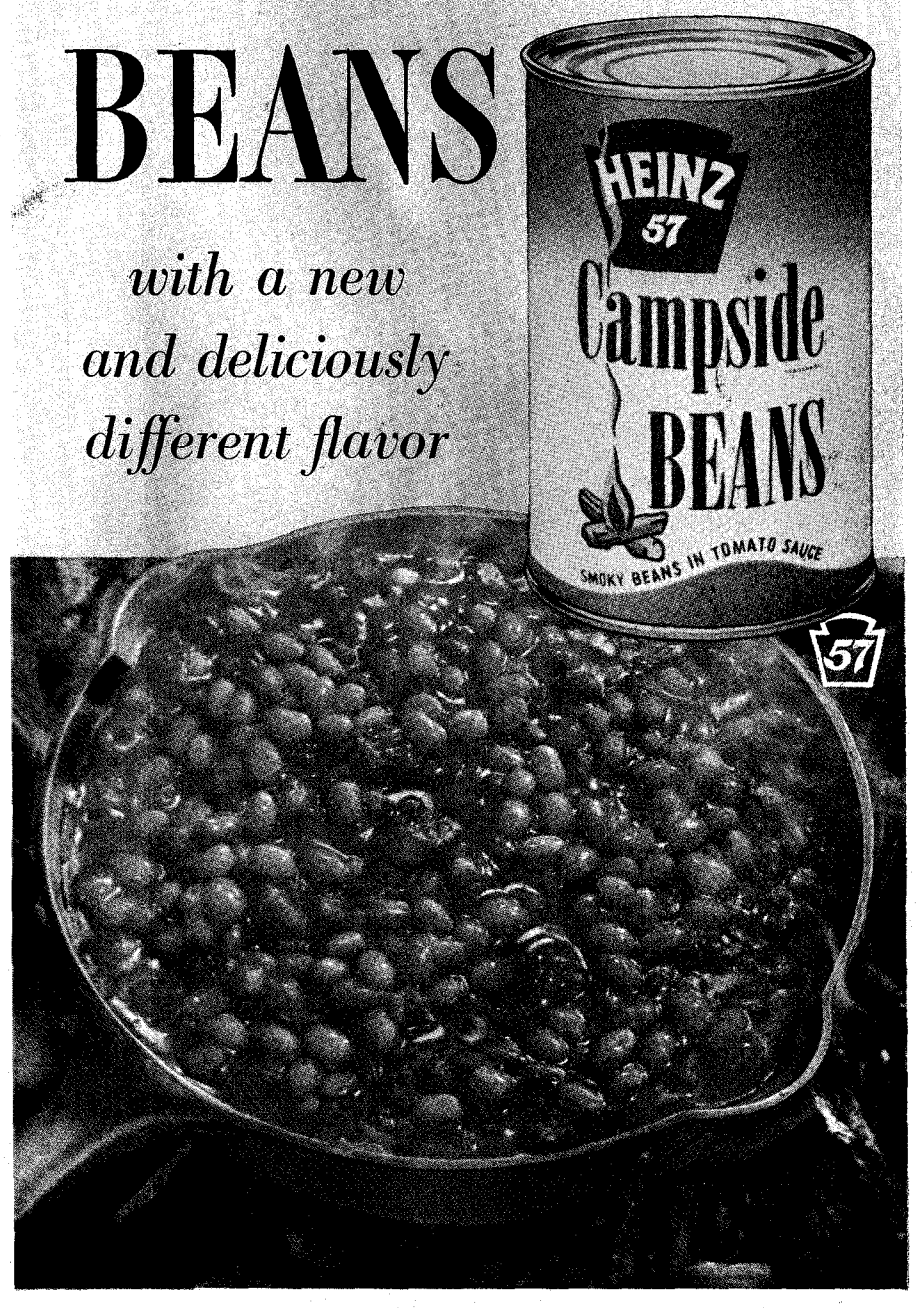
I'm quick to admire,
I fall for a fad.
The upsurge is nice,
But the letdown is bad.

I'm excited and taut,
Then suddenly slack.
I'm carried away,
But I have to walk back.

NOW try the best beans you ever tasted!

NEW CAMPSIDE BEANS

with a new and deliciously different flavor



TENDER COOKED in a rich bacony sauce, new Campside Beans are the most satisfying beans you ever set fork to.

You've never tasted beans like these, unless you have simmered bacon and beans in an iron skillet over a campfire or had the good luck to share a real chuck-wagon meal. The bacon sauce is so rich and different you won't want to add a thing. For there's no need to "doctor" new Campside Beans. Just heat 'em and eat 'em!

You know it's good because it's Heinz!

Now there are 5 kinds of Heinz Beans to choose from

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Pizza pie-ing? Goes great with this

fresh, clean taste!

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You like it... it likes you!

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Pizza we love! And a bite of this spicy feast just naturally calls for cool, sparkling 7-Up.

Oh how *good* 7-Up goes then! Seven-Up, because it's the freshest, cleanest taste there is. Nothing else leaves your mouth quite so deliciously cool . . . and refreshed . . . and ready to enjoy all the wonderful flavors of the next bite.

Maybe you're not pizza pie-ing. Maybe you're having a hamburger—or a barbecue. One thing's sure. You'll never know how good it can taste—till you have it with 7-Up!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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Dynamic Woman (Continued from Page 26)

"Of course, the Fenice Theater is such a perfect jewel," the French consul's wife said. She was beginning to smirk. "Such a frame would stimulate any great artist. And then he does Tosca so gloriously." She simulated exquisite pleasure.

"But you see I did my M.A. thesis on classical thought in the nineteenth century," Betsy insisted ardently. Her voice was louder. "Believe me, they were realists."

The ambassador laughed. "Truth to tell, Mrs. Keefer, I always felt somewhat differently about that also."

"You're right," Buck said limply to the Frenchwoman. "Absolutely *formidable*." He turned to the window. He must shut Betsy up. Faintly mirrored in the glass he could see the vast cold salon of the American consulate, its huge fireplace flanked by stone lions, and overhead the five-foot spread of crystal chandelier. An aquarium swimming with diplomatic fish, he thought, all gathered in honor of the ambassador's monthly visit from Rome. All of them bowing and scraping and smiling, doing the minuet of their profession.

So subtly that it might have been his imagination—but it wasn't—everyone was listening to Betsy and Forbes. Nobody but a professional would even notice their rapt attention, Buck thought with grim pride. They all chattered on, talking up

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Nothing can redistribute the wealth faster than a racehorse.

FLOYD R. MILLER

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last night's opera, being lusty about the approaching duck season, praising the macaroni at Alfredo's. To somebody not in the business, they were discussing everything in the world but diplomacy. But he knew that all these people had one passion: that of picking their way to one more concession for their respective governments. Finding weak spots was what they were paid to do. And they worked hard at it.

Beyond the salon window, in the dusky rose of the September twilight, the Grand Canal was filling up. It was at night that Venice really came alive. A fruit seller's barge passed slowly, sculled by two tired boatmen, bobbing in the wake of the six-thirty-five motorboat that was jammed to the railings with commuters. A luxury craft roared past the jitney, bringing a cargo of tanned and pale tourists back from a day at the Lido beach and casino, setting the gondolas rolling and the gondoliers cursing, and splashing water high on moss-green landing steps and up the slanting barber poles of mooring posts. Faintly Buck could hear somebody singing a love song. Venice was a good post. He'd hate to have to leave it because of Betsy.

"Hello, Buck." He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned around, grateful for the interruption. "This is a private conversation or may one join?" The giant of an Italian protocol officer bowed at the French consul's wife.

"Not at all," Buck said, almost too eagerly. For an instant, instantly gone, he saw the look of pique cross Madame de Main's face. And he could almost feel her disappointment reflected elsewhere in the room. It was to the advantage of some of the diplomats present to keep him away from Betsy, to let her get all four feet in her mouth. But the Italian, Aurelli, had come to his rescue like a loyal ally. Now Buck could leave gracefully. And fast.

"We were discussing La Tosca and the fine job Gigli did." He grinned. "Say, I see the ambassador's glass is empty. I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me."

"We ought to have a re-examination of policy," Betsy retorted across the room. "Realistically."

The French consul's wife opened her mouth to protest, but Aurelli waved his hand genially. "Go on, Buck. Do your duty. We understand. . . . Did you not think"—he turned to the older woman—"that in the final aria there was something perhaps just infinitesimally lacking?" He cocked his ear avidly for her reply.

"Perhaps you are right." The Frenchwoman sighed, then smiled thinly, a sporting acknowledgment of her defeat. "Perhaps. Just infinitesimally." Buck slipped away.

"You have a point there," Ambassador Forbes said guardedly as Buck came up. The old professional raised his eyes to those of his assistant. "It's a good party, Buck." Forbes looked around, his tired, shrewd eyes amused at something for a minute.

"We've been kicking around nineteenth-century thought," Betsy explained, filling Buck in. "I was telling him I'd finished his book on modern social patterns. I think his theory is a little shaky."

"I guess there's about as many different theories as people to make them," Buck grinned.

He looked around without appearing to do so, noticing the ambassador did the same. Nobody paid any attention to them now. With Buck's arrival, the interesting situation was ended. He looked back to Betsy again and sighed, wondering if he had really seen Forbes wink at him.

"Don't try to wriggle off into generalities." Betsy laughed, but she was irked. "I'm trying to make a point. It's important."

She was never handsomer than when she was being argumentative, Buck thought. She had an impatient way of brushing back her short blond hair while the color mounted to her cheeks. And now she was close to another familiar gesture—that of stamping her foot in explosive derision. Nobody ever talked. Buck had heard her say that a thousand times. Nobody ever had any real ideas in the Foreign Service. Always slithering away into vague generalities. Afraid of saying what they really thought. It made Betsy furious.

"I think I married Betts because it was the only way to clinch the argument," Buck said, with more lightness than he felt. For a second the ambassador smiled, then broke into a short laugh and nodded. Across the room, the Russian commercial attaché heaved an almost audible sigh that such a promising crack in the American front had been patched. Forbes grinned. Betsy looked from one to the other of them, and gave a small snort of disgust.

"I see your glass is empty, sir," Buck said. "Can I get you another Martini? . . . Betts?"

"No," Betsy snapped. She turned away, narrowing her eyes.

"I don't think so, Buck." Forbes was tickled. "I'll have to be getting along. I've fifty reports I ought to be reading right now." He paused and his smile broadened a little. "Our friend Mirkin is looking well." With the slightest movement of his head (*Continued on Page 68*)

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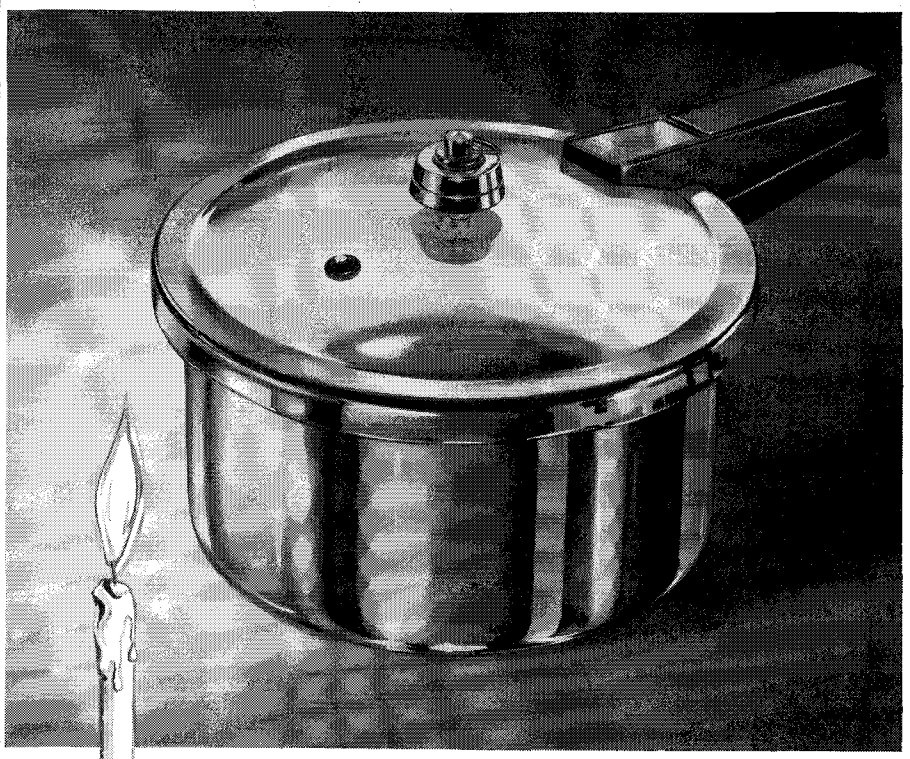

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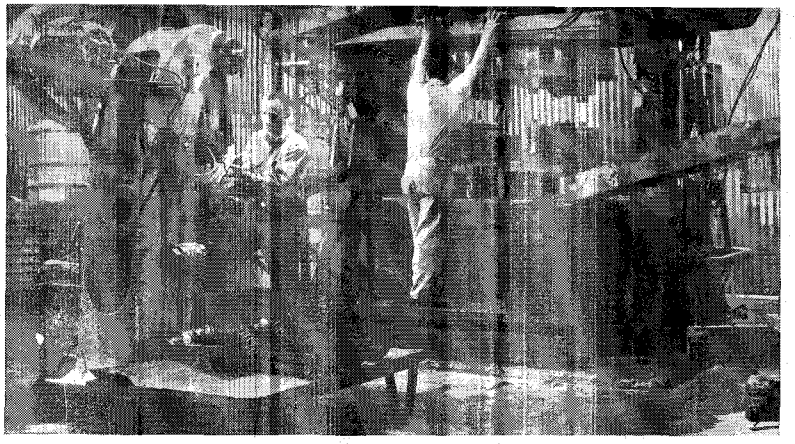

THE BIG AND LITTLE OF IT—Largest and smallest of Allwork presses working on bumper brace parts for Chevrolet Division of GM.

How a young California couple built a million-dollar business with some help from General Motors

HUSBAND AT WORK—Donn Sigerson, Ted Cuclis and Jack Swift figure out production problems on filler panel for Chevrolet Division of GM.

MONDAY EVENING QUARTERBACKS—Donn Sigerson and his department heads at one of their Monday conferences where problems are reviewed, production headaches ironed out.

WHEN IT COMES to building a business of your own—the good old days have nothing on the present. As always in this country—"where there's a will there's a way."

And what more convincing proof of this than the "try, try again" story of Donn and Barbara Sigerson, proud owners of the Allwork Manufacturing Company of Oakland, California.

Right after World War II, Donn and Barbara made two important decisions. One, to get married. Two, to merge their talents in a business of their own. For Donn was a skilled engineer—Barbara, a highly trained industrial designer.

Starting on a "Shoestring"

WITH NOTHING but small savings, a lot of brains, and even more courage—these young people started their own toy company. And in a surprisingly short time had built a successful business round Barbara's design for a child's scooter. When this ran afoul of a steel shortage—they started over with another idea of Barbara's—an ingenious aluminum toy, called a Tumble Tub—a rock and roll device for youngsters under ten. This worked fine until the Korean trouble threatened their aluminum supply—and their second try at a flourishing business.

WIFE AT WORK—Barbara Sigerson in the new products division functions as industrial designer—analyzing new ideas and items submitted by others to Allwork for manufacture.

But this time—Donn had another iron in the fire—and a good one—namely, General Motors.

How a Small Business Grows

SEEMS the Chevrolet Division—in typical GM fashion—was trying to line up some small suppliers in northern California.

Energetic Donn had been quick to contact them. Came home with a sample order

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THEY DID IT THE HARD WAY — Donn and Barbara Sigerson, young married couple who refused to let tough luck keep them from building a successful business—their Allwork Manufacturing Company of Oakland, California.

for shims—a tiny piece of metal used to level the fit of a car body to its chassis. What's more, he got two other business firms to back him—his banker with a loan for production equipment, a steel company with assurance of a sufficient allocation of material.

So with just four workers besides themselves—Donn and Barbara's third venture was on the way. And—thanks to GM—what a way! The first order from Chevrolet was followed by others. In fact Allwork now produces 45 different types of parts for Chevrolet. Also manufactures a half-dozen parts for the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac Assembly Division's plant in South Gate, California. Not to mention what Donn and Barbara's company produces for other motorcar manufacturers. It is not unusual for Allwork's monthly output to hit around 4,000,000 parts. Their annual sales volume is now well over the million-dollar mark.

And they're still pushing ahead. A new division of their company, Work-Rite Products, is researching new products for new markets. And Donn now has organized his own trucking company as a subsidiary of Allwork. An example of little business growing into bigger business.

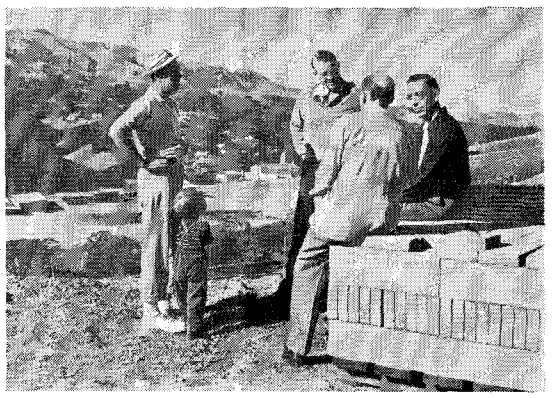
What has happened here in Oakland, California, has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices — General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into their communities — and as a result these communities in every state in the Union share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for GM receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that GM takes in.

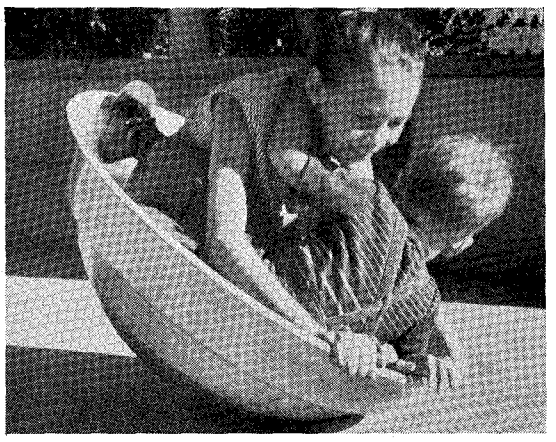
Small Business and General Motors:

A Continuing Quest for Productive Competence

Most of the 26,000 business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. Of these small businesses, 39% are relatively new GM suppliers—having worked with GM 5 years or less.



PLANNING FOR TOMORROW–Donn Sigerson, with his youngest son, Saxie, joins his local community Planning Committee in suburban Orinda to inspect a new real estate development.



JUNIOR TYPE ROCK AND ROLL—Sage and Saxie in Tumble Tub—aluminum play toy—in limited production—invented by their mother.

General Motors — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with

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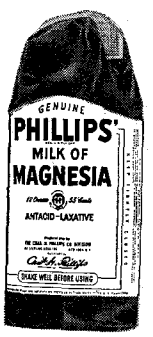
Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than *any other laxative* which acts only on constipation . . . gives *better* relief than *all* of them—because it *also* relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. Three tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely. Your sleep is not disturbed. When morning comes you get the relief you need to start the day feeling wonderful. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

(*Continued from Page 65*) he indicated the Russian commercial attaché.

"A little pale, I thought," Buck said, dead pan. Betsy turned and frowned at him.

This time Forbes laughed outright. "I'll call you, Buck, if I need anything tonight." He put a hand on Buck's arm. "But I don't think I will. You're dining out?"

Buck shook his head. "No. We're at home tonight."

"For once," Betsy added savagely.

There was a moment of stiff silence. *She doesn't understand,* Buck thought miserably. *She really doesn't understand.* If only he could figure out some way of getting the importance of behavior across to Betsy. She could play the diplomatic game brilliantly, when she felt like it. She had charmed the letter men out of their trees at Texas University, and made herself the social darling as a young wife at the Foreign Service Institute. But she had begun to be bored by play acting at their first post, in Paris. FS policy always tried to assign young officers a good post to start, Paris or Rome or London, just to iron out what they politely called personal idiosyncrasies. Like Betsy's. Buck grimaced. But even Paris wasn't roomy enough for Betsy. Betsy was a Texas girl, high-flying and plain-spoken. She'd say what she thought in spite of hell, high water or John Foster Dulles either. And she began to say just that.

The ambassador's eyes held a mixture of sympathy and coldness as he looked at her. Buck turned away. "If you'll get my hat, Buck, I'll be off."

"Yes, sir," Buck said. He got across the room, his smile strained as he courteously parried the arms that wanted to delay him so that maybe the rift would open again. It took the attendant an unconscionable length of time to locate Forbes' famous gray Homburg and the room was sticky with honeyed phrases as Buck fought his way back through it.

Betsy was off again. "I can't say Ah've gone as deep into it as you have, ambassador," Betsy was saying, "but I dare say I've read some books. You see, nineteenth-century theory worked just because it was hard-boiled."

"Here you are, sir," Buck cut in brusquely, conscious of the secret smiles at his back. "And I'll have the Columbia ready at nine unless I hear from you sooner."

"Thanks, Buck. You two stay awhile and enjoy yourselves." Forbes' face was impassive. "I'll send the boat back for you."

Gracefully, the distinguished guests pulled apart to make a path for the ambassador to where the consulate speedboat lay outside, its chauffeur waiting to take him back to the residence. Flanked by Mirkin and Buck, Forbes moved toward the door.

Mirkin spoke. "All, it seems, do not subscribe to those noble theories outlined in your admirable book, ambassador," the Russian said smoothly in flawless English.

Behind a civil smile, Buck cursed. The rumor of a breach possibly developing between himself and the ambassador would be the subject of a hot priority cable to the Kremlin, with Betsy as flying wedge. Of just such tiny advantages was foreign policy made. There would be cables and countercables to Washington. It was fame of a sort.

Forbes smiled professionally. "My Government does not require absolute unanimity of opinion, Mr. Mirkin." He touched Buck's arm. "We don't have as orderly a populace as your own. And we rather like it that way." Attaché Mirkin bowed, his lips curved in a smile. Forbes leaped down into the consulate boat.

Back inside, Buck saw that Aurelli had transferred his useful talents to Betsy. The big protocol officer was outdoing himself, his great hands moving with theatrical skill as he described some ridiculous experience on skis. Despite herself, Betsy was laughing, but she was still angry.

"So there I was"—Aurelli made a sliding gesture with both palms, turned them over and dumped them—"and with the King of Saudi Arabia watching me." He saw Buck approaching and drew swiftly to a conclusion. "Never again shall I undertake to demonstrate the slalom. Well"—he shrugged philosophically and squeezed Buck's arm—"we're all human. And at least we Italians have the wit to realize that each of us is imperfect in his own way." He winked and abruptly moved off. Mission accomplished.

"I guess we'd better leave as soon as Forbes sends the boat back," Buck said. "I still have a couple hours' work on the briefing paper for his tour tomorrow."

Betsy shrugged, glared around the room, full of polite laughter and mannered interest, and made a small sound of disgust. Abruptly, she burst out, "My heaven, I don't pretend to be in Forbes' league. But I'm not an idiot. I've read some too." It was a massive understatement. Betsy read enormously. Her ability to read three novels in an evening or a history text in an afternoon awed Buck. She had the racing intelligence and the intolerance of sophistry of a born scholar. He was proud of her mind. And at the same time he knew her contentiousness was hurting his career. "I simply don't see how he can feel so sure of our policies." A couple of people nearby looked over at her raised voice.

"I'll get your coat," Buck said, glancing around. "The boat'll be here in a minute."

There was no further need of words. Her back told him everything. She held it ramrod-stiff, her voice coldly formal as they bade good night to their counterparts, the junior officials. Outside on the landing stage, she did not say a word until the white consulate craft came abreast of them.

"Home, James," Buck said. He waved upward at Aurelli, who had suddenly appeared in the doorway. His smile felt forced. Aurelli grinned. "And don't spare the horsepower." An asinine remark, he thought. He sighed as he sat down on the red-and-blue cushions with the white trim.

The chauffeur grinned, frowned and tugged at the Columbia's throttle.

Betsy sat stiffly on the other side of the boat, peering ahead, her chin like a cameo against the bridges, the palaces. From everywhere came the sleepy awakening of accordions and mandolins, one song fading into another as they progressed. A big party gondola moved past them, spilling laughter from under its canopy of Japanese lanterns. Betsy's head turned to watch it and she swore softly.

"I'm sorry, Betts," Buck said awkwardly. For a second she made no sign of having heard. Then she relented and made a face.

"It's the Martinis," she said laconically. With a quick movement, she clasped her hands in her lap and hunched her shoulders.

Buck shook his head. "It isn't that."

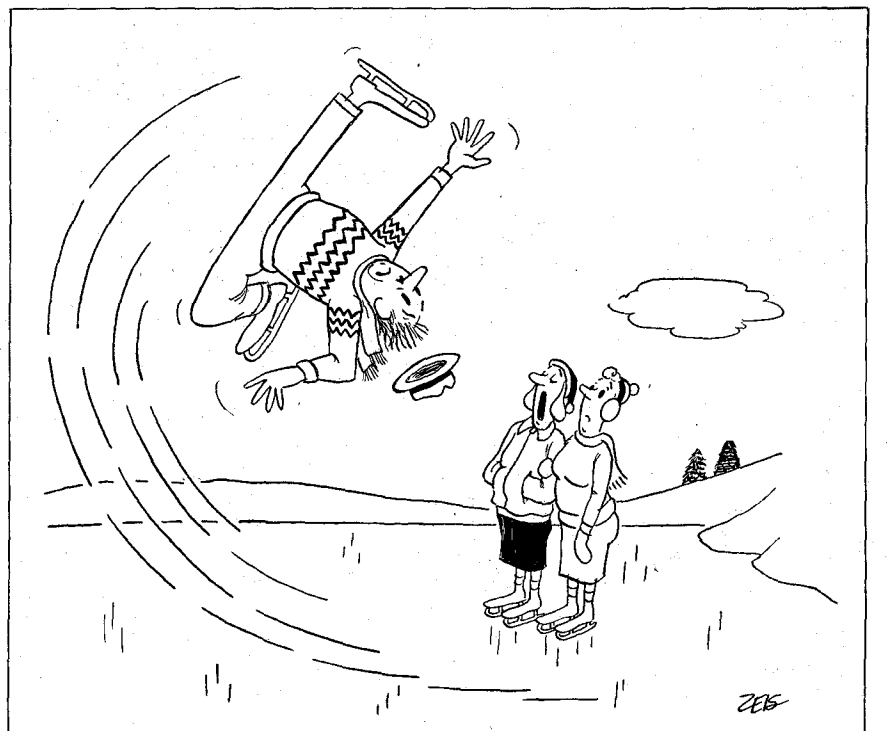
"Maybe I ought to stop drinking entirely." He knew this mood too. Betsy was angry at herself. And angry because she was angry at herself. And angry at him because of all of it; and, knowing it wasn't his fault, all the more angry.

"In this business you've practically got to," Buck said.

"Oh, I know. I know." Abruptly, she swung around to face him, staring across the gathering gloom. "'Just don't do it in public, Betsy.'" She mimicked the words he had said a dozen times. "But we're always public. When have we ever been anywhere that some Polish press officer, or Mirkin, or a visiting senator wasn't?" She waved her hand in spite of the fact he hadn't said anything. "Don't lecture me, Buck. I know I pulled a boner. Mirkin's probably in his little old code room right now. But I do read, Buck." She unclasped her fingers and clasped them again. "I'm interested in things." She sat up very straight, yanked her hands apart and held them toward him. "When I get a chance at a decent mind like Forbes', and maybe an extra cocktail, I just can't hold myself back."

"Yeah," Buck said dismally.

"Oh, Lord." Betsy got up and crossed to his side, moving unsteadily as the consulate speedboat bounced in the choppy water. Sensing the slight shift in balance, the chauffeur turned from his dashboard and grinned. Young marrieds, Buck thought. Got to sit together. That's what the (*Continued on Page 71*)



"I'm afraid Lawrence is going to feel that tomorrow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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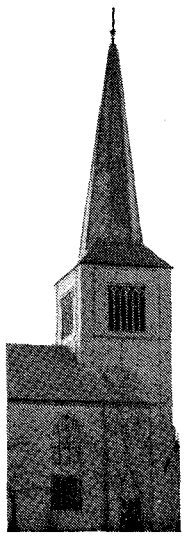


There's a bit of Wausau "way down east" in **NEW ENGLAND**

Wausau Story

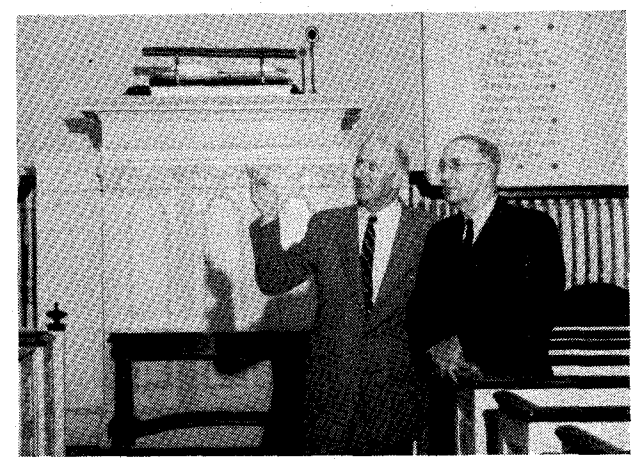
"'Old Ironsides' in Boston Harbor forms an historic background for deep sea diver John Simpson as he dons his gear. His employer, 87 year old George Bryne (right), heads up the George Bryne Construction Company of Boston, specialists in marine construction and an Employers Mutuals policyholder. Despite the obvious hazards inherent in deep sea diving, Employers Mutuals engineers, in cooperation with the policyholder, were able to work out effective safety controls. Pretty typical, I understand, of Employers Mutuals' knack of studying out a problem and then working closely with the policyholder's own staff in helping to reduce accidents—and insurance costs. This seems to be the distinctive 'Wausau way' of doing business."

Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your representative (consult telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

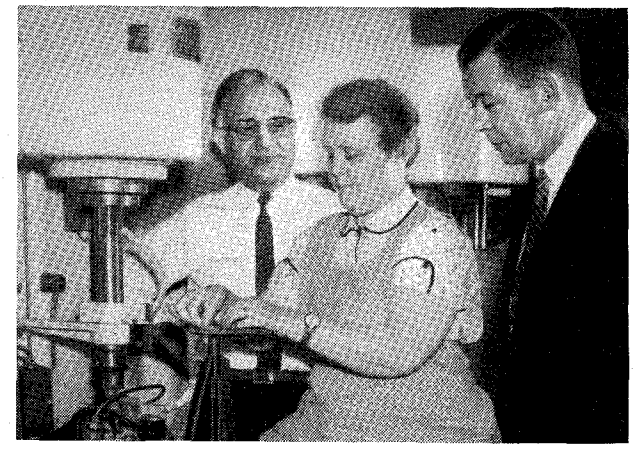
Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

by JEROME SULLIVAN
Boston Globe reporter

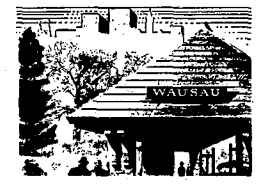
"Yankee businessmen aren't noted for being talkative. But they opened up to me about the Wausau Story. Wausau, I learned, has come to mean a way of doing business in the insurance field. It all started from a way of life in Wausau, Wisconsin, which is home base for Employers Mutuals. These folks have made the warm, neighborly atmosphere of that town a distinctive brand of business relationship. With the help of a Boston photographer I've tried to capture that Wausau brand image as it looked to me in New England."



"Historic old First Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was organized in 1632. When the present church, erected in 1829, was damaged by a hurricane, the construction company of Donald S. Tait, Inc., was called in. They accomplished the delicate restoration job without changing the original architectural charm or beauty. Mr. Tait (left) told me he gets far more than insurance counseling from his friend, Henry Dennison, New England branch manager for Employers Mutuals, shown here with him. 'Henry's advice was of great help to me in many ways when I was getting my construction business started. His is a business friendship that goes all the way.' I got the definite impression that this attitude is typical of Employers Mutuals' relationship with their policyholders."



"She is blind, yet Eloyse M. Bourgeois operates this rather intricate hydraulic press at the Bulova Watch Company plant in Providence, Rhode Island. Employment of the physically handicapped has long been a project at Bulova. It's recommended by Employers Mutuals to many policyholders, and put into practice in their own offices. Surprising for a company which is one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation insurance? Not at all when you see the safety record of these handicapped people. Pictured with Mrs. Bourgeois are Joseph Rocchio of Bulova (left) and Art Dunn (right) of Employers Mutuals. This is the kind of humanitarian service encouraged by the President's Committee on the Employment of the Physically Handicapped and many Governors' committees."



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 68*) chauffeur was thinking. He didn't know the half of it. "Buck honey, you're wonderful." She took his fingers in hers. "If I didn't have you to talk to, I'd go off my rocker for sure. But you've got real work to do. While I ——" Betsy groaned. "I don't know what I need." For a long while they were both silent, until at last Betsy shook her head and took her hand away from his, patting his fingers as she withdrew her own. "O.K." Her voice sounded flat. "What can I promise? That I won't ever argue any more?" Buck shook his head dolefully. The chauffeur turned back to the windshield, still grinning, shaking his head happily over the felicity of the young marrieds. "I know I'm getting you in Dutch. But I can only hold it in just so long." She sat up again. "After that I can't cut this striped-pants, mealymouthed routine"—Betsy ground her teeth—"one—second—longer."

"I know," Buck said. He couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I'm probably all wrong for you." She was feeling guilt now, he knew, like an alcoholic with a moral hang-over, mortified by his sins of the night before, but knowing already there would be another night, and another. He must think of something for Betsy. Somewhere, somehow, her energy was needed. He started to put his arm around her shoulder, but she twisted free. In the light from the dashboard, the chauffeur grinned again. "Don't, Buck. Heaven, I wish I were like Lenora Overshot. Or Binnie."

"Never," Buck said fervently. Overshot was comptroller. Once, going to his place for some cost-analysis reports about two in the afternoon because nobody knew where Overshot's assistant was, Buck had found Lenora just getting out of bed, her face haggard before the hours-long cosmetics treatment made it ready to meet the night, her breakfast highball in hand. And Binnie Haines, the wife of the refugee programming consultant. Binnie got up even later than Lenora, because the baccarat tables at the casino didn't open until three. If either of them had ever read anything more than a restaurant menu he couldn't imagine it. On second thought, he guessed Binnie read the racing form. "Heaven forbid. I want an intelligent woman." He thought of the discussions he and Betsy had, of the keen interest she took in economic and political affairs, her gift for languages, ideas he had borrowed from her. And the pride he felt when some distinguished dinner guest, braced for the usual boredom, discovered to his joy that Mrs. Keefer knew all about the latest French writers and the new currents in Italian painting. What would he do, Buck wondered, with Lenora or Binnie? What would a man ever find to talk to them about? And then, ruefully, he thought of their lethargic, effortless course, untroubled by brains, through a thousand dinners and five thousand cocktail parties. Buck shook his head. He must think of something.

"I've just got to let go now and then," Betsy drawled defiantly. "I've got to use it all somehow."

The Columbia slowed and took the turn into the small canal on which they lived. At quarter speed, the heavy exhaust growling, they crept past the tangle of skiffs and pirogues swaying against their stone steps, mooring ringbolts clicking as they bobbed. As always, the white cruiser with the American flag was stared at by the boatmen looking up from their card games, by housewives breaking off their gossip, by young couples with fingers still entwined. Automatically, Buck and Betsy assumed their affable public faces, and Betsy smiled. A passer-by bent their spring line around their mooring post and leaned on it with careless dexterity as Buck helped Betsy to the quay.

"Pick me up at eight-thirty," Buck said down into the boat, "sharp."

The chauffeur touched his marine cap. The bystander unbent the line, threw it aboard in a free coil and continued his meandering way down the canal. The motorboat drifted, trailing a froth of white exhaust, apparently in no hurry to shove off.

"Good evening, mister and missus." Their maid opened the door and Buck stood aside to let his wife go ahead. "His excellency, Mr. Forbes, is here."

Betsy stopped in midstep. "The ambassador's here?" she echoed. She and Buck exchanged a startled glance. "Oh, Lord." She put a hand on his arm for a second as though for support, then took it away again. "Buck." Her wide blue eyes searched his face. "Oh, Buck. I'm sorry."

"Go ahead in," he answered gruffly. "Let's not stand out here." Suddenly he grinned. "He can't eat us." For no reason he could put his hands on, he felt better than he had since before the cocktail party began. It was too bad, of course, but he was damned if he'd have Betsy any other way. Just the thought of going through life with somebody like Binnie or Lenora made him shudder. He and Betsy would manage somehow.

Forbes was in their living room, a glass of sherry beside him on the cocktail table, sitting in an unambassadorly attitude with one leg thrown over the arm of the chair. He stood up as Betsy came in, putting the book he had been reading face down on the table. It was Rimbaud: A Season in Hell. Despite himself, Buck smiled.

"Ambassador," Betsy said, in her best social manner. She was trying to make amends, Buck saw, and overdoing it just a hair. "This is a surprise."

"Is it?" Forbes looked from one to the other of them sternly. Betsy dropped on the nearest chair, so that the ambassador could sit. He did so, still looking.

"In person, yes, it is," Buck said stoutly. He glanced at Betsy and saw the shadow of a smile for his moral support, but she did not turn to him.

Forbes took up his sherry glass and sipped it, looking over the top of it at Betsy. "You still feel I'm wrong about my social theories, Mrs. Keefer?"

"I ——" Betts looked at Buck; then lifted her shoulders and let them fall. "Yes I do, sir." Mentally, Buck reefed sail, tightened the halyards.

"Shaky," Forbes mused, jiggling his glass and pursing his lips judicially. "And after all the trouble it was to write that book." He looked up again from under his eyebrows.

"A little shaky, is what I said," Betsy corrected mournfully.

Forbes nodded, his face still expressionless, and leaned back in his chair. The maid was hovering in the doorway, to see if they wanted anything. Buck shook his head at her, watching her shadow as it departed beyond earshot into the kitchen. The lamps were deliberately placed so he could detect her shadow. It was a habit that had to be got used to, even in a friendly country. Service officers were supposed to keep their guard up twenty-four hours a day. You were supposed to cultivate the professional suspicion that everyone within range of what you might say was paid by somebody to report something. Buck closed his eyes.

"Buck?"

"Sir?" He opened his eyes. The ambassador was sitting up, the empty sherry glass in his fist.

"You know that Overshot's assistant is leaving?" The old man's voice was sharp.

"I know." Buck gave a puzzled frown, seeking a reason for this new turn in the conversation. "On the twenty-eighth."

"So we are short one field inspector."

"Yes?" Buck's frown deepened. And then, abruptly, his mouth fell open. He looked wildly at Betsy.

"Exactly," Forbes said.

"But that's perfect. That's ——"

Imperiously, Forbes gestured Buck to silence. The lined face looked down into the empty glass, then up again, at Betsy. "You want a job, Mrs. Keefer?"

"Me?" Betsy fairly squeaked in astonishment. She cleared her throat and stared at her husband. "Me?" Her second try was better. "Doing what?"

"Assistant comptroller. Or, officially, post field inspector. Haven't you been listening?" Forbes looked sourly at Buck. "I loathe unnecessary repetition."

Betsy swallowed. "But I don't know anything about being a comptroller's assistant, Mr. Forbes." Three years behind Buck, the Foreign Service Institute waggled a warning finger: Always call an ambassador by his rank. Betsy was starting off with her wrong foot, as usual. Buck laughed out loud.

"The new efficiency expert." He turned to his wife. It was so absolutely right for Betsy. "Field inspectors rove around all the departments, checking costs, asking questions, seeing that every taxpayer's nickel does a dime's worth of work." He grinned, thinking of Betsy's words to Forbes at the party. "Field inspectors are realists. Hard-boiled reexaminations are their business." Still grinning, he turned to the ambassador. "But I thought it was frowned on, sir, wives of FSO's working."

"Nonsense," Forbes said, waving Buck away. . . . "You know enough to start, Mrs. Keefer. Saving pennies is a tough, thankless, essential job. I need somebody with independent judgment. But more than that." Forbes set his glass down and looked hard at Betsy. "I want somebody in that spot who will fight for economy; somebody who will argue their head off about it."

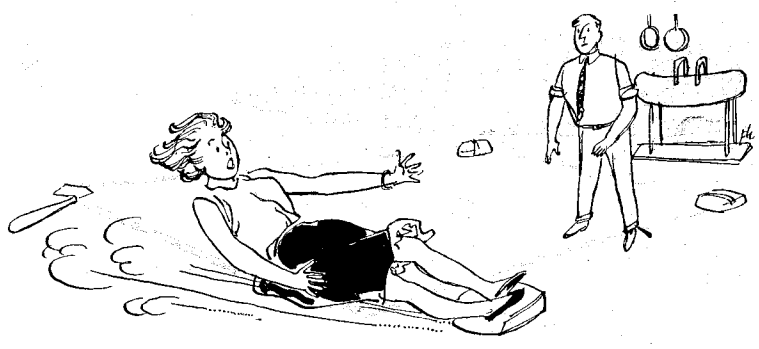
"Good Lord," Betsy whispered.

"Do you want the damned job or not?" Forbes snapped.

"You bet I want it." Betsy looked ecstatically at Buck, fairly writhing with eagerness to tear into it. For a second, thinking of poor old Overshot with this dynamo in his office, Buck shivered in sympathy. But that was Overshot's problem.

"Good." The ambassador relaxed in his chair and signaled with his raised glass for a refill while Buck pondered the wondrous ways of government. As Buck got to his feet, the old man smiled for the first time. "I'll have one more before I go. I told the boat to hang around. I've got fifty reports I ought to be reading right now. But first ——" His smile faded as he turned to Betsy. "You report to Overshot on Monday. I'll have the paper work taken care of to put you on. However, Mrs. Keefer"—Forbes sat up, his face glowing like a cherub's—"you might bear in mind that you're working for me now." The cherub smile became positively angelic. "And to those in his employ, an ambassador is never wrong."

"Of course, Mr. Forbes," Betsy said, dead pan. THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Miss Muffit, having taken a teacher-college degree in physical education, applied for a position as school playground supervisor. To test her qualifications, the school board ordered her to report to the gymnasium. There examiners handed her a bat. One of them pitched a softball to her. Miss Muffit smacked the ball and lit out for first base. She landed on the sack with both feet. Unfortunately, the school had neglected to anchor it to the smooth floor. It slid, and she suffered a broken leg. She sued the school.

"The school authorities were clearly negligent in failing to fasten that base to the floor," she contended. "Therefore the school should pay for my injuries."

"It is well-established law that anyone playing ball assumes the risk of getting hurt," the school lawyer replied. "In fact, Miss Muffit has a nerve to sue. Under the law, she has no case."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Miss Muffit?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Miss Muffit wins. The law cited by the school lawyer applies only when participants in a game may play or not, as they choose. Miss Muffit, the court pointed out, had no choice. The school board ordered her to play. Therefore the school is responsible for the injury caused by its negligence.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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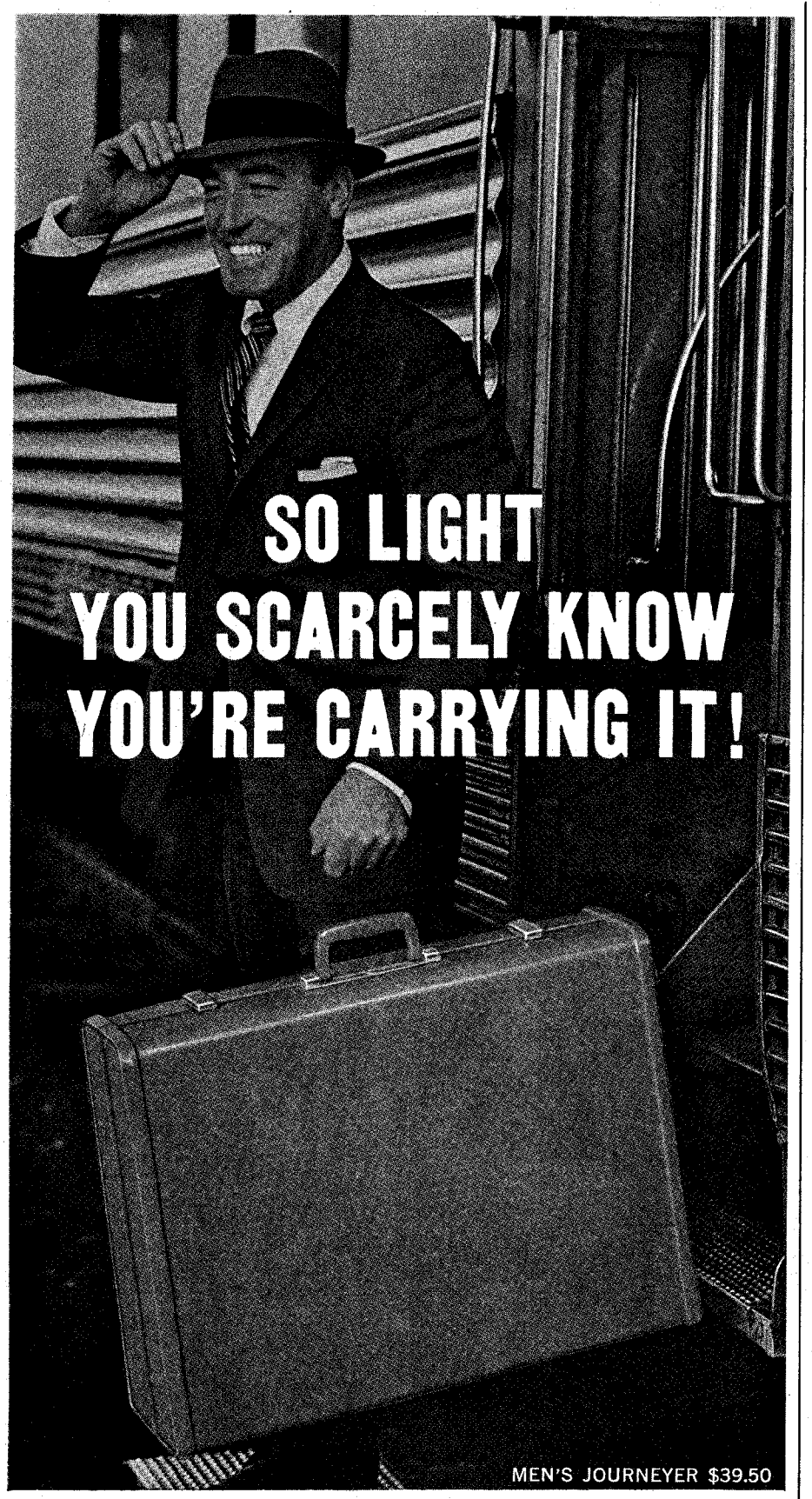

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The Golden Shadow (Continued from Page 42)

a back eddy here, away from the main current, so that the ship's floats came to rest gently on the sand. The youthful pilot, grimy and tousle-haired, was waiting with a line. He dragged the floats higher on the sand and ran the mooring line to the heavy stake which anchored the other Zenith.

Ravenhill cut the engine at once and shut off the fuel line to the tanks. After hours in the air, the sudden silence seemed to roar in the cabin. Ravenhill thought of giving Peggy a final warning, then shrugged mentally. In the beginning, at least, she must pick her own way through the thicket.

The young pilot was waiting to give Peggy a hand down from the float. He was bony of feature, with an aggressive, self-assured air. He appraised Peggy eagerly, with an expansive grin which contracted his upper lip and exaggerated the heaviness of his jaw.

"Welcome ashore!" he greeted her. "I'm Slim Crandall. You're Peggy McGraw, of course. We've been expecting you. And this"—with a pseudo-deferential bow—"is the great Ravenhill, I presume?"

"I've heard of you, Crandall," Ravenhill said briefly. Crandall had a reputation, and not a good one, over on the Yukon side. Thereafter Ravenhill disregarded Slim and faced the trio descending from the campground higher in the cove.

Blodgett was in the lead, a tall, deceptively ponderous figure in faded blue seaman's garb. He was stooped a little, and his once black shock of hair was shot through with silver; otherwise his powerful physique seemed unimpaired by his years of prison routine. Except for a thin scar angling from his heavy right eyebrow, and an indentation marring his square chin, his rough-hewn features gave no hint of his roaring, savage past in the Bering. About him, in fact, was a sort of somber dignity—the pose, Ravenhill thought, which had so impressed Peggy in her brief encounter with Blodgett in Seattle.

Snively was at Blodgett's right and a little back—a furtive little man, lean and crafty of feature, his bald head shining in slanting sun. Behind him lumbered Bull Morgan, no taller than Snively, but a good hundred pounds heavier—a simple soul, amiable and gorillalike, who had no other god than Blodgett. Of Blodgett's two followers, Ravenhill knew, Snively was far the more intelligent, and Bull Morgan almost infinitely more dangerous in a physical clash. Bull would—and no doubt had, on occasion—almost literally tear a man limb from limb at Blodgett's command. And gladly, without hate or malice.

Blodgett took over at once, dominating the stage. His manner was friendly and paternal. "How are you, Peggy? . . . And you, Riv?" He gave Ravenhill a gloomy twinkle. "It's been a long time, eh, gambler?"

"Right," Ravenhill said briefly. "Perhaps the run of cards will be better here."

"Perhaps," Blodgett agreed. "It depends on who's dealing. And how many jokers are wild in the deck." He turned affably to Peggy. "That's why I'm here," he told her. "You were willing to take a chance on Ravenhill. I wasn't. So I thought I'd better fly over and sort of lookout the game for you. It's the least I could do for poor old Monty."

"That's very kind of you," Peggy said. "But ——" She paused, flushing a little.

"Proceed, my dear," Ravenhill encouraged her. "Call a spade a spade. Blodgett isn't sensitive, I'm quite sure."

"Is that your sole interest, Captain Blodgett?" she asked. "You'll be satisfied to stake adjoining claims, if we find the mine?"

"Bluntly put," Blodgett approved. "But let's discuss that later. You haven't eaten since noon, have you?" He indicated the camp table. "Heat up the coffee, Snively. Lend a hand with the fire," he told Bull Morgan. . . . "Slim, you'd better get back to that oil line. You figure you can fix it?"

"Yeah," Slim said. "I've whittled out a gasket. But can't it wait, skipper? I'd like to sit in on this."

Blodgett glanced at him briefly, then nodded.

"I've equipment I'd better unload," Ravenhill said. "Including a small tent and sleeping bag for Peggy. I'll join you in a moment."

"Let it wait," Blodgett urged hospitably. "There'll be plenty of light. Let's eat first—and do a little figuring."

Slim mounted with them up the shelving sand. Snively detoured to the fire, while Bull Morgan lumbered over to disentangle more fuel from the driftwood lodged on the downstream edge of the cove. This spot was still below the timber line, but the mountains to the north were as bleak and lifeless as the craters of the moon.

"The strike's that far away?" Blodgett asked Ravenhill casually, as they mounted up the cove. "You'll have to stay all night?"

"Until tomorrow afternoon," Ravenhill returned. . . . "You may tell him why, Peggy—after he agrees to the proposal I suggested in the ship."

"'May?'" Slim repeated, with an ugly laugh. "You're obeying this character's orders, Peggy?"

Blodgett turned on him, and there was a timbre in his voice which made Slim quail visibly. "You're here to listen, m'lad," he said. "That, only. I'll ask the questions. Check?"

"Check," Slim returned sullenly.

They had arrived at the table, which held a great array of simple but hearty food. Faint steam arose from a large skillet half filled with beans. There was bread and a haunch of roast beef, a jar of pickles and cans of peaches waiting in open cans.

"We brought all this from Whitehorse," Blodgett said, waving them to canvas-bottomed chairs. "We also brought blankets, just on suspicion." He seated himself at Peggy's left, a position which commanded a view of the entire cove. The gun harness under his left armpit was only partially concealed by his faded jacket. Ravenhill also noted that the side pocket of Slim's jacket bulged to the contours of a flat automatic.

"How's the coffee?" Blodgett called to Snively. "Still hot?"

"Plenty," Snively returned. "Coming up pronto."

Blodgett made offhand conversation with Peggy as the meal progressed, asking about her flight to Lochiel, her activities there, the time of her take-off. She answered his questions frankly, seemingly unaware that Blodgett thus gleaned the entire sequence of events, including her contacts with the Mounted Police, their flight plan and time of take-off.

Finally, their coffee replenished by Snively, Blodgett rested his elbows on the table and lit his pipe deliberately. Snively had rejoined Bull beside the fire. Ravenhill and the others lighted cigarettes, dallying over their coffee, while the smoke rose up in thin spirals on the motionless air.

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Except for the distant and unchanging thunder of the falls and an occasional creaking from the two ships moored at the edge of the sand, it was quiet in the cove.

It was now eight o'clock, and the lowering sun was balanced above the peaks in the northwest.

"All right, Peggy," Blodgett said, in conversational tones, "let's have the reason why we have to wait until tomorrow. We've plenty of light. The strike can't be more than five miles from here. Why not go directly to it?"

"One moment, Peggy," Ravenhill interposed. "On second thought, tell him nothing until he's committed to the program I suggested—remember?"

Blodgett shifted his gaze from Peggy to Ravenhill. "You trying to make trading talk, Riv? Before I know what the score is?"

"Precisely," Ravenhill said. "We must know your intentions, old chap. You've nothing to trade with yourself, you know, except that you're here."

"Isn't that enough?" Blodgett asked gently.

"That's the precise point of view I want Peggy to grasp, before it's too late," Ravenhill returned. . . . "Go on, my dear. The way I suggested."

"Wait," Blodgett said, shifting his position so that he faced Ravenhill more squarely. "If you're going to coach Peggy—tell her what to say each time I ask her a question—perhaps I'd better have Snively and Bull lead you away to some quiet place. And keep you there while Slim and Peggy and I have a nice talk."

"But suppose I object?" Ravenhill asked plaintively. "You don't mean you'd use force, Blodgett?"

Slim guffawed aloud. "Ho!" he said, slapping his thigh. "Would we use force, he says! Skipper, why don't you tell this gilded rooster the whence and how come? Why stall around ——"

"Shut up, Slim," Blodgett said. He was still appraising Ravenhill, and his heavy features swelled a little. Yet he spoke calmly enough. "You're smart, Riv," he said. "Too smart for your own good, maybe. It suits your play to have Peggy scared half to death, is that it?"

"It might help," Ravenhill said, looking calmly at Peggy. "The sooner she understands the kind of company she's in, the better."

"Riv!" she protested. "Why do you deliberately—goad them like this? Isn't there a chance that they might be cooperative?"

Ravenhill waved his cigarette. "Try them. Make your proposition."

"Very well." She pulled herself together and spoke almost pleadingly to Blodgett. "You said you'd be satisfied with the adjoining claims. Is that right?"

"Right," Blodgett said, watching her.

"Riv says he can go directly to the mine tomorrow. That is, he thinks he can. If he can ——"

"Hold it," Blodgett said. . . . "You go along with that, Riv? You made a play at finding Monty's strike before. Now you admit you can go directly to it?"

Ravenhill hesitated only briefly, then nodded. "I think I can. Tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?"

Ravenhill took a calculated risk. The timing must be established, and time was what they needed most. "Monty McGraw left a brief notation as to where he found the strike," he told Blodgett. "That butte out there is a reference point. We must wait to see where the shadow of the butte falls tomorrow. Where it fell on June twenty-first, that is. We're three weeks late now."

"What time tomorrow?"

"Come, come, old chap!" Ravenhill reproved. "That's our only ace in the hole. . . . We've already divulged too much information," he warned Peggy. "Present your proposal about staking the ground, eh?"

"Just a second," Blodgett insisted. He turned to Peggy. "Where's this stuff Monty wrote down? About how to find the strike?"

"I destroyed the note," Ravenhill said flatly, "after I saw you were here, Blodgett."

"But you can remember what the note said?" Blodgett asked Peggy.

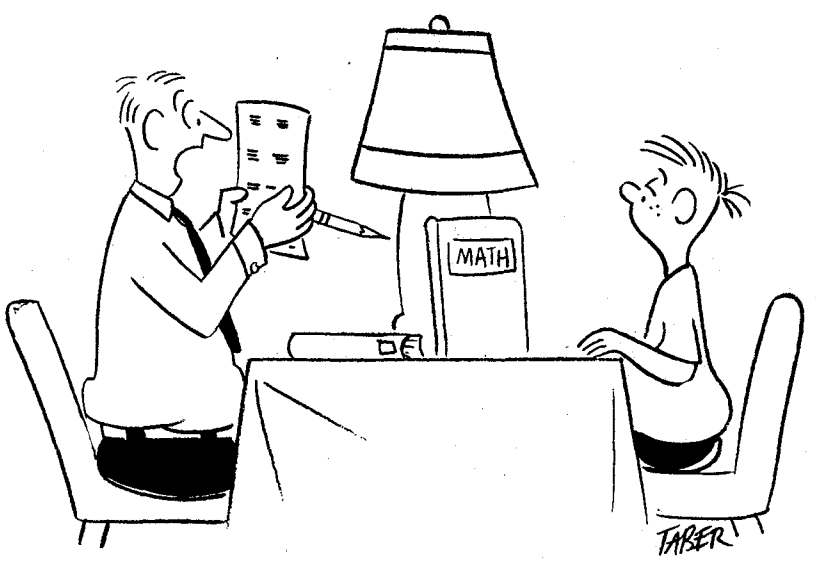
Peggy nodded before Ravenhill could interpose. "It was very brief," she said. "I don't know why Riv destroyed it, actually."

Blodgett gave Ravenhill a brief glance, then sat back and filled his pipe deliberately. Though his bearing revealed no triumph, it was obvious to Ravenhill that the game was now out of hand. If Peggy could remember the instructions and lead Blodgett to the strike tomorrow, why, in Blodgett's view, waste further time sparring with Ravenhill?

"Go on, Peggy," Blodgett invited. "What was this deal you had in mind? About the claims?"

"It's insurance, sort of," Peggy said. "Since the first person to find the mine can stake it, Riv thought I ought to be protected in some way."

"Of course," Blodgett agreed, puffing comfortably on his pipe. "And Riv suggested how?"



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"Yes," she said. "Like this: Tomorrow afternoon, Riv and I go out and stake the claim. You and your men wait here. After we've staked the claim, we'll come back, and before we take off, we'll tell you where the mine is. Then you can stake the adjoining claims after we're gone."

There was a momentary silence. Slim stared at her, openmouthed. Blodgett's teeth clenched on his pipe. Ravenhill knew the source of the almost ludicrous astonishment they were holding in check. Her proposal had come far too late—so late as to be utterly naïve. Having admitted she knew the directions for finding the mine—and presumably could lead Blodgett and his cutthroats directly to it—it was similar to suggesting that starving wolves abandon their kill.

Peggy looked from one to the other, flushing a little, then the blood draining from her cheeks. She hadn't been playacting, after all, Ravenhill saw. Up to this point she'd actually expected Blodgett to make good on his promises. Now, belatedly, she seemed to sense the true nature of the thicket into which she had wandered so blithely.

She carried through, however, chin up. "Well, Captain Blodgett?"

Blodgett pulled himself together hastily, with a menacing glance at Slim. "It's a fine idea," he assured her. "Great! We'll do it just that way. That's all I wanted from the beginning—the claims next to discovery. I told you that in Seattle."

She gave Ravenhill a level glance. "That clears up everything, doesn't it? I have your assurance that you're honest. Captain Blodgett says he'll co-operate. But where does that leave me, actually?"

He shrugged, watching her. "Little girl lost, it appears. I'm still ready to offer a little guidance, however. But this time"—he waved his cigarette—"it must be sight unseen on your part."

She nodded. "I've revised my thinking. Lead on, sir."

"No more double talk, please," Blodgett interposed. "We've made our deal."

"Let's reaffirm the deal," Ravenhill said. "Tomorrow, at the time we designate, Peggy and I will go out alone and stake the claim. Then we return here and get aboard my ship. I tell you how to find the strike and take off. At your leisure, after we're gone, you stake the adjoining claims?"

Blodgett nodded, watching him. "And so?"

"So, with your permission, Peggy," Ravenhill said, dropping his cigarette and crushing it in the sand, "I'll flit back to Lochiel. You're among friends here—your father's old friends, headed by kindly old Blodgett. I'll be back before it's time to go out and stake the claim. D'you mind?"

Peggy played her part well—overplayed it a little, in fact. Her instant apprehension was no pretense. "And leave me here?" she protested. "Oh, no, Riv! But why go back to Lochiel?"

"To bring a Mountie as an official witness," Ravenhill told her blandly. "Blodgett won't object. The Mountie will see that your rights are protected—which is exactly what Blodgett wants. How do we know this?" He spread his hands. "Blodgett told us so. He's a man of principles. He won't renege—naturally. . . . Eh, Blodgett?"

Blodgett sat motionless, his teeth gripped on his pipe. From the tail of his eye, Ravenhill saw Slim grimacing frantically at Blodgett. Blodgett disregarded Slim, his lowering gaze shifting from Ravenhill toward the ships moored at the riverbank below.

"But will Hepworth bother to send a Mountie?" Peggy asked. "No crime's been committed here."

"Hepworth will be delighted," Ravenhill assured her. "You and I trust Blodgett, knowing his kindly intentions. But Hepworth isn't aware that three exconvicts, plus a pilot of dubious reputation, have crossed over from the Yukon side and are now in his district. He'll rush over with me to investigate in person, I think. Yes, I'm quite sure he will."

"Then take me with you to Lochiel," Peggy pleaded. "There's no reason for me to stay. We'll be back in time. May I?"

"Of course," Ravenhill said, preparing to rise. "I don't want to embarrass you, my dear, but wasn't that what I suggested when we first saw Blodgett in camp here? But let's jog along, shall we?"

"Hold it," Blodgett said, his voice brittle. "Don't get up, Riv. . . . Stay put, Peggy. I've got to figure this."

Ravenhill shrugged and sat back. Peggy remained tense and erect. "Figure what?" she accused. "What's wrong with Riv's plan?"

Blodgett disregarded her, puffing on his pipe and drumming thoughtfully on the table with the thick, scarred fingers of

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bars and the Bear

By John D. Engle, Jr.

Barred apart, but together!
Amazed, I wondered
whether
Or not I could walk away.
His eyes forced me to stay.
His silence made me feel
My bars are just as real.
I, too, live in a cage
Of conformity and age.
"My friend, I understand!"
His cool nose nudged my
hand.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

his left hand. The knuckles of that hand had been broken in nameless brawls of the past, and its back was blue with ancient frostbite.

"Don't stall, chief!" Slim urged fiercely. "Why waste any more time with this joker? Lay it on the line!"

"Quiet," Blodgett told him. "You're out of your weight class, m'lad. . . . O.K., Riv. Peggy can't find the mine, eh?"

"No," Ravenhill said. "Nor can you, Blodgett."

"But you can," Blodgett said. "You want to tell me how you can and Peggy can't?"

"Of course not," Ravenhill returned. "That's my final ace in the hole, old chap."

"You'll have a chance to show it," Blodgett said. "Tomorrow."

"You mean we're not permitted to leave?" Ravenhill asked, cocking an eyebrow at Peggy.

"No," Blodgett said flatly. "Not until the claim's staked."

"Make a note of that, Peggy," Ravenhill said. "It's your cue to insist on your 'rights.' Haven't you anything to say about Blodgett's high-handed methods?"

"I certainly have," she said with spirit. "What's the meaning of this, Captain Blodgett? Are you telling us we can't go back to Lochiel?"

"Simmer down," Blodgett said, not unkindly. His glance at Ravenhill held a touch of gloomy amusement. "Just leave everything to Riv," he told her. "Then you'll have no worries at all. You'll be comfortable here overnight. We've got a fine camp. The weather's good. . . . .Tell her it's best to stay over, eh, Riv?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "It's Hobson's choice, my dear. Make the best of it. I'll get your camp gear unloaded."

"Oh, no," Blodgett said. "Stay put, Riv. You're too high level for such menial chores. My boys will unload for you." He came to his feet and motioned Slim to follow. "Make yourselves comfortable for a minute, folks."

Blodgett and Slim strode part way down the slope, then halted, heads together. Snively and Bull Morgan rose up by the fire hopefully, but Blodgett motioned them back.

Ravenhill leaned across the table and said guardedly to Peggy, "You're doing well, my dear. Carry on."

"Oh, Riv," she whispered, "I've been so dumb. You were right. We shouldn't have set down when we saw them here. What can we do now? Can't we manage, somehow, to sneak aboard the ship——"

"That's what I'm planning on," he told her swiftly. "Create a diversion later. Get aboard and cast off. Now listen," he warned. "Blodgett will insist on a private conference with me. While we're away, adopt your bewildered pose with Slim——"

"It'll be no pose," she assured him. "If I was more bewildered, they'd be after me with butterfly nets."

"Find out Slim's attitude," he urged. "We can't swing Snively and Bull Morgan to our side, but Slim has larcenous instincts. Hint that you're ready to cut me out of the deal. That's a language Slim will understand."

She shuddered. "I'll try. It'll be hard to be pleasant with Slim. He sits there with his mouth full of teeth." Her smile was a little tremulous. "You won't abandon me, Riv?"

He pretended surprise. "And abandon my share of the loot? An incredible notion! . . . We may have to trade the mine for our jolly scalps," he warned, more gently. "Do I have carte blanche with Blodgett?"

"Of course."

"Good. Keep a stiff upper lip. . . . Here comes the blighter now."

Blodgett came toward them deliberately, motioning to Snively and Bull Morgan to join Slim, who was already mounting to the cabin of Ravenhill's ship. Snively departed at a run, with Bull lumbering at his heels.

"This is cavalier treatment, Blodgett!" Ravenhill protested, for the record. "You're breaking into my ship. You're keeping us virtual prisoners. You understand, I hope, that at this moment you're in violation of the law?"

"The only law here is the one you and I live by," Blodgett said, with grim humor. "It's the law of chance. . . . Stay here, Peggy. If you want more coffee, call Snively. Tell Slim where you want your tent set up. . . . We've got business, Riv. Let's step up on the bench."

The cove was in the shape of an inverted V, with its broad base on the river. Its converging sides were sheer, fifty-foot cliffs, whose upper surface represented the mean level of the great bench. Its apex was choked with moraine which provided a path of sorts up to the bench.

Blodgett mounted up the fragments methodically and in silence, with Ravenhill close behind. This interval represented a lost opportunity, Ravenhill saw afterward. He had no weapon with which to strike Blodgett down, but a fragment of rock might have done the trick. Blodgett's three men were down at the river's edge, handing the equipment ashore. Peggy alone was watching their progress up the moraine. With Blodgett eliminated, some sort of deal could have been made with his lesser cutthroats.

But Ravenhill instinctively recoiled from the thought of attacking an opponent from behind. As a matter of life and death, yes, but Blodgett had not indicated, as yet, that it was life and death. Violence should be risked only in the final pinch.

They gained the level of the bench. It stretched far to the north and south, and more narrowly eastward to the base of the mountains. Its surface seemed flat from the air, but at close range it was rough terrain. Myriad little hillocks were upthrust, surrounded by thickets of brush, and the exposed rock between these islands of vegetation was spangled with countless crevasses. This made it hard going for a man afoot, as Ravenhill well knew, since many detours were necessary.

Also—and this was a belated thought which Ravenhill stored away for future reference—it was a perfect terrain for a man in hiding. Even if the search was by air, in full light, a fugitive could merely await his chance as he darted from one patch of brush to the next or crouched motionless in a shadowed crevasse.

"Sit down," Blodgett directed, indicating a ledge close to the rugged brink they had just surmounted.

From this point the cove was outspread below, with each object sharply etched in the crystalline air. Slim was putting up the umbrella tent close to the south wall of the cove, engaged in jocular conversation with Peggy. She was still seated at the table, half turned toward them. Snively and Bull Morgan were at the right, drinking coffee by the fire. The whites of their eyes showed as they peered up from time to time toward the point where Blodgett and Ravenhill sat.

By a trick of acoustics, the remote roaring of the falls drowned out the sound of voices below. Ravenhill could not hear what Slim was saying to Peggy, but his teeth flashed occasionally in his ready grin. Ravenhill wondered if Slim had found the whisky—three fifths of Scotch—which Ravenhill had forehandedly cached in the map compartment below the Zenith's instrument panel. By deduction, Slim hadn't; otherwise Snively and Morgan would have had their clutches on the Scotch long since.

"Before we get down to brass tacks, Riv," Blodgett said, in his deliberate way, "let me show you something. Peggy didn't have all of Monty's samples assayed. I snitched a small piece while I was talking to her in Seattle."

He produced a worn tobacco pouch, loosened its mouth and brought out a small fragment of strikingly white quartz and handed it to Ravenhill. The fragment's weight was noticeable at once. Ravenhill turned it over, examining it, his lips pursed in a silent whistle. He knew little of hard-rock mining, but the gold was visible to the eye, lacing and permeating the fragment in fine lines which served to accentuate the whiteness of the quartz.

"It isn't float," Blodgett said, extending his hand for the sample. "You can see it's been broken from a vein. It could run into millions, if the vein holds out. Monty must have known he'd struck it, but he couldn't cash in. The minute he stirred from his hide-out, he was sunk."

He held up the sample for a moment, studying it; then returned it to the pouch.

"That's what we're shooting for, Riv," he said. "Millions, maybe. You'd cut a dozen throats (*Continued on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 74*) to get your hands on a pot that big. So would I. Let's start from there."

Ravenhill waited for him to lead off, watching the scene below. Slim had the tent up, and he now approached the table and seated himself opposite Peggy. She turned to call to Snively, and he came shuffling with the coffeepot. He poured coffee for both and stood a moment, looking down at Peggy, apparently hoping to be invited to join the conference. But Slim motioned him away peremptorily, and Snively withdrew, saying something over his shoulder which Slim disregarded.

"As a matter of fact, Riv," Blodgett said, "I won't let you and Peggy stand in the way, if it comes to the final pinch. It just depends on how you co-operate. I know you don't scare easy, but just take that as it lays. This is a showing of cards."

"You mean, you'd eliminate us?" Ravenhill said, lighting a cigarette. "That wouldn't do, old chap. As Peggy pointed out, bless her, the Mounties know we're here. If we're not back in Lochiel by day after tomorrow, at the latest, they'll be up to investigate."

"We'll ask them to investigate, "Blodgett said. "If you don't perform according to Hoyle, I'll send Slim over to Lochiel to report what happened. Sure they'll investigate. But it'll just be charged off to an 'accidental crash in the wilds.' It happens to the best of pilots."

"H'm'm," Ravenhill said. "Don't tell me you've concocted the perfect crime, Blodgett? There's no such thing, you know. Particularly with three ex-convicts as the principal witnesses."

"It'll do," Blodgett said. "The Mounties may be suspicious, but they won't be able to prove anything. Snively and Bull Morgan will go along with me. Slim isn't to be trusted, but it'll be too late for him to squawk."

"Explain all this, please," Ravenhill said. "I'm interested in perfect crimes. It might be useful someday, provided I'm able to wriggle out of this situation. How does it go?"

"It's simple enough," Blodgett explained. "I put you and Peggy aboard your ship. Your bodies, that is. We push the ship out into the current. The current takes it over the falls. What would be left of your bodies and the ship could be investigated till snow flew."

"Not bad," Ravenhill approved. "What was left after the falls would be scattered among the rocks in the rapids. A gruesome picture, I must say. . . . But how explain this 'accident'?"

"It's obvious. You crashed, coming in. You misjudged the height of the falls. It's happened to better pilots. We spent hours looking below the falls; then Slim flies over to Lochiel to report."

"Good," Ravenhill admitted. "You seem to have thought of everything. You had this all in mind before you left Whitehorse, I suspect. But, Blodgett, old cutthroat, is this the way to do right by the daughter of your old pal, Monty McGraw? Peggy will be more than shocked by all these hellish plans. She'll be in a positive dither!"

"And at this point," Blodgett returned, with slumbering force, "let's have an end of the wisecracks. Monty lived fat and comfortable—and free—while I was eating my heart out at the Island. We were partners, the four of us. Who's got a better right to Monty's strike?"

"You don't have to rationalize it," Ravenhill soothed. "The point is, you want the loot. . . . But to go back a moment, you said you already had Slim involved. You mean, as an accessory? How have you managed that?"

"I'd better check it," Blodgett said. He cupped his hands and called, "Slim!"

Slim looked up questioningly.

"Did you get that gadget," Blodgett bawled, "off Riv's ship?"

Slim nodded, fumbled in his pocket and produced a tiny object. He held it up, holding it between thumb and fingers. At the distance, it could not be identified.

"All set, skipper!" he called back.

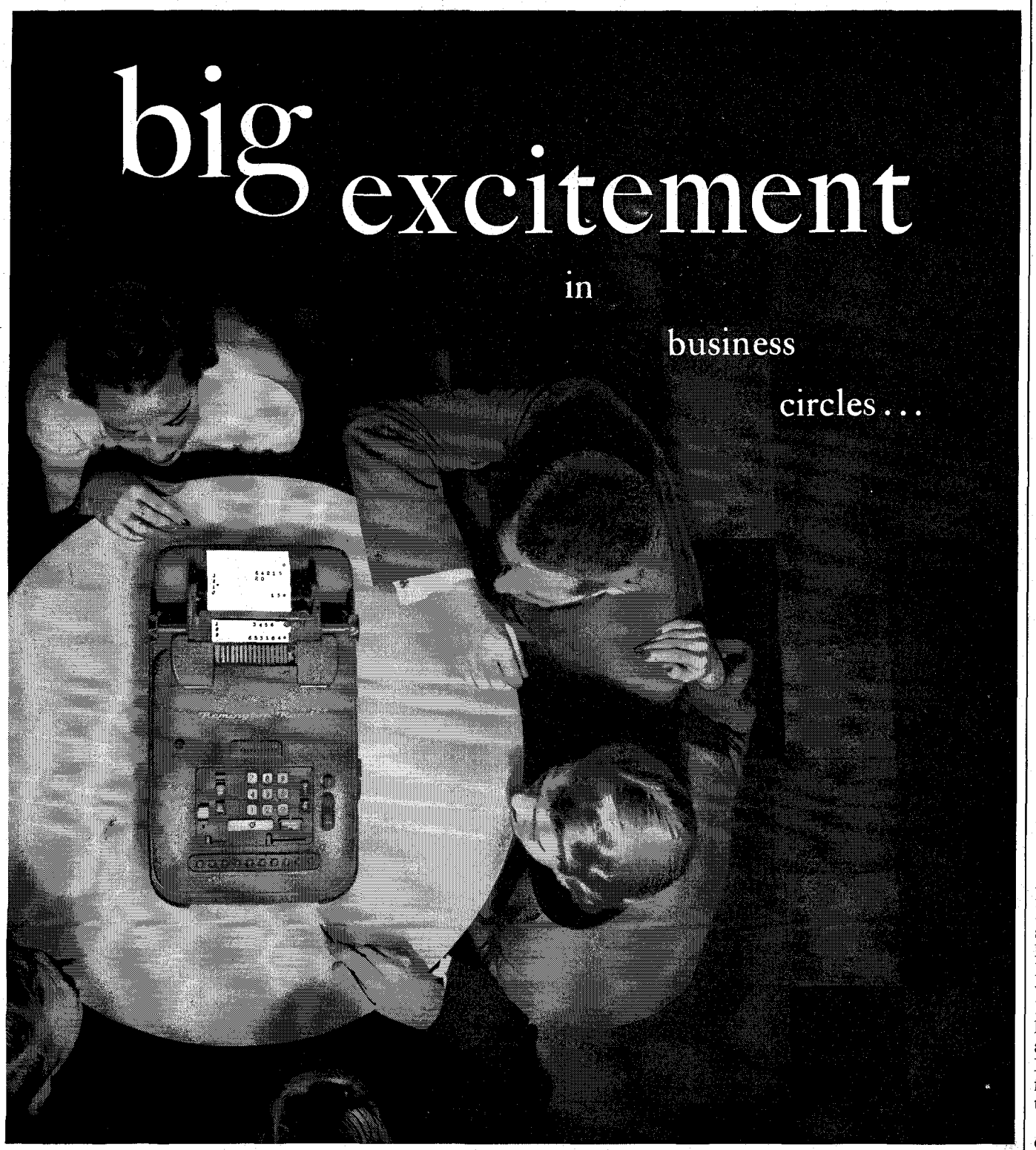
Blodgett acknowledged it by a wave of his pipe. "What he means is," he told Ravenhill, "while he was unloading your stuff he unscrewed the gas-valve-shut-off handle from your fuel line to the tanks. He says that'll keep you grounded until we're ready to let you go—if we do. Meantime, we don't have to watch you like a hawk to see that you don't sneak aboard and take off. . . . And now," Blodgett concluded, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "are you ready for the trading talk?"

Ravenhill sat silent, hiding the impact of it. Slim was right: Ravenhill was now as effectively grounded as though the engine itself had been removed. The gas-valve-shut-off handle was attached by a setscrew to a recessed cone. With the handle and setscrew removed, no tools aboard the old Zenith could engage the cone and operate the valve.

And this meant, in turn, that Blodgett had them completely in his control. The game must now be played on the ground—but how? At the moment, Ravenhill hadn't the slightest notion.

He maintained his casual pose, nevertheless, shrugging. "You're right, Blodgett," he said. "The time has come to do our trading. Let's proceed."

TO BE CONTINUED



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Murder on Order (Continued from Page 23)

steward to appreciate it in any way, gave him a certain wry relish when he paused again, in the main corridor this time. Now the Irish Customs were behind him, but with no official business taking place in there, since apparently there were no stopovers for Ireland on Flight 903, and hence no necessity for any baggage inspection; and on his right, exactly as he remembered it from several days ago, extended a long, wide hall given over to various airline agencies. There was a French office, and an American, and several others; while the other way, on his left, the man in the gray topcoat could see the one authorized exit in here that led out to the public waiting room. That exit was guarded now by a ruddy-faced Irish policeman.

He glanced at it with the satiny brown eyes. Of course, he thought; Flight 903 had stopped off here only to prepare itself for the long overseas hop to Iceland, or Gander, and perhaps to take on one or two additional passengers for America. Which meant, naturally, that there would be no mingling permitted with the public part of the building; and that the in-transit people, for the next hour or so, would be required to keep entirely by themselves in the in-transit waiting room. Well, again as anticipated, wasn't it?

He went on casually into a wide, spacious chamber, brightly lit and well filled at this moment by a hundred or more other passengers. But that also was exactly as he had planned on it and counted on it; plenty of company now, with early evening the busy part of the night here—planes arriving and planes leaving, new passengers strolling about inquisitively, and old ones lining up every so often, with their hostess, for the proper departure time.

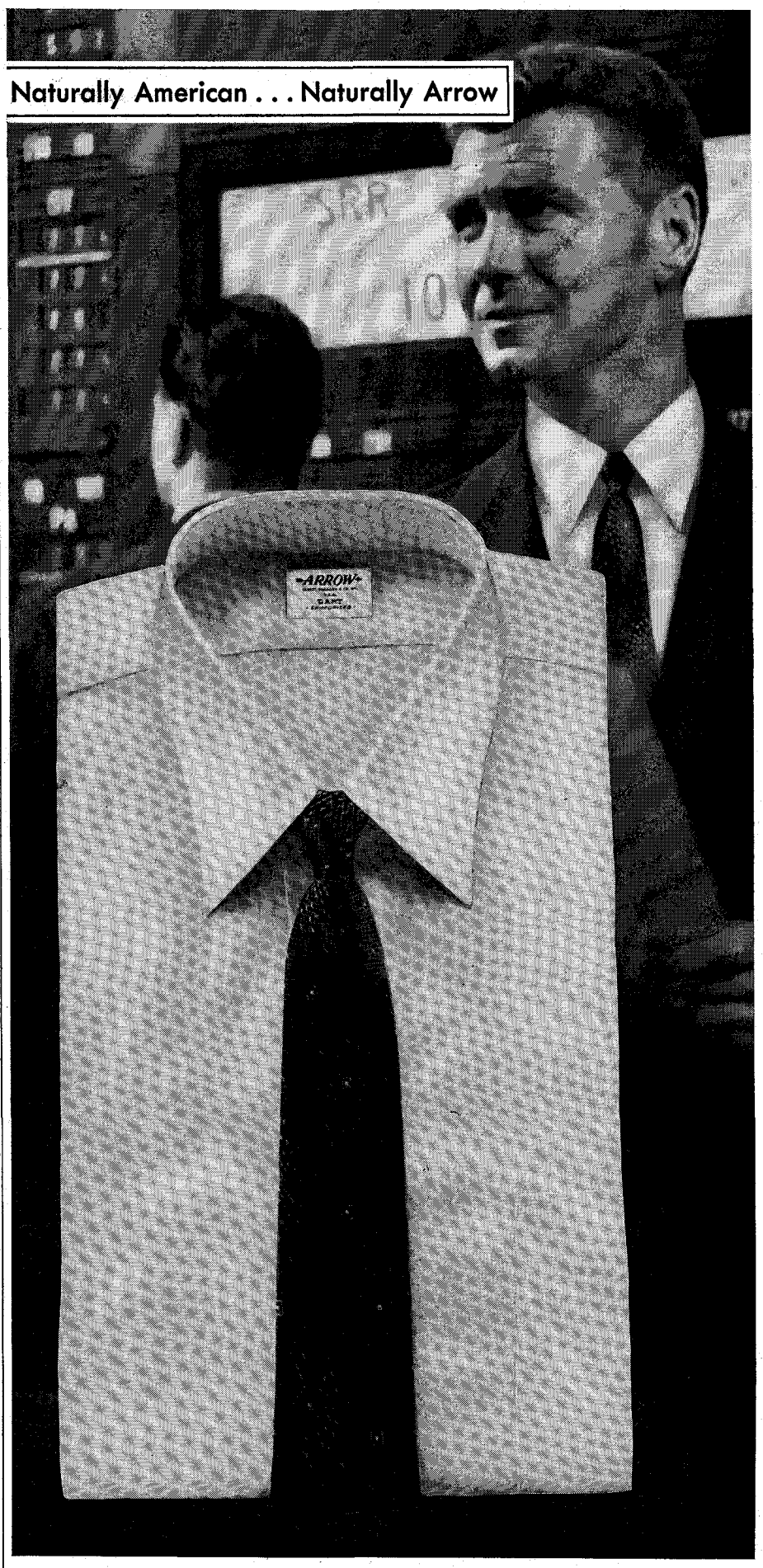
Now the man in the gray topcoat saw that Mr. John Desmond Fitzpatrick had sat down in a far corner of the in-transit waiting room; that the daughter was hovering around him solicitously; and that the young fellow who had sat behind them from Rome—kind of legal-looking with his leather brief case and his dignified black mustache—was talking near the bulletin board to a big, spare man, not a passenger on Flight 903, who had apparently been waiting for him in here.

It was a sudden and unexpected development, but being well trained, of course, in that skilled specialty line of his—extermination to order, and for hard cash—the man in the gray topcoat was not stupid enough to give any outward acknowledgment of it. Perhaps thirty-five years old, he had thin, sharp features, a very prominent Adam's apple and a manner of cold, nervous vitality; and now, if he was unable to recognize the big man in the blue suit by name, as an individual, he spotted him at once, through unerring and quick instinct, by profession. Had the big man recognized him, however, and in the same way? That was the point. Moving ahead idly after the plane steward—what else?—the man in the gray topcoat scrutinized the other with his accustomed air of weary disgust, of bored truculence; while the other, listening attentively to what the young fellow was saying to him, returned that look in a vacantly thoughtful manner.

Which should only be expected, the man in the gray topcoat cautioned himself. There was shrewdness and capacity here not on one side, but probably on both; and so, if the big man had any ideas of his own, he would very sensibly reserve those ideas until he had decided on a suitable course of action in regard to them. Just now, whatever he might have wanted to do, he was pretty helpless. If he was a fool, like most of them, he would stop the man in the gray topcoat, ask for his passport, search him, maybe smack him around, but that would get him no information at all about the silver-and-blue flight bag that was ticking away now, so quietly and ominously, out there on Flight 903. How could it? The man in the gray topcoat had no gun on him, and nothing else suspicious; his passport carried the right stamps, if not the right name; and he had already, before the big man could possibly have any suspicions of it, made all the necessary arrangements in regard to an eleven-o'clock appointment for Mr. John Desmond Fitzpatrick.

So he did not worry unduly—not about himself and not about all those other passengers on Flight 903. He had nothing against them personally, not a thing, but, of course, he (*Continued on Page 79*)

"That must be Ralph now . . ."



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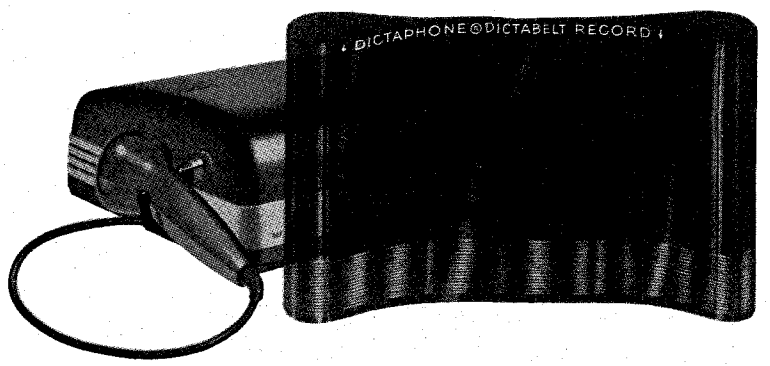

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(*Continued from Page 77*) was his own man, the way Jack Eiler had always looked at it, and he handled his own end. Now he stopped right in front of the big man in the blue suit and lit a cigarette; then, again casually, headed for the cocktail lounge.

The big man had paid no attention to him. He had been listening to Robert, but now he teetered a little, slowly and thoughtfully, on oversized but very comfortable-looking black shoes.

"So," he remarked, blinking baby-solemn blue eyes, over old-fashioned square spectacles, all around the in-transit waiting room—"so you got nowhere at all in Rome yesterday, not with Lord Johnny Fitzpatrick. Well, we might have expected it. Thumped the cane, I suppose? Roared out at you the minute you opened your mouth to him? And behaved himself, all in all, like the high-toned and untouchable gentleman of four years ago?"

Robert had dropped his coat on a chair and his hat over it. Now he shrugged slightly. He was a reserved young man, quiet in dress, and usually very reserved in speech and action, but he felt uncomfortably aware at this moment that even his neat black mustache, impressive in other quarters as a symbol of mature age and sagacious legal decorum, had no effect on Inspector Martin Mulready.

"I suppose that's about it," he agreed. "What he told me was that he's only coming home for a medical checkup—and that he had no statement to give anyone from our office or from yours either. Well, I couldn't argue about that part. He looks bad, doesn't he?"

"Did you imagine he wouldn't?" Mulready grunted. He had sandy hair and a few faint freckles, big, clean-looking hands; and—this always, the one unfortunate detail about him that Jack Eiler had detected immediately and beyond question—a manner of the most judicious and deliberate outward authority. "He's a cunning old fox, remember—and well aware of the importance of public sympathy. But who's that talking to him over there? The girl, is it—the daughter?"

"The daughter," Robert nodded, trying to be very offhand. "Rose Margaret. And nothing like him, inspector—nothing at all. You should have heard him flaring out at her on the plane—and for no reason."

"Oh," Mulready said. "I should, should I?" He made it the most disinterested of inquiries, and yet Robert felt a prickle of heat on the back of his neck and on the tips of his ears.

"All that I managed to find out from him yesterday afternoon," he said, "was that the two of them were coming home on tonight's plane; so I hustled around and made a reservation on it. Then I wired the office right away. They called you, I suppose?"

A stocky young man with broad shoulders, snapping black eyes and short but crisply curling black hair stopped beside them, put a cigarette in his mouth and spoke around it to Inspector Mulready, with almost no lip motion.

"The sharpie in the gray topcoat," he said. "I got the hostess to pick him out. He just went by here into the cocktail lounge. You spot him, inspector?"

"Just about as quick as he spotted me," Mulready said, while apparently concentrating on a counter display of Irish linens and tweeds before them. "He'd have slipped off into the men's rest room, and first thing, if he'd wanted to get rid of anything; but he didn't, and so he's got nothing on him to get rid of. All right then. We'll just give him a little rope, Eddie—because he'll watch me from now on, and not you. But don't lose him."

"Lose him?" Eddie said. "In here, inspector? Hah!" He wandered off, mopping a handkerchief around his shirt collar; and Martin Mulready, turning back again from the Irish linens, continued his other conversation with Robert as if no one had interrupted it.

"Ah, they did," he said. "They would, naturally, because it was big news, of course, when we heard that Lord Johnny Fitzpatrick was coming home at last, after four years in Rome. We had a bit of a confab about it, and then I was delegated to meet you over on this side, which was just about as far as I could get, meanwhile. Now what do you know about that fellow in the gray topcoat? Was he sitting near you on the plane this afternoon or near Lord Johnny?"

"What?" Robert said. He smiled uncertainly, not receiving any definite impression from the blue eyes facing him. "I don't think I even noticed him. Why? Who is he?"

"That's the puzzler for us," Mulready admitted. He pursed his lips for a moment, as if considering. "Only I managed to get a full passenger list from the airline today, and to have Captain Simmons check it for me back home. He just called me about it not half an hour ago. You've got twenty-four Americans riding with you—and twenty-three proper and accounted for. The fellow in the gray topcoat is down on it as Mr. William J. Anderson, of Albany, New York—only it seems that he's the invisible man up there. He's not known at the address he gave, but then the address itself doesn't exist, for that matter. Yet he managed a passport for himself in some way, and bought a ticket on Johnny Fitzpatrick's plane. Why? Out for trouble, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," Robert said. He glanced uneasily around at the cocktail lounge.

"Nor I," Martin Mulready drawled out, giving him a dry and noncommittal assessment over the spectacles and then through them. "Not yet, anyway. But you take a man who was as powerful and important in his day as Judge John Desmond Fitzpatrick; you keep him over in a fine mansion in Rome, Italy, for four years, well out of the way from a grand jury that might have wanted to ask him a question or two about his conduct in office; and then you let the word get around that he's on his way home again.

"What then? Maybe your grand jury has completed its investigation by this time, but what we have to remember now is that the old devil out there could blow it all open again. Take just one example. Take the big fellow back home—the fellow who ran the slot machines and the bookmakers in Lord Johnny's heyday; the one who's fighting deportation now, and who'd find himself flat in the soup, with all the evidence in the world against him, if Lord Johnny could ever be induced to give testimony as to how and why a certain verdict was managed in a certain murder trial. Would he take it for granted that Lord Johnny was coming home again only to see the doctors? Maybe that's true enough, and maybe it isn't. But can you see the big fellow taking any chances at all on it?"

"Oh," Robert said, a few things becoming somewhat more clear to him. "So that's it. I just delivered a personal letter to him in Rome yesterday, from the boss; so I didn't quite know why——"

"You do now," Mulready said. "And so does the big fellow we were just talking about, to my notion."

He was now studying Fitzpatrick, who sat across from them with his head lowered a bit, and the blackthorn stick over his knees. In that attitude he gave the impression of guarding carefully in himself a small glow of light, warmth, sentient reaction; of keeping it safe somewhere in the big body that hung as loosely and clumsily on him as a beggar's hand-me-down. Four years ago, as Robert remembered him, he had been a fine, vigorous man, in his prime; but now he seemed no more than a travesty of that other Lord Johnny—a dismal caricature of him with ragged white hair, haggard old features, bitter and yet piercing gray eyes.

Rose Margaret offered him something—perhaps medicine, perhaps a small brandy—and in reaching for it with that shaky old quiver of his, some of the liquid spilled. It was the first time that Robert had seen him give any open acknowledgment of infirmity. His eyes, that a moment ago had been cold, hard, withered in on themselves, and quite empty-looking, blazed up suddenly, and he made a violent attempt to fling the hand away from himself, and the glass with it. The girl bent quickly, murmuring, but even then it required a great effort for Fitzpatrick to regain control of himself.

"And that's another puzzler for us," Mulready went on. "What's the old devil prepared to admit out of all that he knows, Kelliher—and maybe out of all that he did too? And yet"—he composed himself now—"I suppose I'll have to have a bit of a chat with him in any event. Only keep the daughter away, will you? Talk to her or get her a sandwich, maybe. She'd do nothing at all now but complicate matters."

He went off then, leaving Robert to hesitate uncomfortably behind him. There

"I would've left, too, but I'm the next speaker."

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could be nothing significant, of course, between Robert Kelliher, that very junior assistant D.A., and Miss Rose Margaret Fitzpatrick. Impossible! And still, in the few words that they had exchanged so far, and in the two days that they had known each other, it had seemed to him that she also might have been obscurely troubled by an idea of some strong mutual attraction or understanding between them. To admit it in these circumstances, however, with old Fitzpatrick to consider—and, consequently, with this awkwardness and restraint on his side, and on hers also? Now she moved over with that cool elegance of hers to one of the windows at the end of the in-transit waiting room, looking out at a garden or courtyard of some kind; and he went over and stopped behind her, not having a very clear idea of what to say, nor of how to say it.

"I thought you might like a drink," he began awkwardly. "Or a sandwich. There's a restaurant, you know."

She glanced at him. She seemed faintly surprised at the invitation. Her features were as distinct, as sharply and aristocratically cut, as the father's; and yet their over-all impression was much different. The mouth was gentle and sensitive, the gray eyes proudly self-contained, the throat very young and soft looking.

"Perhaps later," she said composedly. "Not just now. But thank you." Then she hesitated a moment. "And about what happened on the plane," she began again, with more effort. "It's not important, of course, but I wouldn't like you to—to imagine things. I'm not clever enough to explain papa to anyone. But if I could ——" She made the very least of inarticulate and perhaps distressed gestures, a slight movement of the hand that lifted itself as though to explain a matter altogether beyond words, and then dropped.

He murmured something or other. In Rome, he was beginning to suspect, just as on the plane this afternoon, a regular and overbearing display of the famous Fitzpatrick temperament would probably have soothed—well, the sickness of bitter and tormented pride in the father, but what, precisely, could have helped Rose Margaret? For her there would be a decent pride and respect vitally necessary; a respect for herself and also for those nearest and dearest to her. How had she managed about that part for four years, and how had Lord Johnny managed? Perhaps, Robert told himself, there was the most intolerable punishment for the old man, after all—the knowledge that in exiling himself, even for the most weighty and practical reasons, he had also, and inevitably, betrayed Rose Margaret.

Yet it was old Fitzpatrick who had rejected her twenty minutes ago on the plane, and rejected her with the most contemptuous coldness. But why? Was it because he believed now that if he left no way out to Rose Margaret any more, there might follow a consummation devoutly wished—that he would also have left no way in to the most private and vulnerable part of himself?

Before them Irish rain darted in hurried and erratic flusters, like anxious quicksilver, against the window glass. The girl watched it.

"I think he's a little upset," she said. "Perhaps it's just coming back here again, to Ireland. He was born in one of the little seacoast towns up north—perhaps you know—and we used to come back for a visit every so often. But before ——" She shivered delicately, as though chilled. "Well, that's over," she said. "He's sensitive about things; and, of course, that makes it very difficult for him. Because he needs people; needs the kind of life that he had. He was never contented alone—couldn't be, somehow. And now ——" She moved suddenly and impatiently, something of the father's icy and fastidious reserve showing in her. "I don't really understand why I'm talking to you like this. You're very quiet, aren't you? You never say much."

He smiled faintly. "Not that quiet," he said, rather sure that the essential thing here would be not to force anything—not with Rose Margaret Fitzpatrick. "Or not always. You used to come over with him on those vacations, I suppose. Did you like Ireland?"

Then, of course, he was doing exactly what Martin Mulready had asked him to do—he was occupying the girl, and yet he understood that it wasn't altogether for that reason. Some animation came into her; her expression softened a bit, her voice also, as if Ireland had proved itself the safest possible topic for them—a neutral territory, as it were, disconnected at one end from the four years in Rome, Italy, and, at the other, from whatever it was that waited for Lord Johnny tomorrow morning at Idlewild Airport.

She was friendly enough now, but what Robert understood was that Lord Johnny was the silent and yet tangible presence here—the one person that she would have to defend fiercely and to the death. Defend, too, against whatever she might have come to feel in herself for Robert Kelliher—or against that particularly. He was aware of an obscure heaviness in him. And how to change that in her?

Now, over on the other side of the room, Mr. Jack Eiler appeared from the cocktail lounge. It was 8:25, getting on little by little for the departure time of Flight 903; and as he scouted his ground carefully, out of long habit, he decided that there wasn't anything very much to worry about. The big man in the blue suit was talking earnestly to John Desmond Fitzpatrick, and there was a small flurry of commotion around the corridor exit—a British plane just in with a new group of passengers, and the hostess for another plane, which was scheduled to depart in five minutes, checking her passenger list just under the bulletin board. It was a very good moment for what Jack Eiler had to do. A final announcement was made over the loud-speaker system in Gaelic first, then in English, concerning that 8:30 plane; and people who had been waiting for it got up and put on their hats and overcoats, and began straggling out, one by one, into the corridor.

It was no trick at all to mingle with them, and to keep them between him and Inspector Mulready. Out in the corridor, too, the big Irish policeman was now occupied with the passengers for the departing plane—and so no one paid any attention at all to Jack Eiler. He paused by the customs exit, looking out at a sleek airliner with the landing platform against it, and flares of pale blue exhaust streaming away into windy darkness; then moved off from that point, apparently to inspect a travel folder hanging before one of the airline offices.

A young couple strolled up and down in the corridor, arm in arm; two pilots chatted near the public waiting room; and a young man with curly black hair, obviously American, exchanged affable courtesies with a small Irish girl in a greenish-blue uniform. Everything O.K., Eiler decided nervously; just about as he wanted it. But how had he managed the thing so far? Any loopholes anywhere? Any item, however slight, that could possibly lead back later on—and, of course, very unfairly—to an efficient and hard-working businessman who could make only one mistake in his life, and then never another?

Take the bag, he cautioned himself; check that first. Well, it was the ordinary kind issued gratis by the airline to all passengers, with no distinguishing marks on it, and, of course, he had not been quite stupid enough to risk carrying it himself through the Italian customs this afternoon. Instead, after he had walked out onto the field at the Rome airport, an attendant there, or someone in an attendant's uniform, had paused beside him and set down the flight bag.

Which was a great advantage in taking care of an important job for important and well-known people. They had contacts everywhere, even in Rome, and those contacts made the whole matter very simple and easy for one. Mr. Jack Eiler had knelt down as if to tie his shoelace; the attendant had wandered away in the last-minute hustle and bustle going on around Flight 903; and then Jack Eiler had picked up the bag casually and followed John Desmond Fitzpatrick step by step up the landing ladder. So the bag was O.K., all set now; and there was no question but that Fitzpatrick was going to continue on from here in Flight 903. The big man in the blue suit might be clever enough, but he had made one fatal mistake in all this. The thing wasn't going to be done from now on to John Desmond Fitzpatrick; the thing had been done already. So the big guy couldn't change that part, whatever he did—nor fifty like him.

He moved farther along the corridor, glancing in at an office where two uniformed employees were busy with weather reports and overseas charts. They were in the last occupied and illuminated office along here. Beyond them were other rooms and other offices, but all closed now, and no clerks on duty. Now Eiler stopped before one of those abandoned counters, reached in over it as though for a travel folder of some kind—and then suddenly and quietly eased himself in over a wooden gate.

Then he was out of sight from the entrance to the in-transit waiting room—and out of sight of the Irish policeman. Had he been noticed? He waited in vague darkness, his heart pumping rapidly. Apparently not; there were no cries after him, no one running this way. He gave a nervous grin. His heart slowed again.

There was a closed but unlocked door behind the counter. He opened that carefully, inch by inch, and found himself in a small private office with a flat-top desk, a chair or two and a filing cabinet. Behind the desk was a window, and beyond the window a wide, dark field, and a road with a few lights gleaming along it.

Eight-thirty-five, he told himself; right on the nose. But was that car waiting outside? It should be, since everything had been arranged for him in Ireland, too—the car, a quick trip to Dublin tonight, and then a reservation already made at that airport on the first morning flight to Paris. In a few minutes now the hostess on Flight 903 would be searching frantically for a missing passenger—one Mr. William J. Anderson. But she would not find him, and in an hour or two there would be no one in all Ireland, or anywhere else, either, who would have even the faintest physical recollection of him.

Yes, he thought hurriedly, everything set now; because after eleven o'clock, when the ticking stopped in that silver-and-blue flight bag, and something else happened three or four miles up over the North Atlantic, and five hundred miles out, there would be no reason at all for Jack Eiler to concern himself about anyone, crew member or passenger, on Flight 903. That would present only another unexplained tragedy of the air, with no word of distress coming back from it, no wreckage and, of course, no survivors. And the man in the blue suit? He would be on that plane probably with John Desmond Fitzpatrick; so he also ——

The window raised noiselessly. Rain swept under it at Jack Eiler; he hesitated a moment, not quite sure whether or not he had heard something in the outer office, then plunged over the sill into open darkness. When he had got quite close to the road, he paused again, looking back without seeing anything alive or moving. He relaxed somewhat. What was he so nervous about? Let the American police start nosing around in a couple of days after the mysterious Mr. William J. Anderson. They would have absolutely no description of him; and by that time, using another name and another passport, Jack (*Continued on Page 82*)

"It's been in George's family for generations. Practically every male dating back to his great-great-grandfather has shot himself in the foot with it."

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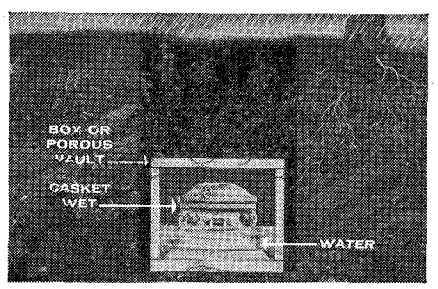

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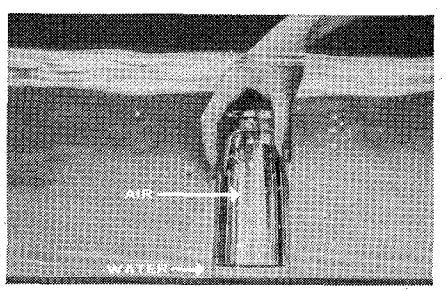
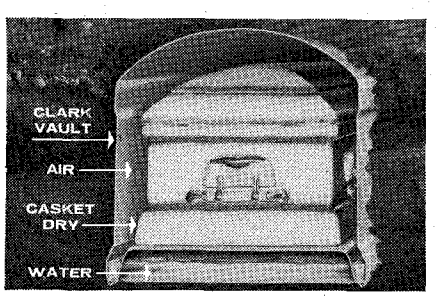
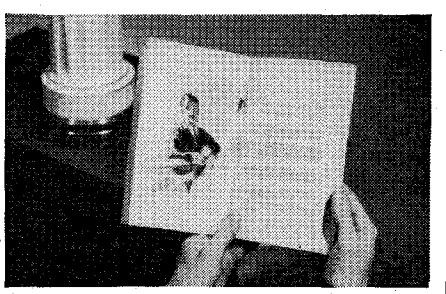


2. But you've seen what happens when you turn a tumbler upside down and put it under water. Water can't rise in the air-filled glass more than a fraction of an inch.



3. Just as the tumbler holds back water, so does a stately Clark Vault. Its enduring metal sides and top form a one-piece, air-filled dome to keep water from reaching the casket over which it is placed.



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The finest tribute . . . the most trusted protection

(*Continued from Page 80*) Eiler would be safely home again on the West Coast, another job done and another nice check in the bank. He hadn't been dopey enough to get off in Ireland as a legitimate visitor; then the customs men would have remembered him, and the taxi driver who took him wherever he went, and the hotel people—and a lot of others. But this way, with everyone on Flight 903 vanishing suddenly and completely ——

He came to a narrow stone walk. Ahead of him it curved back into the public entrance to the airport building, and there was a booth there with another policeman sitting in it and reading a newspaper. Then he saw a bus on the other side of the road, and a small English sedan parked beside it—a dark blue sedan with a man in a cap lounging against it in the rain and smoking a cigarette.

For a few moments he and the man regarded each other with alert wariness.

"You waitin' for somebody?" Eiler demanded in that soft whisper of his.

"That depends," the man said. "Could I inquire the destination you have in mind?"

Eiler moved ahead at that, out of shadow. "Dublin airport," he said. "That O.K.?"

The man cupped his cigarette in his hand, stared down at it for a moment very thoughtfully, and flipped it away. "Ah, it is," he said. "And why wouldn't it be? Get in, then."

Eiler got in.

"Just take it easy," he advised huskily. "We got all night to drive over there. They check you anywhere on the way out?"

"They give sort of a look into the car," the man said. "Then you keep down. We'll have no difficulty about that part."

He lit another cigarette, then opened the door on his side, but never closed it. Out of the darkness behind him there loomed the Irish policeman who had been sitting in the booth a few minutes ago.

"Now you'll both wait here a minute," the policeman announced stolidly, "because there's a few matters to check in regard to this conveyance. Who's the passenger in there—if you'll excuse the asking, naturally? And where did he come from?"

"Me?" Eiler said, bending forward to smile out innocently at the policeman, but at the same time fumbling back of him for the door handle. "I've been inside," he said, "seeing a friend off. I just ——"

Then the door opened for him and he plunged out, shoving himself clear of the car by thrusting against it with both hands. But just as he turned, someone or something struck him very hard in the pit of the stomach, so that he collapsed into the door and slid on helplessly to the car seat. At once he was yanked up and forward again, and hit again.

All the lights in the airport pranced about dizzily, like swung flags; and after this, in an unnatural convulsion of things, it was the pavement that lifted and flattened him out against it with stupefying shock. When his head cleared he saw two men over him. One was the young fellow with the curly hair, who must have hit him those two times with such efficacy and dispatch, and the other was the big man in the blue suit.

Eiler sat up groggily as the big man retrieved his hat out of the gutter. "What do you think you're doing?" he demanded breathlessly, that sharp face of his now a vicious-looking blood dark. "Who are you smacking around here?"

"I don't think I know," Inspector Mulready informed him, presenting the hat with a gesture of the most courteous affability. "Not yet, sir, but I intend to find out. . . . All right, Eddie. Give him a hand up, will you? Bring him along with us, if he's so disposed, but just see to it that he watches his step now, and minds his manners."

It was about twenty minutes after that when the first announcement was made over the loud-speaker system concerning the departure of Flight 903. Then old Fitzpatrick hobbled out to the landing field, supporting himself heavily against Rose Margaret; other passengers straggled behind; and Inspector Mulready appeared, maintaining an amiably persuasive grasp—or what looked like it—on a sullen, though unresisting arm in a gray topcoat. On the plane itself, with no outward melodrama, Jack Eiler was permitted to take over his old place just back of the pilots' compartment; the young fellow with the curly hair found a seat for himself exactly opposite; and at the other end of the plane, in the last seat but one, Robert and Mulready murmured together while adjusting their safety belts.

"Now I'll tell you," Mulready confided, keeping his voice lowered so that, in the seat ahead, neither Fitzpatrick nor Rose Margaret could listen in on this conversation. "All I could do was to give our laddyboy up there his pick of two choices. He could stay on in Ireland, I told him, and face charges there of attempting illegal entry, or he could finish his trip with us and answer a question or two in New York tomorrow. Because he was up to something, of course. You'd agree to that, wouldn't you?"

Probably so, Robert reflected uneasily—something, but what? Back there in a quiet corner of the in-transit waiting room, the man in the gray topcoat had done nothing but adjust his shirt cuffs with casual insolence, whistle to himself, buff his fingernails; and on those sharp, sallow features of his only a tired disgust had been permitted to reveal itself. Let them talk, he had indicated in some manner, and quite contemptuously, to Inspector Mulready; let them accuse him of whatever they wanted, and let them prove afterward that he had any connection at all with John Desmond Fitzpatrick.

"Which might take more than a bit of doing," Mulready admitted now, polishing his spectacles on a cotton handkerchief. "A fellow like that would want a getaway laid out for himself, and the queer thing is that he even tried one—but before the event, however. Is that any way significant to you, Kelliher? Would you be able to draw any conclusions from it?"

"I'm afraid not," Robert said. "How did you make out with Fitzpatrick in that talk of yours? Is he ready to play ball with us?"

"If he's made to play it," Mulready said. "But what form of compulsion would you use on the man?"

"I wish I knew," Robert said.

Mulready left it at that, wandering off presently to discuss something or other up forward; and in the seat just before Robert, Rose Margaret got some fresh water for the old man and prepared his medicine. By this time they were beginning to climb steadily. Heavy clouds had closed in around them and above them, but soon Flight 903 was well over the clouds, and rocking gently in the heart of a serene spaciousness that led out on all sides as though toward infinite and eternal regions. A new moon rested very low in the sky behind them, so that the plane shadow could be seen floating silently over profound white gulfs and snowy hummocks of immaculate softness. Rose Margaret came back again from the water cooler.

"I wanted to talk to you," she said to Robert, keeping her voice down, "and papa's trying to sleep now. So I thought—would you mind very much if I sat down here for a few minutes?"

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"Of course," he said. "Please do."

Along the aisle there was not full darkness, but a dusky thickening of detail and outline, the overhead racks obscured and the reclining chairs down now under a burden of huddled and awkward bodies. In their corner it seemed quiet and secluded, just a few stars outside, and that tranquil flood of coldly unshadowed moonlight.

"What will happen to papa?" she asked quietly. "You know, don't you?"

He hesitated, aware of the gray eyes studying him.

"That's pretty difficult to say," he admitted uncomfortably. "A man like your father—well, he was in public life for a long time, and I suppose that he was required to give favors, and to take them. We understand all that; so I wouldn't imagine we're preparing to bring criminal charges against him. I understand from Inspector Mulready that he might have some pretty important information for us—if he feels like giving it. But that's about it. He's retired now. So ——"

"Of course," she said, her lips curving scornfully. "He got himself out of it in that way. Oh, yes; don't bother denying it. I know what you and Inspector Mulready feel about him. It's quite plain. He's just coming home now because the investigation is all done and forgotten. That explains everything, doesn't it?"

He flushed slightly.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have said that; you've been very kind. But if you knew papa the way I do —— It's a question of different loyalties, I suppose. Or maybe it's simpler than that, even. Maybe he just feels a decent human prejudice against informing on anyone. Not himself so much, but old friends, people he's known for so long that ——" She smiled painfully. "I seem to be getting all twisted up, don't I? But he's old now, and not well, and I suppose he feels that everyone has deserted him. Well, that's all right too. He doesn't need those people, not any more. He'll always have me. He's got that much, anyway."

He moistened his lips carefully. What did that mean? Was it a declaration between them—perhaps a warning?

"Yes," he said. "Different loyalties; I'm glad you see it that way. Because I'd like to think that we could still be friends afterward, no matter what happens. That if I wanted to see you again ——"

She drew off a little, the gray eyes wavering from him.

"Why?" she said. "I mean seeing me. There'd be no point, I'm afraid. Because if anyone hurt papa, I could never forgive them for that. Never."

There was a brief pause between them. Then he said doggedly, "But that's just not sensible. Two people can have liking and respect for each other even when they're on different sides. Why not?"

"Oh, yes," she said, tightening her hands over the blanket. "Liking and respect. But maybe, if you wanted to see me again, it wouldn't be only a question of liking and respect, would it?" There seemed to be a desperate honesty in her at that moment, as if she would admit whatever he wanted her to admit—and yet show him that it could change nothing between them. Her head lowered again, miserably. "And there's something else," she said, her voice faltering a little. "You don't know me at all. I'm not the kind of person you might think I am. I'm like papa, I suppose. I can't show—certain emotions or perhaps feel them. I never could."

He said quietly, "Maybe you've never given yourself the chance to find out. Some people are important to us, and others aren't. And when they're important, I don't believe that time matters so much. You know it right away. I knew it in Rome yesterday, when ——"

"Of course," she said, resting her head wearily against the seat. "I could be that important to anyone—that exceptional. Well, I don't seem to be very good at this sort of thing; I suppose I never was, actually. So please —— How high are we? Do you know?"

Up forward then, and on the other side of the plane from them, Jack Eiler had also curled up in his reclining seat, hat over his eyes, an airline blanket over his shoulders. He was not sleeping, however. Instead, and with increasing uneasiness, he was waiting for Inspector Mulready to leave that end of the plane for a minute or so. What was he talking about, anyway? What was keeping him so long with that young man with the curly hair?

The conversation went on and on over there, whatever it dealt with; and at the same time, of course, up in the luggage rack, that silver-and-blue flight bag must be ticking away noiselessly, second by second. He drew in a long, shaky breath. Stupid, he told himself, to have boarded the plane with Inspector Mulready—stupid, stupid, stupid! And yet what choice had been offered to him? It was true that he could have remained safe in Ireland, but only in the hands of the Irish authorities. And then what would have happened to him after it became evident that he, and he alone, had tried to slip away from Flight 903 at the airport with such oddly providential foreknowledge of what was going to happen to it?

Perhaps the American police would never be able to prove legally what he had done to John Desmond Fitzpatrick and to all these other people, but still, after they had looked up Jack Eiler's record, they would have a pretty good suspicion of it. And suspicion was enough, with someone like Jack Eiler. They'd pin something on him, in some manner; they would have to, for their own self-respect. So ——

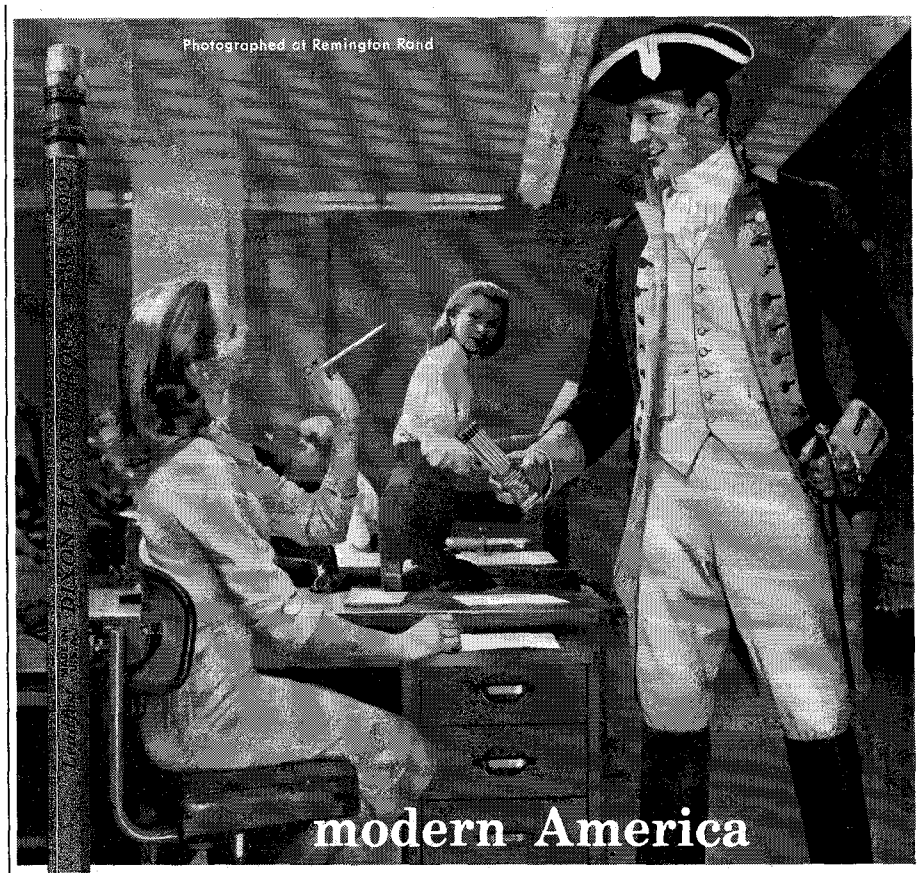
He shifted himself around, peering out furtively under his hat brim at Inspector Mulready. No, he decided, he had done the right thing back at the airport, the only sensible thing. Because even now, at some moment before eleven o'clock, it should be possible to open the flight bag and to detach the timing mechanism; and, afterward, when everyone was asleep, he could smuggle it back to the men's rest room under his topcoat and dispose of it there in some manner, perhaps as refuse. And then (*Continued on Page 85*)

Child, Adopted

By Dorothy Faubion

Who wears a button nose
cuter than this?
Who has a cowlick more
gallant?
Who turns a petal-cheek
sweeter to kiss?
Who waves a toe with more
talent?

How long a time must the
heart's garden wait
Tended, denied of its
flowers?
In this small bed blooms the
seedling of fate—
This little transplant is ours!



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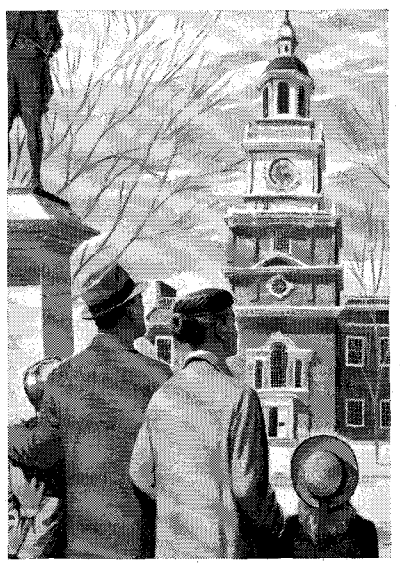

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(*Continued from Page 83*) what would the American police have on him, despite Inspector Mulready? Nothing at all but a phony passport. Which was something very different, and very minor, too, compared to the mechanism that was in the flight bag.

Funny, though. He had never considered himself a nervous or emotional man, and yet it was mighty queer to lie quiet like this, doing nothing at all, and to think of the flight bag ticking away over him, ticking and ticking. Perspiration came out on his upper lip. He turned back again to the window, and risked another covert glance at his wrist watch. What time now? Good God! Ten thirty-seven!

He began sweating in earnest then. But at just that moment, as if on cue, Mulready got up placidly, bent over for another word or two, and went off; and then the one with the curly hair got up also, and followed Mulready back toward the water cooler.

Eiler had not even been conscious that he was holding his breath in, but now he let his breath out in one rush. But careful, he warned himself; slow and careful. How to work the thing? He emptied half a pack of cigarettes on the seat beside him, keeping that action under his blanket, and well out of Mulready's vision; and in a moment or so sat up, yawned, poked two fingers into the empty paper package, and then dropped it in the aisle. They would notice that, wherever they were, all right! A guy could run out of cigarettes, couldn't he? And then, in the most natural way, a guy could get down his flight bag and feel around in it as though searching for a fresh package. Why should they be suspicious of such an action? No reason. No reason at all.

And it was so simple suddenly, so well figured, that a venomous exaltation took over in him. This Mulready was so smart, wasn't he? Well, there were other people who could use their heads too. He grinned nervously, reaching both hands in over the luggage rack.

Just a little way in, he reminded himself; just over the seat. Farther back, though? Or off a bit to the left? No. He didn't seem to remember —— He shifted the blanket impatiently, and after that, without quite believing the evidence of his own senses for a moment or two, began to realize that there was something seriously wrong here. Something crazy! There was nothing at all under that blanket now. The bag was gone.

Behind him, back at the water cooler, Mulready and Mulready's assistant were still murmuring together. Then old Fitzpatrick came out of the men's lounge, thumping along on his blackthorn stick, and Mulready detained him by putting a hand on his arm.

"There's one little matter," he said. "If you could just give me a moment, sir ——"

Fitzpatrick paused, Rose Margaret glancing around at him from her aisle seat; and Robert, lighting a cigarette for himself, noticed that the man in the gray topcoat was behaving in an agitated manner. First he sat down—or collapsed, really—on the arm of his chair. Then he was perfectly motionless there, head down, arms hanging loosely. He rubbed his mouth, looked up at the rack over him and looked back at Mulready. He got up. He lit a cigarette, took one short, savage puff and threw it away. He rubbed his mouth again; glanced at Mulready again.

Now he appeared to have decided something for himself. He threw aside a coat over the seat behind him, felt around under it and moved back hurriedly to the next place. There he took down a silver-and-blue flight bag from the luggage rack and yanked it open, but at once a stout woman with a foreign accent got up and pulled it away from him, squawking indignantly. He made no protest—and no explanation, either. He rubbed his mouth again. He turned quickly, looking from end to end of the luggage rack—and then, his face glistening like damp wax, he swung around to the water cooler, and to Mulready.

He stopped about five feet away, snarling silently, and came on again, but step by step this time, as if under compulsion. Then he pointed at Mulready, his arm shaking. Twice he opened his mouth, and twice nothing sensible or even audible came out of it.

"All right!" he managed to croak finally, his small eyes ugly, hating and bright looking. "You ain't kidding anybody, mister! You're not that smart! I ain't admitting nothing to you—not a thing!"

They made a small private group all by themselves, the four men standing together near the plane door, with Robert and the girl seated exactly opposite. Mulready blinked.

"I'd advise you to go back to your seat," he remarked casually, "and to stay there. Mind now. This isn't the time or the place for any shenanigans, and the conversation is private. . . . Eddie, get him away, will you?"

The stocky young man put a hand on Jack Eiler, and Eiler moved off two steps with him. Now he looked dazed. He tore himself free suddenly, yanking at one side of his shirt collar.

"Sure," he whispered at Martin Mulready, the arm up again, still accusing—and still shaking. "Play it like that. You've got it all figured, haven't you? You know the answers—and you wrote the book! So now I got to get down on my knees to you! Is that it? Like hell! Because if that's what you're waiting for ——"

"I'd moderate the tone and the words," Mulready said, his voice sharpening. "What are you talking about? What are you trying to tell me, anyhow?"

"Tell you?" Eiler moved within three inches of Mulready, glaring at him, face against face. A trap, he was insisting to himself. They had found the bag and hidden it, and now they figured that he would have to betray himself by asking for it. Of course. And yet —— His head hummed crazily. Suppose it wasn't a trap? There must be fifteen or twenty bags like that on Flight 903. Suppose someone had taken his by mistake? And suppose now, at this instant ——

He began to hear something more than the engine noise—the pumping of his own heart. His eyes darted around, but behind him was only the plane aisle, and outside nothing more than a beautiful slim moon, with white clouds extending away tranquilly below. And under those clouds? He pictured, horribly, a bright yellow flare in here at any instant, the plane smashing and tiny figures emptying out from it—doll-like, arms and legs whirling. Now even the floor felt paper-thin under him—no protection. He gave a low, anguished cry, like a tormented animal; then, raising both arms, he rammed straight ahead into Martin Mulready.

There was a brief struggle, but then Mulready and the other one had him in hand. He panted, still trying to wrench free, and still whispering at them with a furious intensity as Mulready swung him off his feet and got him back of the lounge curtain. That flap of green cloth broke and then straightened after them, and everything became queerly muffled and ominous behind it—lurching movements in there, a blow, a heavy jar into one wall, somebody moaning aloud, and then crying out thickly and hysterically. Robert got up hurriedly.

"What is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

Fitzpatrick's old face turned back to him, uneasily perplexed. "I don't know," he said. "Listen."

They listened; Rose Margaret got up, too, very pale; and then Mulready appeared again from behind the curtain.

"What's the commotion here?" Fitzpatrick demanded, raising his blackthorn stick. "What's going on, sir?"

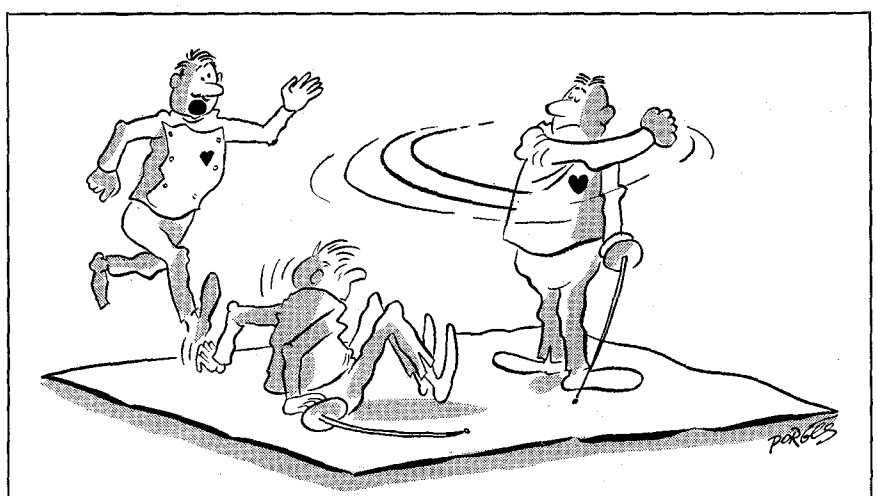
"The commotion?" Mulready said. He came two steps forward, all of Flight 903 in front of him, and all floating ahead peacefully, with no awareness as yet of what was going on in that open space between the door and the water cooler. "Oh, blast you!" he said, the subdued vehemence in his tone giving that phrase a tremendously effective underemphasis. "The commotion, sir, is that we seem to have a little remembrance aboard from some devoted old friends of yours; and that we'd better locate it before eleven o'clock, when it's timed to go off in here. A bit of a thing in a gray flight bag—just so big. There's your answer, sir—and you can thank for it the people you were vowed and determined to protect with your last breath!"

He started off, Eddie squeezing in front of him, then turned back again with that same passionate quietness evident.

"And now," he declared breathlessly, "you'll protect them all right, so don't worry about it. But you'll not protect either yourself or the girl there, or the innocent women and children that have the misfortune to be aboard with you. Because that's all out of your hands now, sir—and in mine."

Fitzpatrick had backed off a little, gaping at him and half lifting the blackthorn stick, but then dropping it helplessly. His face changed color little by little to the grayness and mottled texture of cheap scrap paper.

It seemed to Robert that he himself had felt nothing at all at Mulready's revela-



"No-no-no, Mister Snyder—you must thrust with your foil!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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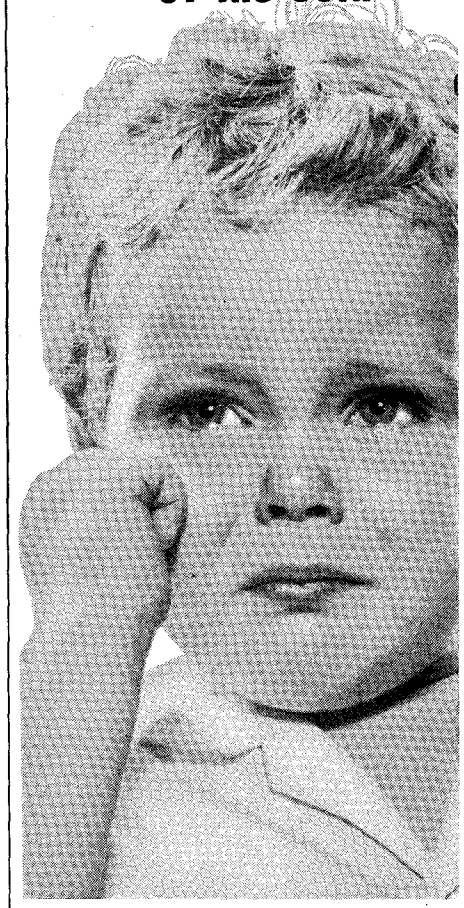

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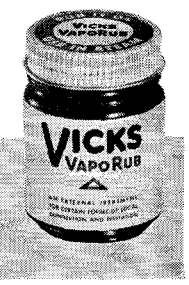

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tion—or nothing sensible. Rose Margaret had drawn back against him instinctively, and he had put his arms around her.

"It's all right," he said, feeling oddly surprised that he could speak at this moment in such a normal manner. "They'll find it, of course—now that they know about it. There's still time."

But what he felt was exactly what Jack Eiler had felt a few moments ago—all that empty space out there, the North Atlantic twenty thousand feet down.

"Rose!" old Fitzpatrick breathed at her. "Child!"

Then he saw Eiler glaring out at them from behind the curtain. He whirled around, lifting the blackthorn stick and striking with it. Under disordered lank hair, Eiler crouched down against the water cooler, shuddering, rolling his head around and not making any attempt to defend himself.

Help them search, Robert thought suddenly. *Don't just stand around like this. Because now* ——

He was a little too late, however. Flight 903 glided forward in a long sweep, steadied and leveled off—and ahead of them, in the plane aisle, Inspector Mulready swung around, balancing himself carefully and holding a quite ordinary-looking silver-and-blue flight bag. Then his first sensible idea came to Robert. He ran back into the lounge. *Water,* he thought; *soak it.* He had the sink full when Inspector Mulready plunged it in, and in time, too—but barely in time. It was then, by his watch, exactly three and a half minutes before eleven o'clock.

The hostess came around about three in the morning with breakfast trays—ham and eggs, hot biscuits and good, strong American coffee. Inspector Mulready did full justice to that menu, and so did the young fellow with the curly hair. But across from them, with hands manacled together now under his blanket, Jack Eiler obstinately refused to make any acknowledgment of it.

"Not that I blame him," Eddie murmured, mopping up his last bit of egg yolk with his last biscuit. "He was the one guy that had it figured, of course—only he just didn't quite have the guts to stand up to it. It's a good thing nobody wanted to open that bag afterward—not even him. You know what I put in it back in Ireland, inspector, after I found the other thing? A couple of magazines and an empty cigar box."

"But, of course, it wasn't the object itself," Mulready said, settling back comfortably. "It was just the idea of it. We had two problems, remember—one to tie up the laddyboy over there with the kind of a bag that might have belonged to anyone on this plane, if he denied knowing about it—and he would have—and the other to put the right kind of pressure on Lord Johnny Fitzpatrick."

He considered a moment. "Because," he added meditatively, "that old fellow is never going to show you what he feels for that daughter of his. Maybe he can't, but by the Almighty there's nobody else around who's ever going to lift so much as a crooked finger at her. So, after tonight, I think, you'll find few people so bitter about old friends as John Desmond Fitzpatrick—and none so merciless. We gave the lot of them a bit of a scare, I suppose, but then, how could we help it?"

"I'll give you one thing," Eddie said, grinning at him. "I knew what was in that bag—I'd put it there, after you told me—and yet you had me sweating blood right along with the rest of them."

"Ah, I did," Martin Mulready said. He finished his second cup of coffee, looking cozily satisfied with himself. "I've no doubt at all but that I was better than Barrymore. Well, you get older and wiser, laddy, and you pick up a few tricks of the trade here and there. And then I had to make that kind of an impression on Lord Johnny and the other fellow—smash them right over the head with it. The one thing that worried me was that we might get everybody else into a blind panic; that's why I tried to time it so close, and to keep it all to ourselves back there. When I saw Lord Johnny go up with the stick, of course, I knew I had him. So —— But not a word of all this to Kelliher, you understand, now or later; he'd never forgive me for frightening the girl like that. Never! Are they still sitting together, the two of them—and discussing affinities?"

He risked one covert glance over the old-fashioned square spectacles. It satisfied him. No, he told himself; there'd be no bone of contention now between those two. The information he'd get tomorrow from Lord Johnny Fitzpatrick would be free and voluntary information—oh, depend on it—and after that part was over with, young Kelliher would have nothing but a clear road and a hearty welcome in front of him. He tapped Eddie twice on the kneecap, very impressively.

"That's it," he said. "I know it, and mark my words."

A cigar? he thought then. He permitted himself three cigars a day—a fourth sometimes, but only on exceptional or else festive occasions. He meditated again; then, with an air of the most sober judiciousness, reached into his vest pocket and got out one of his two-for-a-quarter Havanas. It was all right, he told himself, because on the whole, and after considering the matter from every angle, it did seem to Inspector Martin Mulready that he rather deserved it. THE END

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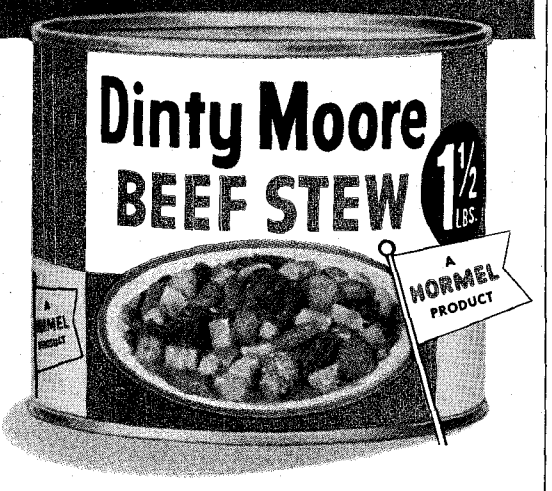

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Children are Smarter Than You Think

(Continued from Page 29)

teachers would have bypassed such a discussion as irrelevant and premature. But Mrs. Woodside was not only skilled at exploiting a teachable moment when it occurred, she was also doing the unconventional job expected of her.

The previous fall, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, principal of Beauvoir, the elementary school of the National Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in Washington, had encouraged her staff of thirty-two teachers to initiate some experimental teaching. They were to stress physical science, introduce it wherever possible into their classwork, and regardless of apparent difficulty or age level, teach any scientific concepts that seemed interesting to the 210 children enrolled in all classes from kindergarten through Grade Three.

Teaching physical science in the primary grades is not unusual. The District of Columbia schools, for example, follow a recently revised syllabus prescribing a 50–50 ratio of physical and biological sciences. Beauvoir, however, is something of an anomaly in the elementary-science landscape because it emphasizes simple physics and chemistry, with only minor seasonal attention to birds, bees and butterflies, weather and pets.

Some educators take a jaundiced view of the switch. They criticize it as extreme, impractical and odious, laughing it off as "a flash in the pan" or "a feeble effort."

"We're not incubating scientists," exclaimed one superintendent. "We're educating children." Another declared young children too immature for such learning: "They won't be interested." Still another superintendent insisted that children love growing things: "This is the time to teach the infinite variation of Nature, the concepts of change and purpose in their immediate environment. Why knock yourself out trying something which can be taught more profitably later on?"

Mrs. Taylor, who started the Beauvoir School during the depression in an old set of buildings turned over to her by the Cathedral Foundation, isn't frightened by pioneering. In fact, she appears to welcome all the criticism. When discussing her pet topic, her face lights up and she may even pound her fist on the table.

"This is a technical age," she declares, "and these children are our future citizens and leaders. They are in their formative years. If at this age they become fascinated by science, then it won't seem alien and formidable in secondary school and they'll elect it in high school and college. They can pick up nature outside. But they can't pick up the laws of motion and matter incidentally. They may not remember everything. But impressions will remain and an attitude will shape up. Who knows, maybe we'll spark an Einstein or a Madame Curie."

Mrs. Taylor evolved the idea for the science program during August, 1955—a month she usually dedicates to intensive reading—when she realized that in the educational literature she had set aside there were many references to the critical dearth of scientists and engineers and the lagging interest in science among students. Men like Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, contended that the early grades were strategic in sparking this interest. But nobody had as yet found out how far it was possible to go in teaching physical science to such young children. Mrs. Taylor felt that Beauvoir, as an independent school, could research such a program with a freer hand than a public school. She determined to sound out her teachers.

During a week-long period of orientation for Beauvoir's teachers before classes started, she read a newspaper clipping a day without explanation. When the routine business was over, she met with the thirty-two teachers and said, "I guess you've all been wondering why I have read these clippings about the shortage of scientists. Their impact is obvious. Now is there any way you think Beauvoir can help in this emergency?"

The next morning she found her desk covered with outlines for experiments and study. Several of the teachers suggested that Mrs. Viola Woodside, a former teacher at Beauvoir, be asked to rejoin the staff. "So I called her," continued Mrs. Taylor. "She was enthusiastic right away. She said she'd come for two full days a week to teach physical science—and we were off!"

Mrs. Woodside's teaching background was not unusual. She had taught second grade at Beauvoir for four years, before moving to a farm in Warrenton, Virginia, and was temporarily out of teaching. She was a graduate of Montclair State Teachers College and had taught elementary school in Montclair, New Jersey, for several years. She had taken a course in astronomy at the University of Wisconsin and had studied child psychology at Columbia Teachers College. In addition, she had a mechanical knack, a sense of humor, a cool head and enthusiasm.

There were no existing textbooks that could be used in the Beauvoir approach to science. Dipping into science primers as if she were a child, feeling her way, Mrs. Woodside evolved a four-year course that would encourage a pupil steadily to broaden his grasp of science. The younger children observed properties of air, water and heat. The second and third grades learned about thirty-five elements in familiar objects and figured out why a certain tool might be made of one element and not another. They discovered the simple mechanical principles that were used in their toys and household utensils, and touched on the molecule and the atom. The third grade studied friction and spontaneous combustion, fire and fuels. They related atmospheric pressure and gravity to the universe and solar system.

To start the youngsters thinking, Mrs. Woodside sometimes gave silly responses to questions as a trick to stimulate logical thinking. The children had to observe, make a hypothesis and then come to a conclusion through repeated experiments. She got many teaching ideas from her husband, an electronics engineer at the Bureau of Ships. For props she tapped the school kitchen and work sheds. An old green board and playground blocks were used for a variety of experiments. One morning, while demonstrating the inclined plane, she propped the board up against a block and had the children "walk up the gangplank onto the Queen Mary." In the next period she took up leverage. Then the block became a make-believe boulder on a road and the board the simple lever the children concluded they would use to remove it.

The science program can't be fully evaluated until the present kindergarten class reaches Grade Three, but so far, on the basis of home projects, endless questions and class reaction, it's evident that the youngsters' appetite for it is insatiable. Ordinary objects became phenomena. While learning how heat travels, one first-grader gave a spoon a bug-eyed double-take when he found how hot it became when put in a cup of boiling water.

Two boys fell to wrangling over the question of whether water contained air. The class was split down the middle. After a short debate, Mrs. Woodside picked up a water-filled, heat-resistant casserole that had been standing ready for another experiment, and showed it to the boy who was arguing the negative side of the question. "See anything in there, Johnny?"

"No, just water."

"Anything else, along the sides?"

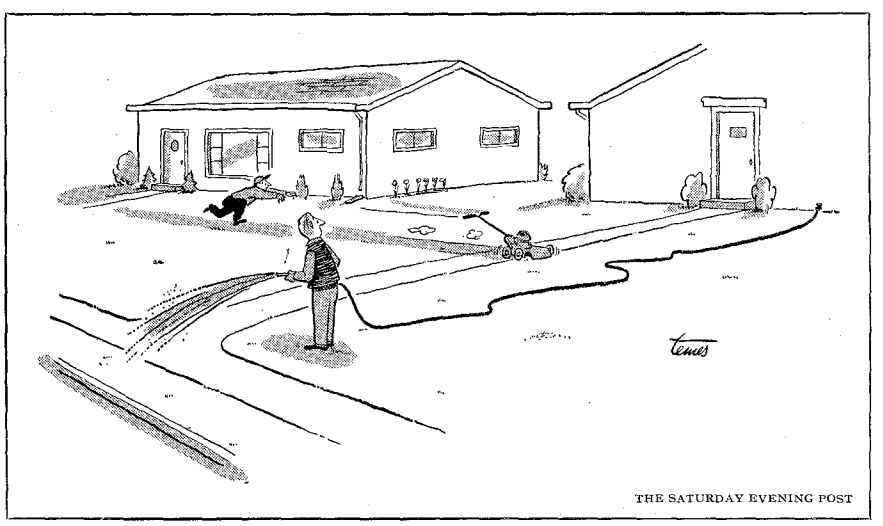
"Nothing. Just a few air bub—— Oops!" he gulped, bending down to look closer. "Did I say air bubbles?"

Individual experiments broke out like the measles. An eight-year-old boy fashioned a successful barometer out of a tin can, a split balloon, airplane glue, a ruler and a tongue depressor. A mother had to scrounge around hardware shops for two identical lamp chimneys, two candles and a certain box one foot long, so her child could try an experiment to prove that air can be made to travel in specific paths.

When Mrs. Woodside told her class about air pressure, they learned that a glass of water covered with a paper will not spill when inverted. That night one boy bet his doubtful mother a nickel on it. He won, and the next morning told his classmates about his bet.

One of them was unimpressed. "You knew you had a sure bet," he said; "I'd have bet a buck."

Any pilot venture in teaching may hit snags and Beauvoir wasn't exempt. They encountered many obstacles in the process of juggling schedules to accommodate the program and integrating science with other courses. Also, because of lack of space, Mrs. Woodside's classes were cramped into one end of the basement dining room, with an ancient china cupboard for equipment storage and an upright piano top and child-sized dining tables for demonstration space. The school operates in an ornate, thirty-five-year-old pseudo-Spanish mansion that was once the home of a former Cathedral canon. Although a few facilities have not been modernized, Mrs. Woodside was not disheartened. Like the banished Duke in As You Like It who saw sermons in the Forest of Arden's stones, she found physical



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(see page 61)

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science in every radiator hiss and rusty joint. Recently, she took up quarters in a new science-room addition financed by 192 sets of delighted parents, a thirty-by-sixteen-foot room equipped with water tank, collection counters, experiment tables, cupboards stocked with beakers, copper wire, filings, a bell, dry cells, and so on.

In general, the staff has found the project paying many unexpected bonuses. "My third grade acted as if a vital section of their imagination had at last been touched," said one teacher. Another staff member found discussion periods "much more productive." Youngsters learned that there were several different ways to solve arithmetic problems.

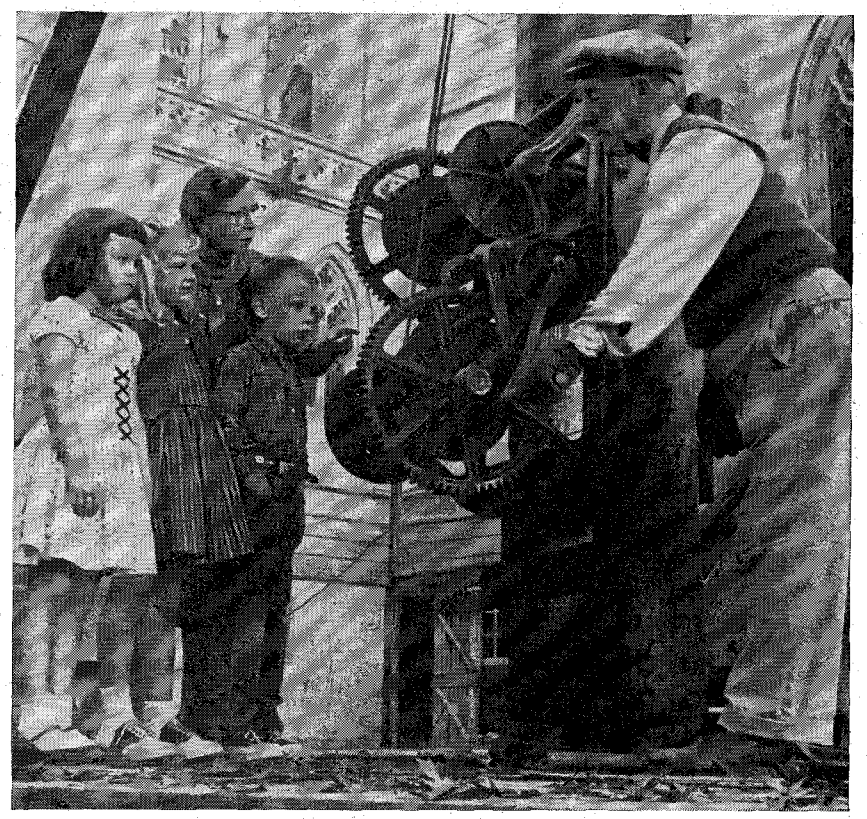
The music teacher was particularly gratified. She had taught the mechanics of sound in a piano and a viola, and then invited a French-horn student to demonstrate the concept of vibration when applied to the more complex brass instruments. First the student pointed out how the use of valves could lengthen the air-column in the horn's twelve to sixteen feet of tubing. Then while he blew, each child had a chance to depress a piston and discover how the length of the air column set in vibration determined the pitch. Another study was sound content. The teacher had alerted the third-graders to the various tones in a single note. Then she struck a resounding bass C on the piano. To her astonishment, two boys identified and hummed a third and a fifth in the note's harmonic series of overtones.

The teachers, themselves, were surprised at their own capacity. Only three out of the thirty-two had been science majors. The rest, amateurs at science, admitted that at first they thought they'd lose control of their classes when something exploded or spilled; they feared they would not be able to handle questions or that they'd be ineffective because they weren't science-minded. It hasn't turned out that way. Several reported that learning science with the children has introduced a new quality to the teacher-pupil relationship. "The research has been fascinating," said one teacher.

The parents of the youngsters all seemed enthusiastic about the program. "There's a tremendous future in science nowadays," said one father who had spent over seventy-five dollars on chemicals to stock a laboratory for his third-grade daughter. Several mothers said they planned to brush up on physics. Another confided that she was doing experiments in the kitchen when she was alone, so she'd know what her son was up to. "He's really had the blinkers pulled off," she commented. "I think it's wonderful to open up so many vistas to him."

Atmospheric pressure: At home, a Beauvoir pupil demonstrates to his parents the principle that keeps water in an inverted tumbler.

Mechanics: At a construction project, teacher Viola Woodside explains how a crane's gears enable one man to lift heavy objects.



Fifteen hundred high schools dropped science and math courses in 1955 because of small enrollment. Therefore, it's not surprising that educators and scientists, too, are enthusiastic about Beauvoir's "dynamic" approach to the science curriculum. "Too many schools teach science by rote," commented Dr. Raymond J. Seeger, associate director of the National Science Foundation. "If more schools abandoned their antiquated, textbookish methods of teaching and put some of the practicing scientists in the classroom, you wouldn't find this alarming interest lag at the junior-high-school level."

Some members of the National Education Association would like to see a "new ordering of our house." The same experiments that were standard in 1850—the Lima bean germinating in damp sawdust, the smothered candle, the water evaporating in pans—are used today.

A principal of an elementary school in a suburb of Washington admitted she'd like to see more real science taught, in preference to her school's traditional outdoor program. "Our nature study isn't holding the children's interest the way it used to," she said. "This is a sitting, a thinking generation. We ought to give the youngsters more to stir up their minds."

In Philadelphia, the principal of a 600-student elementary school said he'd like to introduce many more physical concepts as early as Grades Two and Three. "Take simple machines, air pressure, pneumatics, and so on," he said. "The children simply jump at them." To show what youngsters could comprehend and find interesting, he organized an exhibition of practical activities in elementary science from all of Public School District Seven's elementary schools; the display covered nearly every concept of science as related to daily living. His board superintendents supported him, and provided an elementary science collaborator to further the program. "Trouble is," he concluded, "the women are scared of science. Unless we watch out, some children reach Grade Six without ever learning any astronomy." He conducted a seminar in October called a "Science Sampler" serving 200 District Seven teachers with four workshops in current electricity, nature, light and chemistry. In each, three children did sixteen experiments. This was so successful a similar demonstration was held for the Philadelphia Teachers Conference in December.

Teaching elementary science nowadays is no bed of roses. Classrooms are crowded. In any one class, student I.Q.'s may range from 80 to 120 and about every third child may be a budding Tom Swift. Television and documentary films stimulate and inform such would-be scientists. Parents nourish their natural interest by giving them the better-edited science-nonfiction best sellers. The very atmosphere such children breathe, irradiated as it is today with jet-age and interstellar-space-travel implications, feeds their sense of adventure. While the teachers themselves may be conscientious, they may feel inadequate when faced by youngsters who seem to be much better informed about up-to-date technological developments. No wonder some teachers tend to slide over the material in the syllabus that will foster interest in things scientific. One poor teacher can snuff out this interest.

"The only solution," says Dr. Ellsworth Obourn, specialist in science in the Office of Education at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, "is that the teacher be willing to learn with her students. This makes for a healthy setup. We're increasingly encouraged to find more and more teachers realizing, like the Beauvoir women, that good elementary teachers can be good elementary-science teachers as well."

If the human element is a troublesome factor in the over-all science-teaching picture, even more perplexing and formidable is the interest lag that often occurs at the Grade Seven and Eight levels. The disinterest seems to set in at a point where such subjects as physics, chemistry and math become elective, and where the long and specialized training of the scientist and engineer actually begins.

What causes this lessening of interest? Is it cut-and-dried textbook teaching? Is it outmoded curriculums? Or is it, perhaps, as many concerned educators and laymen are beginning to believe, because youngsters haven't been exposed to factual science through demonstration and experiment in the critical years when their minds are at their most impressionable and therefore don't realize that continued scientific studies can be outright fun? This problem is so important and the over-all picture so disturbing that last June the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy held a session with the Atomic Energy Commissioners to discuss what was being done to kindle science interest in the elementary and secondary schools.

The congressmen even might be less discouraged if they could see how easily and spontaneously a young child's interest can be aroused at a school like Beauvoir. One morning last winter, after science class, a first-grader stopped to ask Mrs. Woodside what a chemical was. Mrs. Woodside was momentarily baffled by the problem of reducing her explanation to terms a six-year-old could understand. Finally, she went to the kitchen and returned with some vinegar in a jelly glass, a spoon and some baking soda.

"Here, Susie," she said, "are two chemicals. Now let's experiment. Mix your base, the soda, into the acid." The child did so.

"My gosh!" exclaimed Susie, backing away in wonder as the mixture foamed up and fizzed. "Why, that's what happens when I pour out some pop!" She watched until the solution quieted down and then announced she was going to be a chemist when she grew up. "It's exciting to experiment," she concluded, articulating each syllable of the strange new word.

Einstein once said that divine curiosity and a childlike impetus to play are the driving forces of the true investigator. "A myriad of schools," says the science specialist at the Office of Education, "are beginning to take this to heart. They're exploiting this natural interest and finding ways to bring that science table out of the corner into the sun. And this we find encouraging!" THE END

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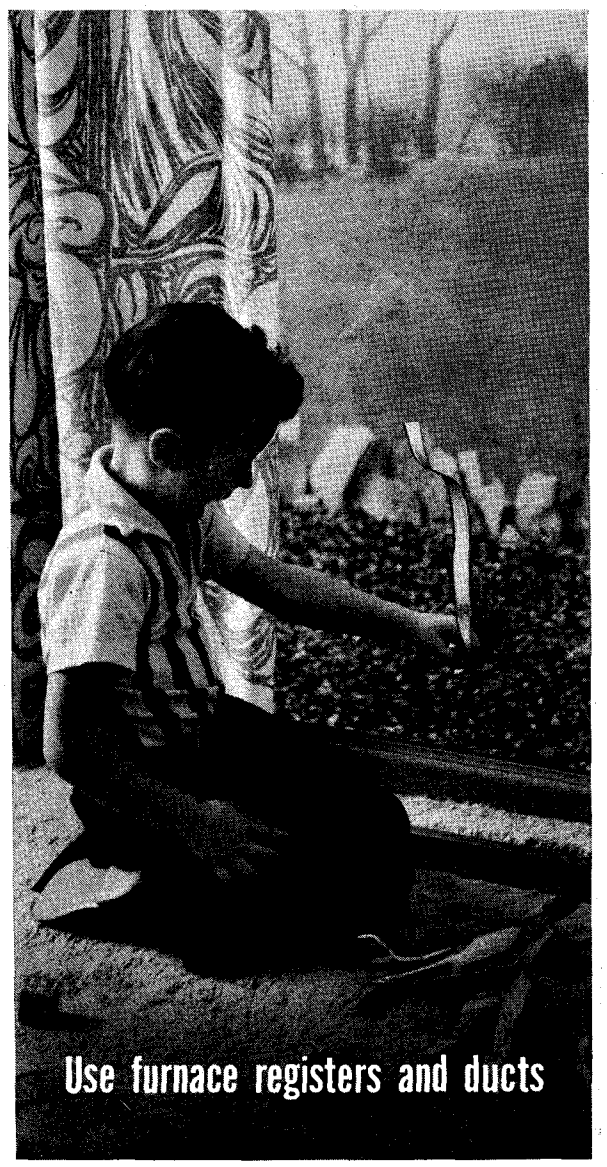
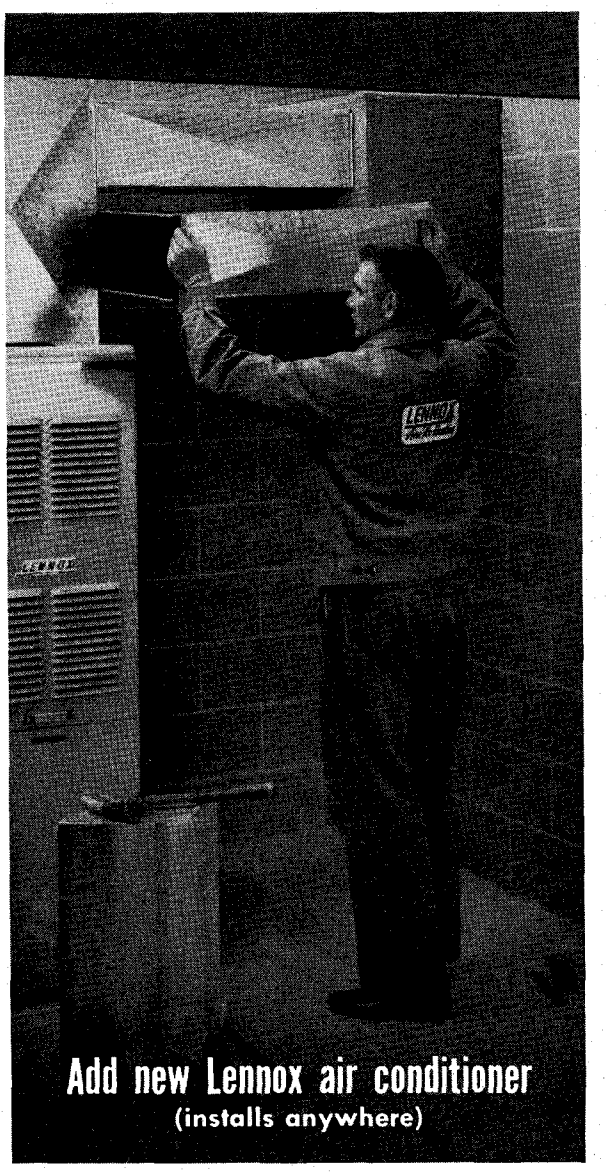
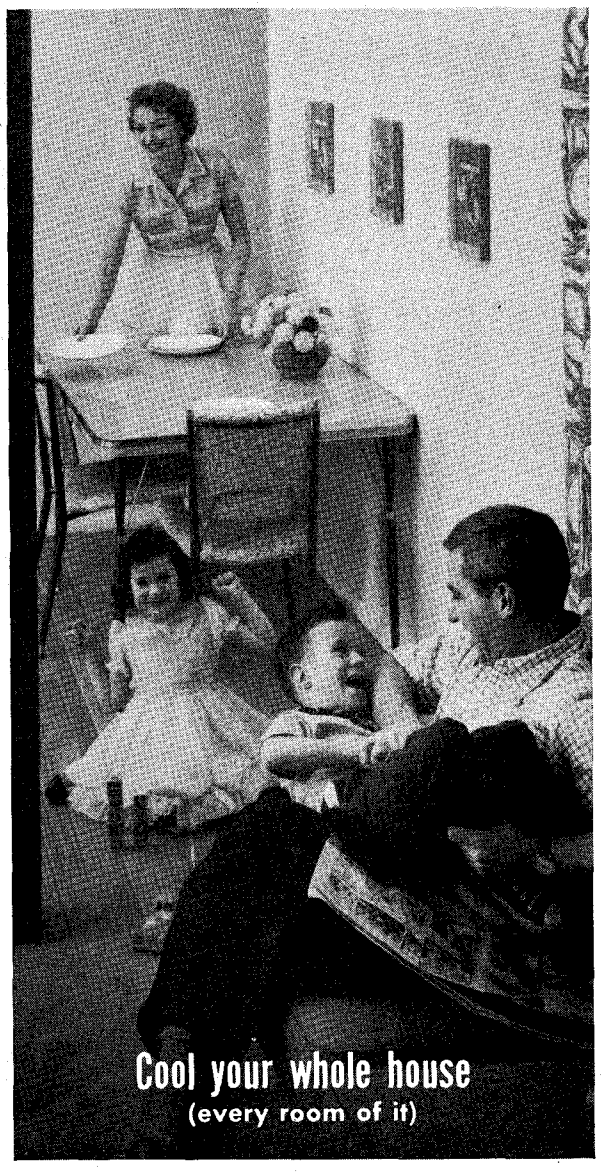
How to get summer air conditioning out of your warm air heating system







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Economical to install

Air cooled, the Lennox Stowaway requires no plumbing, no water tower, no expensive wiring. Even if you don't have a warm air heating system it's economical to install. Simple ductwork is all that's needed in homes with hot water, steam or radiant heat; or with a space heater, wall heaters or floor furnace. Operating cost is *amazingly* low! The Lennox Stowaway air conditioner uses up to 40% less electricity than many other air-cooled air conditioners of similar capacity, as it cools and dehumidifies the air throughout your home. Two compressors assure a constant, comfortable balance of temperature and humidity. Lennox Stowaway units of 2-ton, 3¼-ton capacities—also 5-ton single-compressor model—are now available for custom installation by your Lennox Comfort Craftsman.

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world leader in all-season air conditioning for the home

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New INTRACEL costs a little more than old-fashioned preparations ($1.49 a bottle). If you don't think it's worth *twice* that, your druggist will refund your money.

No longer need you suffer from muscular aches and pains due to exertion and exposure • sprains and strains • muscular stiff neck, sore arm, aching shoulder and back • muscular lumbago • simple neuritis and neuralgia • INTRACEL gives temporary relief from minor pains of arthritis, minor rheumatic pains • reduces swelling • eases muscle cramps • improves circulation • relieves pain of headaches, tired feet, cold sores, bruises, sunburn, bee stings and other insect bites • eases pain of toothache when rubbed on gums and jaw • relieves itching from hives, poison ivy and poison oak • for persistent pain, apply compress saturated with INTRACEL.

VCA LABORATORIES, NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES

I'm No Quitter (Continued from Page 27)

I've said the words I hate to hear: choke up. That's the worst insult you can give an athlete. We feel pressures and tensions just like anybody else, only we train ourselves not to give in to them. We have our good games and our bad ones, but when we lose, it's not because we weren't giving the best that was in us that day.

That's what I want to explain in this story. I was advised against writing it. People told me I'd only start up all the old talk again. But that doesn't bother me. It isn't that I want revenge or anything. All I want is for people to accept my wins and my losses like those of any other pitcher. Some days you're going to get beat, that's all.

I don't mean it was just the breaks that beat me in the series. It was the Yankees. And I made some mistakes. It could be that my biggest mistake was not pitching in Yankee Stadium. I might have done better working in the larger park. I had a chance to. Nobody except me and the manager knew that, and my teammates will learn about it now for the first time.

Anyway, Sal Maglie won the Series opener for us at Ebbets Field, 6–3. I was down to start the second game. When rain postponed it for a day, The Man—that's Walter Alston, our manager—told me he wanted to talk to me before I went out to do some running.

"Newk," he said, "what do you think about me starting Labine tomorrow and you opening up in the Stadium?"

I guess I was kind of shocked by the idea. I wondered if that talk about me was beginning to rub off in the clubhouse. "Walt," I said, "all season long you've come up to me and told me when I was pitching. You're the boss of this ball club. I don't see any reason for changing that now."

He thought about it standing there. "Well, O.K.," he said finally. "You're my man for tomorrow."

I didn't tell him my arm was hurting, which could have been another big mistake. It had been sore ever since the last game of the season against Pittsburgh, when I hurt it throwing a curve ball to Lee Walls in the eighth inning. But my mind was made up that I wasn't going into this series complaining. I wasn't going to tell my manager that although I could throw a fast ball without hurting, I felt a twinge in my elbow when I flexed it or twisted my wrist the way you have to do when you throw a curve ball.

I didn't tell him about the arm before the last game either. He asked me if I was all right, and I said I was. It wasn't until several weeks later, when the Japanese batters whacked me during the Dodgers' Pacific exhibition tour, that I said anything about it. I could see then how stupid it was to keep holding back the information.

The night before that final Series game, I didn't even mention it to my wife, Freddie. I had an early supper and tried to get to bed at 9:30 for a good night's rest, but I couldn't sleep. All I said to Freddie when she came to bed was, "I can't sleep. No use keeping you awake too. I'm going into the other room."

I took a sleeping pill to help me out, but I don't think I got more than two hours. I couldn't stop myself from thinking. I planned the way I was going to pitch. I went over the Yankee line-up fifty times if I went over it once.

I kept telling myself that this game wasn't any bigger than any other, but I knew I was only kidding myself. This would be my fifth start against the Yankees in three World Series. I wanted to beat them just once. I wanted to help my teammates get the winner's share of the Series and give the Dodger fans another championship.

It occurred to me maybe a hundred times that I might be doing them all an injustice, trying to pitch with a sore arm. But if I asked out of this ball game, then people would really say I was scared. They said it in 1955, after I lost the opening game of that Series to the Yankees and wasn't used again. The way our pitching worked out that time, with Johnny Podres winning two games, I wasn't needed. I wouldn't have been any good anyway. My arm was so sore I could hardly lift it.

When I got to the park the next morning my mind was made up to fire that ball with everything I had for as long as I could. Just before I went out on the field I walked past Pee Wee Reese's locker. He stopped me and pulled me into a corner.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "Without you, we wouldn't be here. No matter what happens out there today, remember you got us here. Just go out and do your best. It was good enough twenty-seven times this season."

When I warmed up, my fast ball felt good. I tried the curve ball and it wasn't too bad. I had hot stuff from my shoulder down to my wrist, and it burned so much I couldn't feel the pain. I thought I was going to be all right. But the Yankees had something to say about that.

My catcher, Roy Campanella, must have suspected something was wrong. He didn't call for many curves. In the second game, whenever Campy would sign for a curve, I'd shake him off. Finally he'd come out to the mound.

"Whyn't you want to throw your curve ball?" he asked.

"I got a reason," I said.

"O.K.," he shrugged and went back there.

In the seventh game I threw only three curves to the fifteen hitters I faced. Hank Bauer hit one for a base hit in the first inning. Gil McDougald lined one to Jim Gilliam in the second. Bill Skowron popped one up in the third.

It wasn't the curve that gave me trouble, though. It was my fast ball. I was real loose and throwing it real hard. I was getting it where I wanted it to go, except for the homer Berra hit off me in the first inning, but the Yankees were waiting for it.

Maybe Casey Stengel, the Yankee manager, explained it best of all when he said before the Series opened that he thought Maglie and Labine would give them more trouble than I would. The answer is a simple one to baseball people. The Yankees are a fast-ball-hitting club. Everything I throw is a fast pitch, except my change-up. Even my curve ball is fast. I don't have a very good slow curve. Out of every ten pitches I throw, seven will be fast.

So the Yankees have a plan. They say, "Let's lay off his change-up and wait for the fast ones." In a way, our club's about the same. When we're going against somebody like Bob Rush, of the Cubs, who throws maybe eight out of ten fast pitches, we lay back and wait.

What does a pitcher like me do then? I don't have a change-up like Podres, who beat the Yankees in 1955 by slowing up on them. I got to move the ball around. I believe I can throw a ball over the plate every time, but that's not control when you're pitching against somebody like Mantle and Berra. Mickey I think I pitched right; Yogi I know I didn't. He ruined me with a homer in the second game, and he ruined me again in the seventh game with two more homers.

Each time he came up in that seventh game there was one on and two out. The first time I had Yogi nothing and two. I wanted to brush him back. I got the ball high and inside, but not high enough, and Yogi whacked it out of the park. To tell you the truth, I don't know what you can throw to Berra to get him out.

After that, I went through the second inning without any trouble. I felt real good the next inning when I struck out Mickey Mantle for the second time, but there was Berra again.

In the dugout after his first homer, Campy had said to me, "Inside's his meat. We can't back him up."

"Let's go away from him," I suggested. "You go outside with your target, and even if I miss, maybe he'll go for it."

That was the idea when the count went to one and two. I threw him a low outside fast ball, just where I planned to pitch it, but he got his bat all the way around and pulled it over the wall.

I couldn't blame myself for that one. I still can't. I can only praise Berra. He protects the plate with two strikes on him better than any hitter in the major leagues. Mantle's got more power and will hit more often, but I got more respect for Berra.

When I came up to bat in the third, Yogi told me, "I hit a perfect pitch. It was low and outside—and I hit the hell out of it. I don't know how I did it."

The homer that Elston Howard hit off me in the fourth inning was just one of those things. I fooled him on a change-up, and he was way off stride. He hit it to the opposite field, although he's a definite pull hitter, and it sailed over the

Blizzard in March

By Margery Mansfield

A blizzard in March!
When we had expected
A robin to sing,
A bluebird to fly, a crocus
to blossom
In the damp breeze of
spring!

The snow blows straight
out! The wind's whining
snout
Finds every crack!
Our well-built house
Turns cold as a shack!
I toast by the stove, and
am unable
To make myself leave it
and work at the table,
Nor to be quite serene.
In my soul, there is tumult,
a howling, a mean,
A cold sort of tempest, a
now-too-much-knowing:
You never can tell; things
may go well;
Your hopes be grass green,
with young blossoms
showing;
Then a cold sort of hell
Comes howling and
blowing!

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right-field wall. That was all for me. I'll never forget the boos which followed me from the mound to the dugout.

A lot of people have made a big deal about me leaving the park while games were still going on. Many times during the season I changed my shirt and then went back to the bench to watch a game I couldn't finish. But a pitcher doesn't have to do that. Does it help any? Does it do anybody any good?

I just don't like to see my teammates' faces when they walk into the clubhouse after I've been knocked out and a game is lost. I don't feel they're blaming me. I just feel I am to blame. They were depending upon me and I let them down. I feel guilty and it doesn't have to be in a World Series. It's the same feeling for any game.

After that final game I had so many things on my mind. The next morning the team was leaving for the Japanese trip. I still hadn't made up my mind to go, and the front office was putting on pressure. This had been troubling me for weeks. I had some private business and family troubles which I felt needed my personal attention.

After many years of not having children, Freddie and I had succeeded in adopting a little boy, and then a little girl. We had had Gregory Joel, who was nine-

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The mathematician who said the lesser can never contain the greater never worked in a women's shoe store.

HERBERT VICTOR

---

teen months old then, for over a year, and Evit Yolanda for two months. The final adoption procedure was set for October nineteenth. The Dodgers told me the date could be set back, but I didn't want to take the chance of anything going wrong.

That was one problem. Another was that my brother, Harold, who takes charge of my liquor store in Newark during the baseball season, had been sick. We'd only been waiting for the season to end so that he could get to a hospital for proper medical attention and I could take charge of the business.

Well, I did take the plane, and these troubles have all straightened out, but I couldn't anticipate that then. I don't know what all this did to my pitching, but I could see what it was doing to my family.

When I left the park after the seventh game, my father drove home with me. It is only thirty-five miles and seventy minutes between Ebbets Field and Linden, New Jersey, where my folks live, but to us it was like a lifetime.

When I got in the car all I could say to my father was, "I'm sorry, pop."

"What have you got to be sorry for?" he said, and that's pretty much all that was said between us on the way home.

When we got there, the TV was still on the game. It was the ninth inning and we were losing, 9–0.

"Turn it off," my mother said to my youngest brother, Norman. "It's over and done with."

"A couple of guys I'll have to handle *tomorrow*," Norman said, and I knew what he meant. If I'd beaten the Yankees, some smart guys at the place he works would have kept their mouths shut. Because I got beat, Norman felt he had to shut their mouths for them. My father was getting the business, too, at the place where he works.

A lot of people have second-guessed the manager over that lost game. They say he should have started Don Bessent instead of me. Looking back, maybe they're right, but what could The Man do, with me holding out on him that my arm was hurting? I was his big winner all year—even if I'd never beaten the Yankees.

Was there anything wrong with the way I pitched against them in the opening game of the Series in 1949? I pitched as good a game as a man can pitch, but Allie Reynolds pitched a better one. I got beat, 1–0, by two of the best men in the business. Reynolds held us to two hits, and Tommy Henrich homered off me in the ninth.

I was proud of that game. Then I tried to come back with two days' rest and the roof fell in on me. That's the way I'm built. I can pitch the day after a start. But I can't do it the second day after. I'm too stiff.

The next time I faced the Yankees was in the 1955 World Series. The one thing I don't want to do in this story is make it look like I'm alibiing. But before that Series, I ran into a slump and some illness. That year I won my eighteenth game on July thirty-first, then didn't win my nineteenth until August thirtieth or my twentieth until September fifth. In September I caught a virus and couldn't pitch for two weeks, and when I came back I did something to my arm.

The whole night before the opening game of that World Series my wife sat up putting hot compresses to my arm. Alston knew it, although nobody else did, and that's why he didn't use me again after I got beat in the first game.

That's my history against the Yankees. I can understand why people would say they've got my number. What I've been trying to figure is where the other rumors started—that stuff about if a team stays close to me, they'll beat me. What they mean is that I quit on myself whenever a game's too tough or too important.

I've talked to the fellows on my team and to fellows on other teams. My guys say, "Why don't you forget about the whole thing, and you'll be better off." But I don't believe I can get it out of my mind until I prove all of it's untrue.

For a long time I was convinced that Leo Durocher started it all. I asked Henry Thompson, who played under Leo on the Giants, if it was Leo.

"If anybody started it," Henry said, "I don't think it was him. I think it was Eddie Stanky."

Maybe it goes back even before that. When Burt Shotton managed the Dodgers he had the feeling I was lazy. If I'd tell him I couldn't work, he'd tell me that my arm wasn't sore, that it was all in my head.

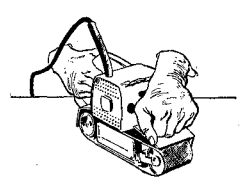
One day I couldn't pitch, and Shotton told the newspapermen that it was my imagination. I tried to take my turn. I warmed up, and I just couldn't throw. When I didn't pitch, the newspapermen wanted to know why. I told them, "My imagination is hurting again."

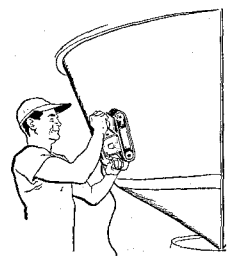
I must believe that Shotton was only trying to make me mad, so I'd be more determined. But if he helped me one way, he didn't help me another, spreading stuff like that around the league. As it was, my reputation had a few demerits chalked off against it already. Some of this was my own fault. I'm not trying to make anybody think I'm perfect. I just want to tell an honest story.

My first trouble came as far back as 1947—my second year in the Brooklyn farm system. I was in training with Montreal in Cuba when I got sick, lost thirty-five pounds and was sent home. I had borrowed $250 against my salary

only $84.95 H31 Heavy Duty Belt Sander

Yes, this new Stanley H31 Belt Sander *does more*.





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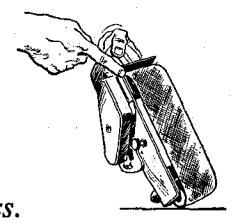

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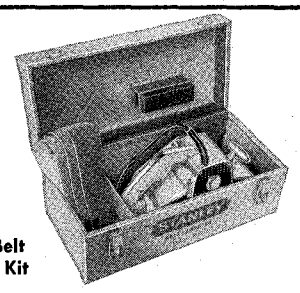

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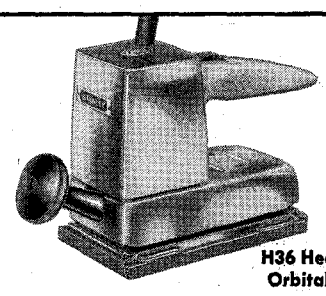

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from Branch Rickey. I heard they were going to send me down to Nashua, the Class B team for which I'd played my first year, and I figured my salary would be cut back in the lower classification. I couldn't afford to take a cut and pay back the money I'd borrowed as well. So I told Mr. Branch Rickey, who was in charge of the Brooklyn club then, that I wouldn't go to Nashua.

"In that case," he said, "go to the office and pick up your release."

I was on my way to the office when it suddenly struck me that Mr. Rickey didn't understand what I meant. I went back to the box in which he was sitting watching a game. I told him if my salary were cut and I also had to pay the $250, it would be too much of a hardship. After all, there wasn't just me—I was married in 1945.

It turned out that they hadn't even intended to cut back my salary. "Son," Mr. Rickey said, "I thought you didn't want to go to Nashua at all."

So I pitched at Nashua in 1947, and then at Montreal in 1948. In spring training in 1949 I thought I would be brought up to the Dodgers from Montreal. When it looked as if I wouldn't, I got disgusted, finally jumped the club and went home.

I stayed there for two weeks stewing, and Buzzy Bavasi, then the general manager of Montreal, let me stew. I couldn't take it any longer. I called him on the phone.

"Will you take a damn fool back again?" I asked.

"If he can win twenty games for me, why not?" Buzzy said.

In May the word came to join the Dodgers. I won seventeen games that season for Brooklyn, nineteen the following season and twenty in 1951. Then I went into the Army, missing two years.

When I got out in 1954, I couldn't get back in the pitching groove all that season. Almost every major leaguer coming out of the service experiences that, but it bothered me to have only a nine-eight record.

The first part of 1955 I was sitting on the bench, getting fat and doing no good for myself or the team. Not many people know it, but I asked to be traded. Finally I went to Alston and asked to be pitched.

"Erskine, Meyer and Podres are going too good," he told me. "I can't work you into the rotation."

This was on a Monday, May second. He pulled a schedule out of his pocket, studied it awhile and then told me he'd start me on Friday night in Philadelphia. That satisfied me.

On Thursday in Brooklyn, though, when I came back to the clubhouse after doing some running before a game with the Cardinals, coach Joe Becker said I was down to pitch batting practice. I told him that couldn't be so, because I was starting against the Phillies the next day.

"I guess the manager changed his mind," Joe said.

I went in to argue it out with Alston. "Why don't you just take off your uniform and go home?" he said.

I was steaming. "All right, I will!" I yelled, and stormed out of his office.

When Campy saw what I was doing, he said, "Boy, don't take that uniform off. Don't ever take it off until a game's over."

Jackie Robinson, who probably knows me better than anybody, heard about it when he came in from the field. "You know you're doing wrong," he advised me.

But I left anyway. After I got home I received a telegram from Bavasi telling me I was suspended and would be fined. I called Bavasi at his home that night.

"You get down to the office the first thing in the morning," he ordered. "This is going to cost you."

When I saw Buzzy the next day he took me over the coals. I was reinstated, but I was fined $350, which was withheld from my salary. I rejoined the club that same night in Philadelphia and pitched two hitless innings in relief. From there on, things started going right again.

It was a lesson I haven't forgotten, but my temper—or is it really my pride?—still keeps getting me into trouble. When I cool off I'm ashamed of what I've done.

I made a damn fool of myself again last September twenty-sixth, when Sandy Amoros dropped a fly ball behind me against the Phillies. It was just a day that nothing was going right. I was pitching with two days' rest—The Man didn't make me pitch, but we had nobody else—and I didn't have a thing. I was mad, and I took it out on poor Sandy.

The error started a three-run rally. I came back to the dugout burning. "Why don't you get somebody out there who can catch a fly ball?" I yelled at Alston.

Right away Carl Furillo took up for Sandy. "You know the little guy's trying," Furillo said. I yelled something back at him and went down the dugout steps to get a smoke and cool out.

Nobody had to tell me I was wrong. As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I was sorry I said them. The next day, when I got to the ball park, Jackie grabbed me and said, "You go and apologize to Amoros. He's feeling terrible about it. It's all over the papers."

By that time Sandy was in uniform out at the batting cage. As soon as I got dressed I went out to him. He's a Cuban and speaks very little English, but I told him, "I didn't mean what I said. I was just mad, but I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry I caused you any embarrassment."

That was good enough for Sandy and good enough for Alston. A lot of fans wouldn't accept my apology as sincere. When I started the last game of the season, couldn't finish it and Amoros won it with two homers, people started writing me the worst kind of letters.

That game won the pennant for us, and I was credited with my twenty-seventh victory. This was another time when I took a sleeping pill before a game, but was unable to sleep. Those weren't the Yankees either. They were the Pirates, whom I'd already beaten five times during the season. The fifth time was on September twenty-third. That was when my troubles started. It was one of the toughest games I ever experienced. We were in first place by only .002 as the game began in a drizzle. If I was the kind of guy who wilted in the big ones or looked for an exit any time it got rough, this sure was the spot. It was dark and miserable and windy.

The lights had to be turned on in the fourth inning. The rain started coming down in buckets, and by 3:45—an hour and fifteen minutes after the start—time had to be called. After an hour's wait, the game was resumed with the field and the mound slippery and muddy, and rain still coming down. In the sixth inning the game was held up for another hour.

At the top of the ninth the game was suspended because of the seven P.M. Sunday curfew in Pennsylvania. By then I had warmed up three times, changed my shirt twice and been rubbed to keep my arm from stiffening in the damp cold. I pitched and sat around for four-and-three-quarter hours. The manager asked me if I wanted relief each time play started again, but I told him I'd go as long as I could get them out.

That was my only interest then, just as it always is—getting the other guys out so we can win. My record tells that, and my team believes that. Take last July, when we hit a bad slump. We lost five in a row—one in Philadelphia and four in Milwaukee—and Pee Wee said to me before I went out to pitch, "Get us out of this, Newk." And I did.

Earlier in the season we had a four-game losing streak and a three-game losing streak. In between and at both ends I pitched and won—the only three victories for the Dodgers over a stretch of ten games.

They say I can't win the close ones or beat the top teams. Well, I beat the Braves twice, shutting them out 3–0 in one game. I beat the Redlegs twice, once by a 2–1 score when we got a run in the ninth, after being tied all the way from the fourth inning. I had a streak where I won seventeen out of eighteen games. In the one game I lost, the score was 1–0. Johnny Antonelli, of the Giants, pitched a two-hit shutout against us, and Willie Mays hit me for a homer.

If the end of the season is considered the more important part, then let's break it down that way. Up to July twentieth I had a 4.03 earned-run average and a twelve-five record in nineteen games. From July twentieth to the end of the year I had a 2.20 earned-run average and a fifteen-two record in nineteen games.

Were any of those games unimportant in a pennant race that was decided by a single game? Do you wonder that I got burned up when that parking-lot attendant yelled at me during the Series that I had no guts?

I'd heard that voice before, yelling the same stuff. It's not only what somebody says but how he says it. I asked the guy to repeat what he'd said, and we had some words. I pushed him more than punched him. I guess I had to let it out some way.

Later, when we were in my car with a police officer, after he pressed a complaint against me, I said to him, "You've yelled at me like that before."

"Sure," he said, "but you never got mad before."

"I got reason to get mad today," I told him. I think I've got reason to be mad any time I hear that kind of talk. In six seasons I've won 112 games for the Dodgers and lost forty-eight. There were some big ones in my losings, but there were a lot more big ones in my winnings.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Boston Gets a Winner
Inside Story of the Celtics' Surge

The Worst Crime Doesn't Pay
From Official Files: How the FBI Tracks Down Kidnapers

I Shipped on a Supertanker
Voyage on a Sea Giant Carrying Vital and Dangerous Oil

Operating Room
Surgeons at Work

IN COLOR:

They Patrol the North Front
Norway's Determined Air Warriors

How's Your Telephone Etiquette?
The Money
Our Bad Manners
Waste

An Exciting New Novel:
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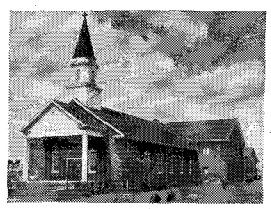

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Builder of this Chicago *Tribune* prize home says, "We like thermostatic control in every room, with modulating heat; also greater economy, and heating units that blend into walls."

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The Peaceful Rebellion

(Continued from Page 39)

Kenneth, a strapping young Negro, loafing in his usual spot under the maple. Uncle Dave exchanged greetings with them and began his slow work on the shrubbery. Then, knowing he shouldn't tell Jake and Kenneth of his project, he told them.

They laughed.

Kenneth sat up straight under the maple to jeer at Uncle Dave: "You. You real big. You real big tourist, you are. Why, man, you be taking off for Florida next." And he laughed, as Uncle Dave had expected, but in an unexpected way, with an edge on the laughter and a look in the squinting eyes that the old man could recognize but could not name then.

They called Uncle Dave a big joker, a crazy man. Their ridicule rolled off his bent back. He simply thought: *Them too. Gwine be hard enough gitting there without the whole world bucking me.* And he worked on—in silence.

At lunchtime, when he and Jake were at the toolshed, stowing away shears and clippers, Jake turned to him and said, "Looka here, man. You was born in Lee County. And lived all your days in Lee County. And you better stay in Lee County."

Uncle Dave made a minute adjustment to his browning Panama and said for the first time, "Shecks, Jake, it's just a little trip." And he moved off, not knowing whether he'd kept the being afraid out of his voice.

He didn't pause for the midday meal; he had something else on his mind. He walked down the shaded sidewalk to the corner, to Mrs. Johnson's house, and around the house to the back door.

In answer to his knock, a largish woman with stringy brown hair bustled onto the back porch proclaiming: "I declare, it's Uncle Dave. What're you doing here this time of day, Uncle Dave? Nothing wrong with Mrs. Buchanan, I hope."

"Nome. They's nothing wrong with Miss Hattie."

"Well, that's grand, that's just fine," Mrs. Johnson said and kept on gushing until Uncle Dave saw a break and put in:

"Wondering if you have any odd jobs need doing, Mizz Johnson?"

"We-l-l-l, Uncle Dave ——" She was speaking more slowly now, and eying the old Negro. He wondered if his plan would fail. "I just don't know," the woman said; "I declare I don't. Can't Mrs. Buchanan keep you busy these days?"

"Yassum, 'deed so. Miss Hattie keep us busy. But I just thought ——" His voice trailed off.

Mrs. Johnson gave no help. She waited.

"Well'um, truth is—I could use a little extra money," Uncle Dave said, looking straight at Mrs. Johnson, and getting a piercing look in return and a stern question.

"Are you in trouble, Uncle Dave?"

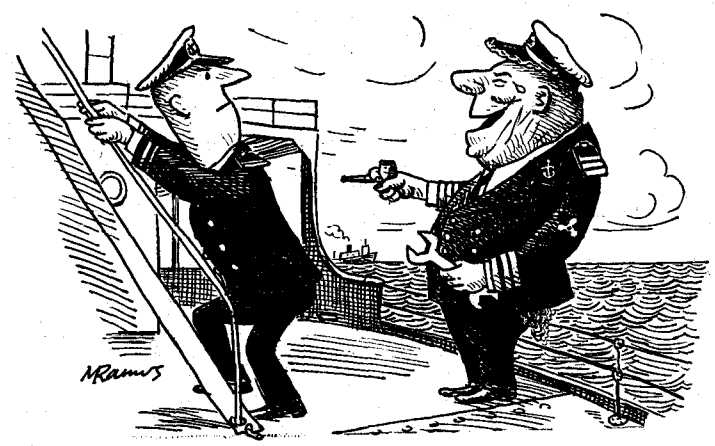
"Nome, nome. I ain't never been in no trouble. I stays out of trouble."

"We-l-l-l," Mrs. Johnson said and paused, studying him again. "Well, the back yard does need mowing."

"Yassum, I'm a good mower."

"All rightie, Uncle Dave. You go ahead and do a good job on the grass, and I'll give you a quarter and an old shirt of Mr. Johnson's."

Uncle Dave beamed. "Yassum; thank y'mam."



The Perfect Squelch

Throughout the voyage, the chief engineer, a sharp-tongued man who was always in search of a victim, hazed the new second mate unmercifully. He recounted every instance of error and stupidity on the part of young mates that he had met in his long years at sea. And when the ship lagged behind schedule, he suggested that it was due to the "greenhorn" second mate's poor navigation.

On the last day, with ninety miles to go to reach Hawaii, but land not yet in sight, the chief engineer cornered the young mate at table and announced for the benefit of all present:

"According to my fuel-consumption reports, we are—or ought to be—tied up at the dock in Honolulu right now."

"No doubt you're right, chief," the second mate said dryly, "so why don't you step over the side and go ashore?"

F. M. Read

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The bed felt good to the old man that night, after the day's extra work and after Jake and Kenneth and Miss Hattie's inquiring looks and the questions and jibes of the people who lived in the shacks around him.

"You must be plumb crazy," the fellow from next door told him. His great body was sprawled across Uncle Dave's tiny, tottering porch, his head propped against the gray side of the shack. "Nobody like you and me," the man said, "got any business trying such a trick. Nossir. Specially when they's eighty-six-year-old."

Others, lounging around the porch, chimed in.

"Mr. John D. Rockefeller, thass what."

"Yeah. You don't see none of us taking such trips." There it was: the same edge that had been in Kenneth's voice. "It's five, six hundred mile up there."

"Aw, man. I likes it, living next to a body can take trips to New York. Gives the neighborhood class."

"Yeah. The crazy class, thass what kinda class."

Mulling it over, getting ready for sleep, Uncle Dave counted off the things he had to fight to make his trip. He saw his own fear, rising from his not ever having gone anywhere, wanted anything big in eighty-six years. And he said to himself: *It's just a little trip*. He saw the protection imposed by Miss Hattie, and he knew this was to be expected since his age and race made him peculiarly liable to protection, and knew the only thing he could do was show the enduring patience at which he'd had much practice. And he saw ——

What?

The thing he'd heard in Kenneth's voice and on his porch tonight, breaking out from his own people like unhealthy sweat.

And then he knew what that was too. *You don't see none of us taking such trips.* He gave his head a shake, not sadly, but simply recognizing the spark of discontent and knowing that was a feeling Negroes had to learn to do without. Again he shook his head, thinking, *I never meant to overstep*, simply stating a fact and then going on: *I wanna go, and Ise gwine.*

But the next day Mrs. Johnson had no work for him at lunchtime.

She stood on her back porch, shaking her fat, round head, saying, "I declare I'm sorry, Uncle Dave, but there just doesn't seem to be a thing to do right now."

"Yassum." Uncle Dave squinted up at the woman, puzzled, sensing an uneasiness in her. "Yestiddy you said your garden'd need weeding out."

"Well, I declare, did I say that?" They both knew she had. "I just don't see how I could've said that 'cause I don't believe my garden needs weeding at all."

"Yassum," Uncle Dave said quietly, turning as if to leave, then stopping and staring off into space. "I 'magine I could git that garden looking nice. I 'magine it'd look nice enough to win the Garden Club prize."

He felt, rather than saw, the frown on the woman's face, then heard it in her voice as she began: "I've got a great notion —— No. No, I just can't do it. I can't give you the job."

"Why not, please mam?" Uncle Dave asked, knowing that he could be bold now.

"'Cause Mrs. Buchanan asked me not to."

Uncle Dave stood immobile a moment. Then he nodded slightly and started off around the house, in that almost mincing walk that seemed to require a cane. He went across the neatly trimmed front lawn, past the big oaks sheltering the walkway, under the sweet-smelling mimosa at the corner of the yard, and into the dust of the sidewalk that led to Miss Hattie's house.

There he stepped through the back porch and kitchen into the great hall, going into the front part of the house for perhaps the third or fourth time in the seventy years he'd worked there. He found Miss Hattie in the library, reading a novel, and saw her straighten in surprise as he walked in and said, "Miss Hattie,"

and stopped, not knowing exactly what he was going to say or do.

His employer frowned and removed her glasses. "I am not accustomed to being broken in on like this," she said to him crisply.

"Yassum, I knows," Uncle Dave admitted.

"What do you want?"

Uncle Dave dropped his eyes, not knowing how to proceed, and studied the rich green carpet, looking elegant and soft to the foot. He could still make a lawn look like that, he thought. And then he knew what he would say. He raised his head. "Miss Hattie, ain't you satisfied with my work?"

The woman's eyebrows rose. "Why, yes, I'm satisfied."

"Well, then, please mam—why won't you lemme work for Mizz Johnson?"

Miss Hattie closed her book and rose to face him, her jaw set. "Because I know why you want that extra money. I also know you haven't any business in the world going to New York. I know all this, even if you don't. Therefore, I did what I had to do, and that's that."

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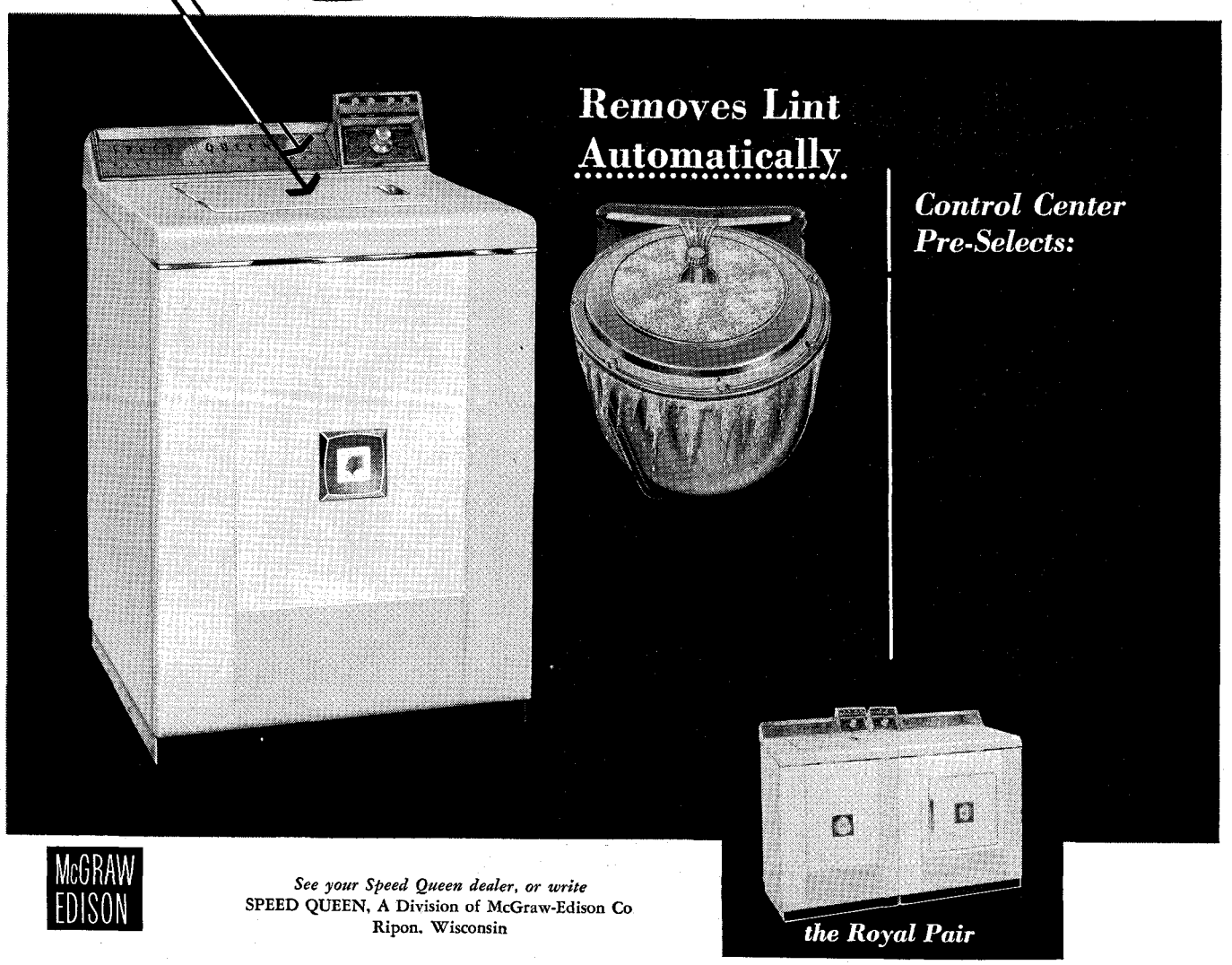

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Uncle Dave shook his head, but not impatiently, not sadly, and said: "I wan't harming nobody, Miss Hattie."

"No one but yourself," she retorted. "This is for your own good, and that's that."

The old Negro knew that tone and those words, and accepted what they meant. With only a "Yassum," he left the room.

His weekly pay was given and accepted in silence that evening, and when he got to his small home, he hurried to the tobacco tin and dropped in two dollars. Quickly he clapped the lid on and returned the tin to its hiding place. With dragging feet then, he walked toward the bed, reaching into the pocket of his dusty gray coat for a plug of tobacco and into his pants pocket for a knife, in automatic movements bringing them both out and starting to cut off a chew. But he stopped and looked at the plug. He held it and the knife in his thin, wrinkled hands, studying it thoughtfully for a moment, and finally returning it to his coat pocket. Then he retraced his steps to the curtained cupboard, thinking, *Them shoes can wait, and that can, too*, and dropped another dime in the tin. He sighed, thinking, *Small pleasure pass by when a big one you eye*, and returned to the bed and sank down on it, letting the ache run down his body and into the soft place surrounding his skinny buttocks. *Gotta git up and git these clothes off.* He lay back and fell asleep at once.

The next week Uncle Dave got a job after work helping Mr. Wooten load watermelons on the big trucks that came through to buy the melons for city stores. Mr. Wooten said it would be a regular job for the season.

So Uncle Dave went to his preacher and got him to write a letter. To Delaney, saying (Did he really believe it? Was he no longer afraid?) he was coming to New York.

And that was a milestone.

But it was only two days later that Mr. Wooten told Uncle Dave he didn't need any more help. He gave no reason. The old Negro said only, "Yassuh," and walked home.

He didn't ask Miss Hattie about this, but went on working around her house and putting every cent he could into the tobacco tin until it and another one had been filled. The days grew shorter, and the sun drew farther away from Lee County, and the nights became chill in Uncle Dave's shack. But at night he was too tired to pay much attention to the cold. Finally a neighbor came and made him put in some firewood.

As he was stacking the wood by his fireplace one evening, he decided to get out his third tobacco tin and check his progress, having nothing to put in, but carrying out a nightly ritual. He moved to the faded, flowered curtain, smiling to himself, and reached past it into the cupboard. His hand closed on air. The tin wasn't there. He flung back the cloth and thrust both hands into the cupboard. All the tins were gone.

"Halp!" he cried.

As if in answer, the shack began to shake with the tread of heavy feet on the little porch. Uncle Dave looked around to see Mrs. Baby Hairston filling the doorway.

"Mizz Hairston, Ise done been robbed. We's gotta git the po-lice."

Mrs. Hairston raised a huge hand and boomed: "Po-lice ain't gwine help us. And you know it."

"But they done took my money," Uncle Dave persisted.

"Brother Passimmon, hush and set down," the woman ordered quietly, but in somewhat the same tone as Miss Hattie's, of one accustomed to obedience. For Mrs. Baby Hairston was self-appointed matriarch of Uncle Dave's church, and she'd never brooked any trifling with her authority.

"Yassum," Uncle Dave said, sinking onto his bed.

Mrs. Hairston turned sideways so she could get through the door, and slowly moved into the shack and over to a bench beneath a window and moored herself there. Slowly, calmly, she looked around the room's gray and brown and black walls that had never known paint or wallpaper, and at the tiny fireplace with its missing brick, and at the cupboard laid open by Uncle Dave. Finally she let her gaze settle on the old man.

Taking his cue, Uncle Dave asked: "Mizz Hairston, what's I gwine do?"

"Give up this fool trip, thass what. Just like everybody been telling you to do."

"But ——"

"Heed your friends," she rumbled on, "and harken unto the words of them that love you. Put your mind to what the Book say. Fools take such trips as angels wouldn't go on for nothing."

Uncle Dave could think of only one thing: "But why'd they have to take my money?"

"'Cause I told 'em to."

The old man jerked erect in astonishment.

But Mrs. Baby Hairston looked as placid as if she'd just reported on a visit to the preacher. "I told Jake and Kenneth to come here and git that money."

"But," Uncle Dave protested, "thass stealing."

"Protecting is my word for it," Mrs. Hairston intoned, nodding her huge head, making her whole body shake. "Protecting you from your own foolishness. You don't belong to go on any such trip as that. And if you don't know it by now, it's time for us to take a hand."

Uncle Dave gave his head a shake, but the protest was gone now and he was ready to be patient about even this, knowing that this woman had some of the feeling Miss Hattie had about him, with some of the other feeling, the envy, mixed in. But he also knew it was now time for him to speak.

"Mizz Hairston, what for y'all gotta do this? What for y'all gotta decide what's best for me? Look like you'd lemme decide myself." And knowing it was also time for some explanation, he added: "It's the first time I ever really wanted something big."

Mrs. Hairston stirred. Uncle Dave saw the stirring ripple across her vast, placid face, but he couldn't see the picture that rose before her eyes—the picture of a car, big, shiny and black, with gleaming hubcaps—blotting out Uncle Dave and the dingy walls of his shack, glistening in its pristine beauty, shiny and black and well-remembered, and, wondrously, bearing on its side the words *I wanted something big*—words that could be read and understood by the woman who read them.

The mountainous Mrs. Hairston rose. She placed one hand over her left breast and, looking down on Uncle Dave, said: "Then I s'pose you're refusing my advice, Brother Passimmon?"

Uncle Dave met her gaze steadily, understanding that something had happened and the woman was now putting up a show. He said quietly: "I just wants my money back."

"You can git it back in the morning from Jake," Mrs. Hairston said. Nodding good night, she began moving sideways, like some giant and sluggish crab,

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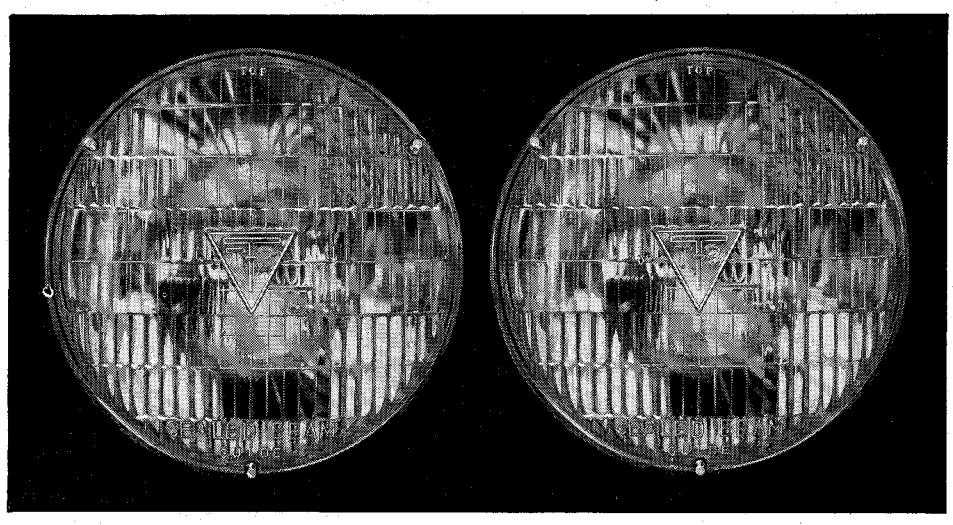

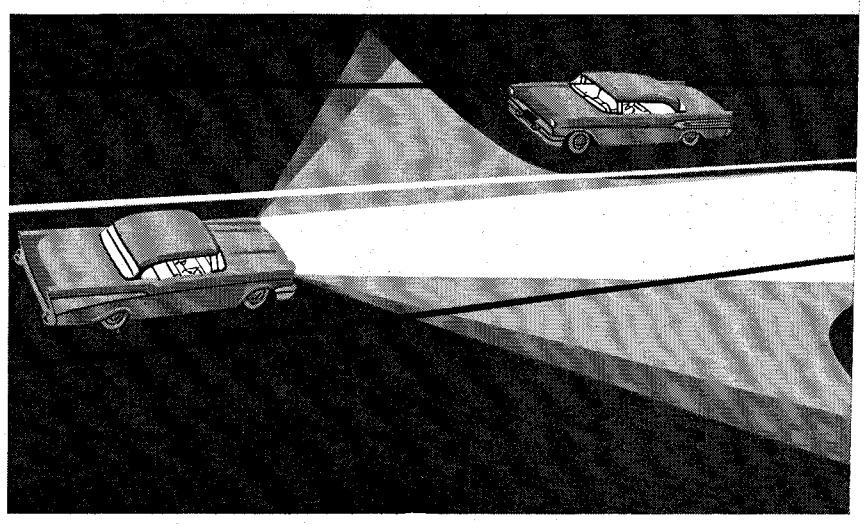

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across the room and through the door and into the cool evening air.

And so, in the morning's still-clean sunlight, Uncle Dave walked gingerly into Miss Hattie's yard a little earlier than usual. But he found Jake already there, because he hadn't really hurried. He crossed the lawn in his step-and-step way to where Jake was bending over at the tool shed and announced: "Jake, I wants my money."

Jake straightened up slowly, not looking at Uncle Dave and not saying anything, shuffling his feet.

Uncle Dave understood. "Jake, Mizz Baby Hairston done told me to git my money."

At that, Jake nodded. He went to Miss Hattie's back porch and returned carrying three tobacco tins. Without a word, he handed them to Uncle Dave.

"Thank ya," the old man said, formally, but with some dryness. He started to move away, then stopped as he felt Jake's hand on his arm.

"Looka here," Jake said earnestly; "us done been friends a long time. And I ain't gwine kid with you no more about this here trip. I asks you—what business you got traipsing off to New York? I asks you. Man, thass a big place. Too big for you and me. And you know our white folks don't like us to go up North."

Now Uncle Dave faced his friend, knowing it was again time for him to speak, beginning: "Jake, I thanks ya. I thinks you one who done meant what he say. Meant it from the heart." He waited for Jake's nod, then continued: "We done been friends a long time, you right. Now Ise gwine tell *you* something. This here is—it's just a little trip. But I got a big longing for it. It's like all through a man's life—all the time—he gits longings. He gits 'em, or they git him. They just come. Some of 'em are little. Some of 'em big longings. Now, some kind of man—he ain't 'lowed to have big longings. But I got me one. I ain't never—not never in my life—tried to do nothing I wan't 'lowed to do. But Ise trying now. Ain't fighting nobody. Ain't trying to hurt nobody. Just trying to go. 'You old,' they say. 'You old.' Then it's about time, I say. Me and this big longing—we's gwine to New York."

He stopped then, looking around, knowing there was something more to be said. "Where's that Kenneth?"

Many a marriage turns into a triangle because someone didn't know where to draw the line. CY N. PEACE

"Out working on Miss Hattie's farm," Jake replied, adding: "Likker work."

"'Deed so," Uncle Dave agreed. "Now Ise gwine tell you something to tell Kenneth. And the others—tell them. This here ain't just my trip. It's anybody's trip. Who'll work for it. And save for it. What Ise trying to do ain't hurting nobody—white or black. And I ain't scared."

And the old man walked away, the tobacco tins warming his hands. He figured his speech would be reported to Miss Hattie, and a few days later, as he was oiling the lawn mower in the back yard, he heard her footsteps approaching.

"Uncle Dave."

He raised up and nodded politely. "Yassum, Miss Hattie."

"Uncle Dave, you —— Are you still planning on going to see Delaney?"

"Yassum, 'deed so. I got quite a bit saved up already."

"So I hear," the woman said, and tilted her head so that the sunlight reflected off the flat lenses of her glasses. "Have you sent word to Delaney?"

"Yassum. The Reverent—he done wrote a letter for me. And Delaney—she done sent me a letter right back. She say she gwine meet me, and she and that husband gwine show me all round New York. And that child done sent me some money."

Miss Hattie breathed in sharply and asked, "Don't you think that's too hard a trip for you?"

Uncle Dave frowned. But his words didn't falter. "Nome, I can make it. I figger there's one strut left in everybody. And I figger Ise gwine have me one big time."

"Perhaps," the woman said and wheeled around to go.

"Miss Hattie?"

"Yes?"

"Miss Hattie, can I please git my jobs back with Mizz Johnson and Mist' Wooten?"

"No. And that's that."

Uncle Dave nodded and said "Yassum" to her departing back, having known she would refuse and knowing that, if he got the money, if he won, she would be gracious in defeat, even generous. He returned to his work, thinking about how she had asked questions, and he began to hum, softly, to himself.

It was on the following night that the third tin was filled. After that, he gave up chewing tobacco altogether. In three weeks another tin was jammed to the top with coins, and before Christmas the fifth was full. He didn't give much to the church at New Year's, but he didn't hear of any complaints from Mrs. Baby Hairston. In fact, it had been a long time since he'd heard of any complaints from anybody.

The bleak winter weeks rolled steadily along, moving surely if reluctantly into spring. But Uncle Dave knew nothing of that since he measured time by tobacco tins, going every night, still in Panama hat and gray, baggy coat, to the cupboard and pulling the curtain aside, and counting the passage of time only as the sixth tin was passed and then the seventh. The passing of that seventh one—the "lucky seventh"—was another milestone, an occasion that must be marked, and he spoke of it quietly, not boastfully, but simply as something that must be spoken of, and got from his neighbors in return smiles and words that were friendly but rather absent, as if they were hearing of something they believed in but realized probably would never happen, like a fairy tale. And Uncle Dave, seeing this, felt no wonder or elation, but merely noted that time had also passed and he'd won that fight.

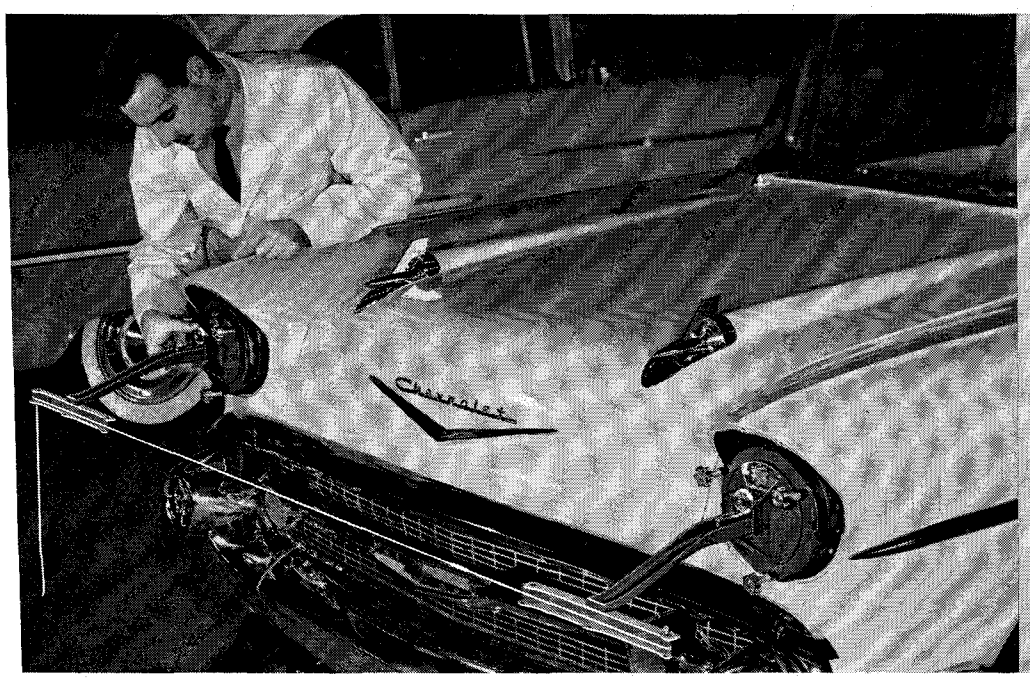
Then, a day or so later, as he was working in Miss Hattie's tulip bed, her Negro cook, Dardenelle, stuck her head out the back door to tell him Miss Hattie wanted him inside.

The old man pulled out one more weed before he stood up—slowly. *Here 'tis*, he thought, *the last row to hoe. Ise done all I could, Delaney.*

He pulled his shoulders up and stuck out his chin, but the weed fell from his trembling fingers as he started toward the back porch. Then he was moving, somehow, through the house, walking carefully, remembering to doff his hat, and entering the library, glancing down briefly at the rug, the green rug, and then meeting Miss Hattie's gaze directly.

"How are you, Uncle Dave?" She spoke stiffly, measuring him with her eyes.

FERENCE



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"Feeling fine, Miss Hattie, 'deed so."

"I haven't noticed ——" she began, still stiff and straight. "Have you given up chewing?"

"Way back, yassum."

Miss Hattie studied him a moment longer, and Uncle Dave saw that she understood what giving up tobacco had cost him, and he supposed she was adding this to the other things she knew about him and his trip and was studying over the sum.

She turned aside. *She's making up her mind,* the old Negro thought. And on his employer's decision hung the last possible obstacle to his trip.

He waited. His gaze wandered out the bay window to the side yard and on to the white picket fence that defined Miss Hattie's property, and stopped there. He wouldn't allow his eyes—or his thoughts—to travel any farther. Not now.

He spotted a movement out of the corner of his eye. He brought his gaze back to Miss Hattie. She was facing him now. And she was smiling.

She asked, "How are you going to New York?"

Uncle Dave beamed. Yet tears gathered in the bottom of his eyes and pushed upward. He pushed back, as he thought: *Ise won.* She'd said *how* and not *whether.* She'd smiled. *Thass all, ain't it?* And now he allowed anticipation to quiver through him briefly, and he said: "Well, Miss Hattie, it's this way. First I thought I'd go on the train. But look like it's gwine take forever to save up enough money to go on the train. So I figgered I'd go on the bus."

Miss Hattie smiled again and, for some reason, jerked off her glasses and said quickly, "I have an old suitcase of Doctor Buchanan's up in the attic, and I wondered if you'd like to take it."

"Yassum, sure would," Uncle Dave said.

And he allowed himself for the first time to see the bus running to New York with him on it.

Miss Hattie gave him the suitcase and, the week before he was to leave, bought him a white summer suit and a pair of white shoes. She took all the pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters and got them changed into dollars, and from that hoard bought him a round-trip ticket to New York.

This whirl of preparation left Uncle Dave rather confused. After all his weeks and months of painful work and saving, the climax seemed to be coming too fast. And he found himself whispering over and over, "I told Jake I wan't scared."

Then, somehow, the day had come, and Jake was slipping him a dollar and saying, "Send me a pos'card, man," and Uncle Dave was standing there in his new white suit beside the bus, dazzled by the sun's reflection on its gleaming sides, and trying to get up that first step.

Then the driver was reaching for his ticket, and Uncle Dave was letting it go, saying, "Ise gwine to New York."

"I can tell by the ticket," the driver snapped, tearing it in two.

Uncle Dave gasped. He clambered into the bus to rescue his ticket, holding out one black claw, dragging his suitcase along with the other. "Please, suh," he said.

But the driver didn't hear. He was busy with the ticket. Absently he ordered: "Move on to the back."

"Yassuh," Uncle Dave mumbled, not knowing what to do, not knowing, by now, which way was back. He was having some trouble with his breathing too. He took one hesitant step, and looked into a field of faces—white faces and black faces, all unfamiliar. And all looking at his suitcase because it had suddenly, embarrassingly grown so heavy. He set it down in the aisle and pulled out a bandana to wipe the sweat off his palms. This he did by feel, since the butter churning in his head was blurring his vision and all he could see were questions—questions.

What's I on? Who's these here people? Where's I think Ise gwine?

"Here!" Uncle Dave jumped. "Here," the driver repeated—"your ticket."

The old man reached out uncertainly. But it was Miss Hattie who got the ticket. She was there beside him in the bus, standing straight and stiff. Then she was pressing the ticket into his hand, along with some crisp pieces of paper, and saying in her special tone of command, "Don't lose these, Uncle Dave."

Next she turned to the driver and, in the same tone, said, "Driver, this old man is eighty-seven years old, and he's making his first trip to New York. Therefore, he'll need special attention from you and all the people in your organization."

The driver's eyes blinked. "Yes, ma'am," he murmured.

Coolly, Miss Hattie examined both men—the small black twig in its white blossoms and the uniformed husky behind the wheel. And her gaze seemed to bring them both together, as if they were now a team, going on an expedition. To the driver she said, "With his spirit and your experience, I don't see how anything can stop you."

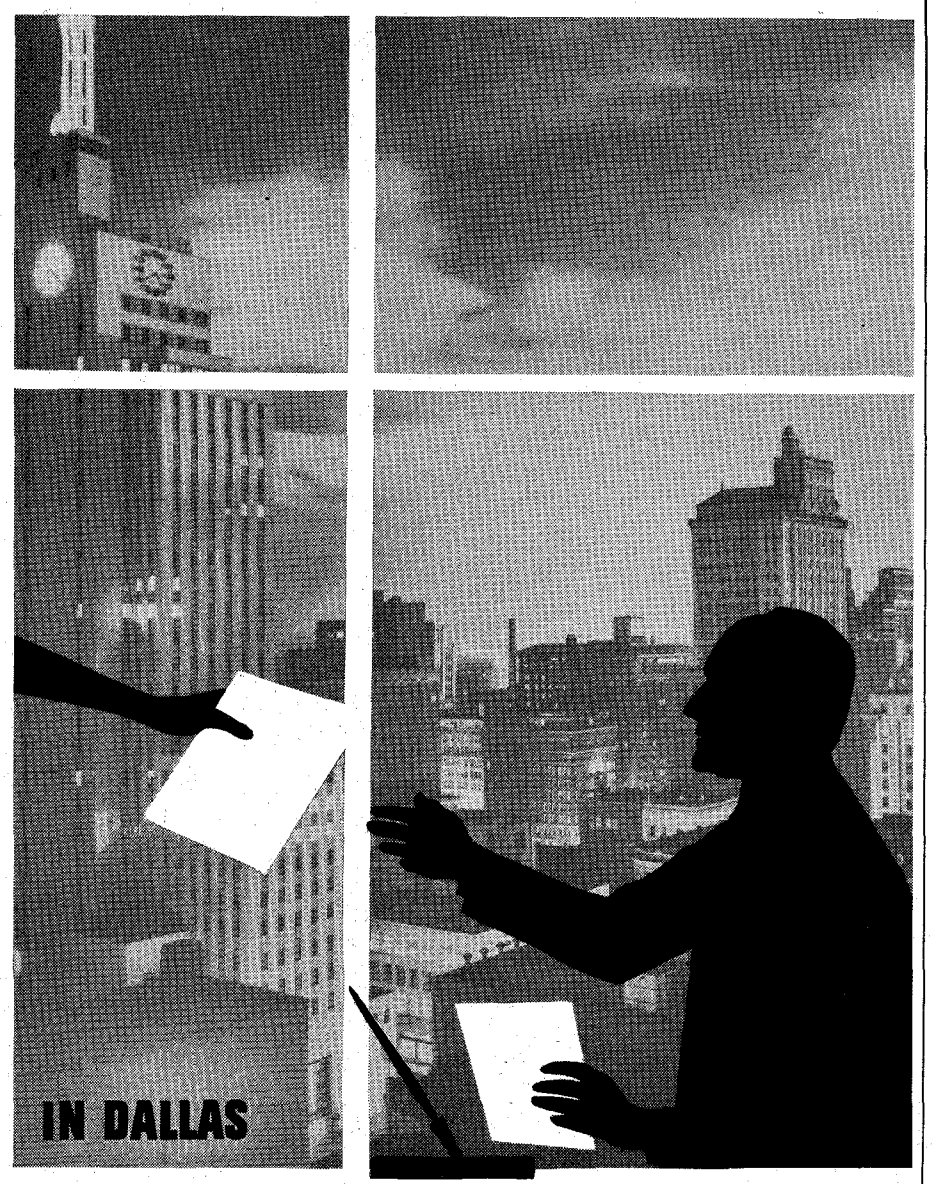
"No, ma'am," the driver said, speaking briskly now. "We'll make it."

"But—Miss Hattie," Uncle Dave stammered, "you usta say —— Don't you think mebbe ——"

"Nonsense," she cut him off. "I know," she went on, stressing each word, "you have worked long and hard for this, Uncle Dave. But"—and now she smiled at him, warmly—"after all, it's just a little trip."

The old man didn't hear her words at first. He was letting that smile sink in. And then the words penetrated too. And he realized that all he'd ever needed was for someone else to say them. For the first time that day he felt his face cracking into a grin. And the grin kept spreading until it seemed to reflect the blazing white of his new suit. And Uncle Dave said, "Thass right—it's just a little trip."

THE END



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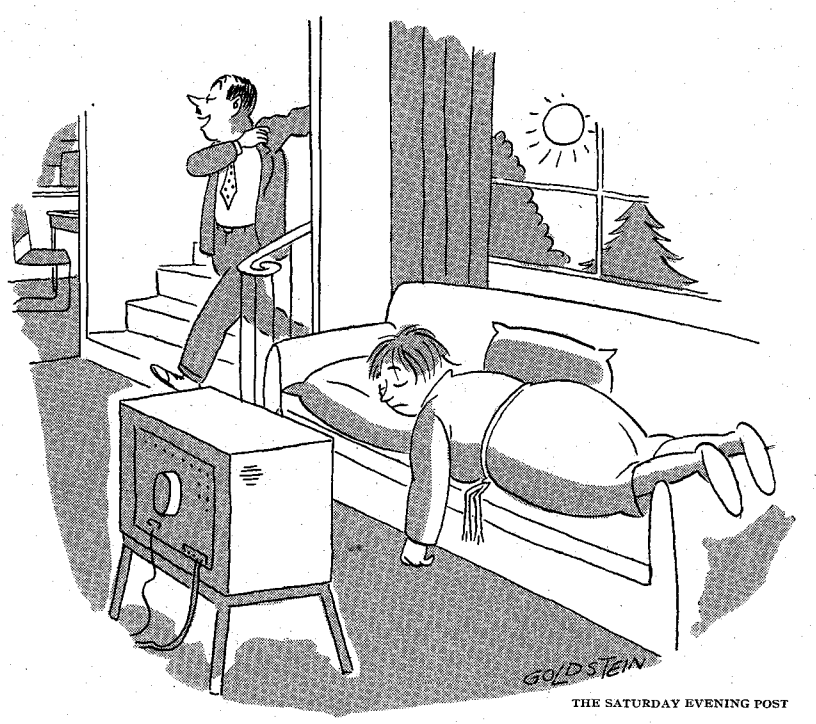

"How was the late late show?"

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Inside Defiant Poland (Continued from Page 19)

know where they are going, but they are on a road that will either change the entire European balance of power or end in world-shaking disaster.

No one knows better than the men in the Kremlin how dangerous this is to their system of world Communism. The Soviets must be greatly tempted to use their immense power to re-establish their dominance. Their first threat of violence failed last October, but the more subtle devices of intrigue and subversion have by no means been exhausted. Outwardly, Moscow has officially accepted the new regime and given it some economic support. However, behind the scenes Moscow's men in Poland are trying to turn back the clock.

The present situation is as dangerous as it is novel. There is no doubt that the Poles would fight Soviet intervention. They are a nation of 26,000,000 people, with a loyal, powerful army. Their struggle would make Hungary seem like a minor skirmish. The Polish revolution is not a legal fiction; it is a matter of life or death. Astonishing changes have already taken place. One of the most important is the revolt of youth against Communist thought control. Polish young people today—despite all the brainwashings of the past—have an insatiable appetite for facts and demand full freedom of ideas.

The student dormitories at the universities of Warsaw and Breslau (Wroclaw)—and probably others as well—tune in Western stations like Radio Free Europe, and appreciate unvarnished news. But the thoughts that animate the student generation have not come from outside. They were born of bitter experience.

Early last December some 1500 young Communists assembled in the red-plush-and-gilt magnificence of the Palace of Culture and Science—a thirty-story gingerbread monstrosity which Stalin planted in the heart of Warsaw. Ironically enough, they had come there to tear down their gilded political cage, to break up the Stalinist monopoly youth organization, the ZMP. In its place they established, among others, a Revolutionary Youth Association (RZM) whose title alone must have made Stalin turn in his tomb. This revolution is directed against reactionary, orthodox Communism.

"The ZMP," declared the congress, "was the incarnation of Stalinism. Its aim was to falsify and minimize existing contradictions, to neutralize the political aspirations of youth, to educate blind and obedient instruments—unthinking robots." And it continued with the remarkable statement, "The RZM is fully independent. We are not the auxiliary of any party. However, we want to act in accordance with the line of the Marxist party of the working class, reserving the right to interpret the party line and influence the shaping of this line."

Probably not since the birth of a Communist youth movement has youth demanded the freedom to help mold the party line. But Polish youth, and especially students, are in a revolutionary frame of mind. In the big auditorium of Warsaw University one afternoon, at a pre-election rally, I watched a young man win the enthusiastic applause of 250 students with a speech against the immorality and corruption of the one-party system and for freedom of political choice in the interests of a better life.

Another experience showed even more pointedly how compelling is youth's desire for freedom. Late one evening last December I sat in a dim, Spartan little room with eight or nine students. The latest issues of two student periodicals had just been suppressed by the censorship for being too anti-Soviet. They had contained articles on Hungary—and one had featured a cartoon showing Khrushchev and Bulganin signing batches of declarations, with the caption to the effect that actions speak louder than words. This issue would have appeared just before the conclusion of the Polish-Soviet treaty on the presence of Soviet troops in Poland, and the young editors had been instructed from on high to flip their cigarette butts somewhere else than into an open powder barrel. But the youngsters were highly indignant.

As I joined the group an earnest-looking girl was saying, "It's absolute nonsense to say that a newspaper must follow the party line. A paper has got to have its own policy. That's the only way to work." All agreed.

A young man added, "We're in for a tough time, and not only from the Natolin bunch (the name for the Stalinist forces inside the Communist leadership). There are plenty of others who say they're behind Gomulka, but who don't practice what they preach. People like Zawadzki, Ochab and Zambrowski. We're going to have to buck them."

I began to look around uneasily. It is one thing to take advantage of a more relaxed party line in talking general politics. It is quite another to attack by name three members of the Politburo, including Aleksander Zawadzki, the Chief of State, and Edward Ochab, who, as First Secretary of the party, had sided with Gomulka in the October crisis. In a

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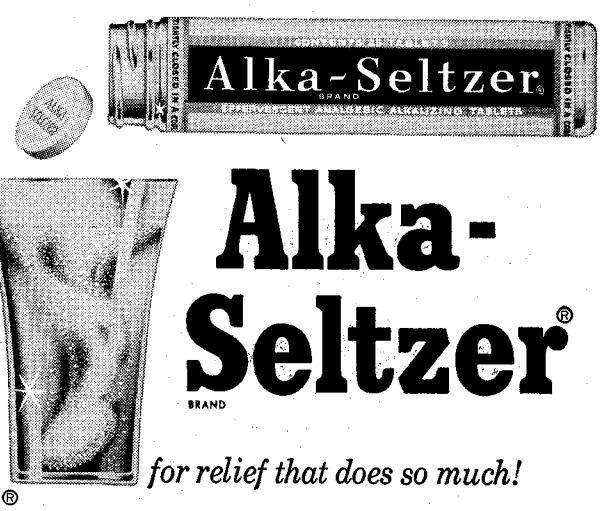

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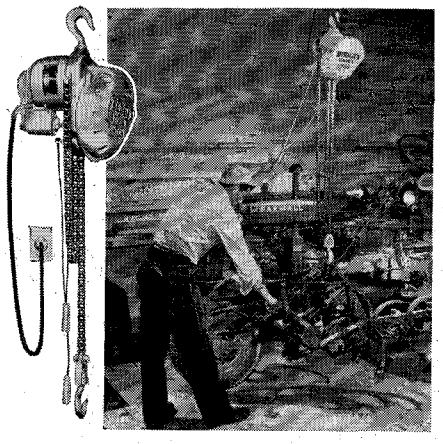

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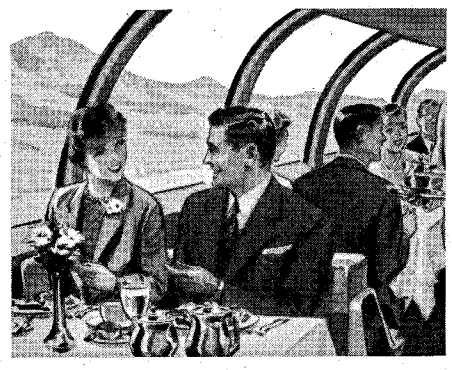

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Communist state the men at the top are taboo until they are purged—premature personal criticism is dangerous. But for all the apprehension these students showed, they might have been meeting in an American university cafeteria.

"All right," chimed in a third, a pale boy in a threadbare jacket. "Maybe they'll close us down altogether. Then we'll just open up again under a different name. And if they take away our press, we'll get the paper out with a duplicating machine, and we won't have any trouble finding readers." The group nodded agreement.

They discussed practical measures. An appeal had to be made to Gomulka himself. If that failed, there would have to be a mass demonstration. One of the group said he could get a child's coffin in which they could then bury the newspaper, together with freedom of expression.

"It's got to be perfectly clear to us all," said the earnest girl, "that more is at stake than a student paper or even students' rights. This affects the entire youth movement. They want to force us all into the same old strait jacket under another name. We can't afford to swallow that."

"No!" A boy who had been quiet all the while spoke up, a hard note in his voice. "No, they've got to see that the eighth plenum (the critical October session of the Central Committee) was only the beginning of the revolution."

"They" in both cases included Gomulka. These young people admired Gomulka, but they knew that he favored a new organization of youth along class rather than political lines. And they were afraid he might be giving in to Stalinist pressure.

At this point, having had long experience in totalitarian countries of various stripes, I turned to one of the boys who spoke English and rather nervously mumbled that criticism could go too far—weren't he and his friends in danger of talking themselves into prison?

He gave me a slightly indulgent smile and replied, "Those days are gone. We are all loyal to Poland and loyal to the party."

"What do you mean," I shot back, "loyal to the party?"

His smile broadened. "Everyone in the room except you is a Communist."

I could only shake my head.

The student has regained his traditional place in the forefront of the struggle to liberate Poland. Together with writers and other intellectuals, students give clear expression to the irrepressible human desire for freedom. At a special congress of the Writers' Union last December, a writer named Mieczyslaw Jastrun joined his colleagues in condemning the old thought control. He denounced a censorship which had, as he said, "suppressed not only the past but also such personal feelings as pessimism and sadness, considering them to be bourgeois-liberal." He continued, "Even death was suppressed. The editor of a literary weekly rejected a novel because the hero died, saying, 'A positive hero cannot die.'"

Then Jastrun turned to the present and the future in words which, with Poland in the Soviet nutcracker, were truly stirring. "Even now," he declared, "there are writers who doubt the effectiveness of the struggle for truth, for freedom of speech, because they fear the sound of tanks and the existence of nuclear weapons. They say, 'It is not worth while.' But I reply, this is untrue. It is worth while because justice must ultimately triumph, and even if this triumph is short, just as human life is short, it is worth while to live for this triumph."

These words echo the deadly struggle taking place between the liberals and the Stalinist reactionaries. When the forces of reform seized control last October, they combed out Stalinists thoroughly. Reportedly, some 15,000 drones, ranging from political commissars on fishing smacks to members of the Politburo, have been fired. They and the unemployed members of the apparently greatly shrunken secret police form a sizable disaffected minority. They are all trained in the techniques of subversion and can count on support from the Soviet Union.

Stalinist reactionaries are fighting a rear-guard action in party organizations. They seem bent on causing maximum confusion. They employ whispering campaigns against Gomulka's associates—anti-Semitism and sheer demagogy—to exacerbate any grievance.

... ...

Whistle and the World Whistles With You

By Thomas B. Congdon

I purse my lips to whistle a tune
And soon
Another guy takes up my melody
On key.

His expert warble fills the air
And leaves my sour notes hanging there.

Now, thief of tunes, I must admit your tweeter
Is sweeter
But why the sneer when you repair
My air?

For, after all, though I disguised it,
You must admit you recognized it!

... ...

But Gomulka and his friends passed their first real test with flying colors. A parliamentary election was held in January, the closest thing to a free election ever held inside the Soviet sphere. Voting was restricted to one list of about 720 candidates for the 459 seats in the Sejm, but the voter was completely free to make his choice within these limits. The voluntary turnout was enormous and, with the clear support of the Roman Catholic clergy, Gomulka's National Front candidates swept in.

On the strength of this victory, Gomulka postponed the Third Congress of the Polish United Workers' Party, and redoubled his efforts to purge the party of Stalinist elements. The process was not expected to be easy.

Violence is never far removed. The people are settling old scores. Local party tyrants and police are continually assaulted. The anti-Soviet incidents that keep flashing like heat lightning all over Poland have been most ominous.

The Stettin affair on the night of last December tenth was a lurid example of one thing leading to another. A drunk being taken to the local lockup in time-honored fashion began to shout for help to a group of people outside a bar. In a jiffy, the police were beaten up and the man set free. Then, as though a well-organized plan were unfolding, the crowd barricaded the main streets and split into separate groups. Some harassed police stations, the local jail and the prosecutor's office, but the main body advanced on the Soviet consulate. There the demonstrators cleared a high wall, broke into the building and demolished files and furnishings.

In other cities Soviet soldiers have been manhandled and military vehicles set on fire. Their presence in Poland is bitterly resented. The Poles have built up a deep hatred and contempt for their great eastern neighbor, based on 180 years' experience with Russian imperialism.

These feelings are expressed in bitter jokes. A student bulletin board recently displayed a notice: "Will exchange: one new, slightly used sovereignty for better geographical location." And the people of Warsaw tell this joke about the grotesque Palace of Culture.

A visitor asks, "Where can I get the best view of Warsaw?"

The native replies, "From the Palace of Culture."

"Why?" asks the tourist. "Because it's so tall?"

"No," comes the answer. "Because that's the only place from which you can't see the Palace of Culture."

While I was in Warsaw a rumor went around that some Hungarian children would be passing through the city on their way to Russia. Students posted a notice to this effect on a bulletin board. In the course of the day literally hundreds of people volunteered to stop the train by force, if necessary. The train never arrived.

No one knows better than the Russians how explosive the situation is. If the Kremlin decides that it can no longer tolerate the existence of an independent, heretical Poland deep in its flank, it can, at any time, through its Stalinist fifth column, incite an anti-Soviet riot on a large scale. If the ensuing uproar does not bring the Stalinists back into power, the Soviet Union can always intervene directly and "legally" to "protect the lines of communication through Poland to the Soviet Zone of Germany."

Gomulka and his Poland are walking a tightrope. If the government provokes the Kremlin it risks Soviet intervention. If it bows to Russian pressure it may be swept away by a furious population. Gomulka must ward off the Stalinists and, as an old Communist, he must also ward off those who would ignore Moscow and liquidate every last vestige of Communism at once. He must raise the standard of living in a country which Communism has brought to the brink of ruin. Fortunately, he has strong inner resources to fall back on.

One of them is the Roman Catholic Church, without any doubt the strongest force in Polish life. Shortly after assuming power, Gomulka released Cardinal Wyszynski, who had been in confinement since 1953. This prelate, an ascetic and pious man, at once proved himself a statesman. In his first sermon, on the day of the Soviet offensive in Hungary, he laid down the basis of this strange partnership. "Poles know how to die magnificently," the cardinal declared, "but, my brothers, Poles must learn to work magnificently. Death may bring quick glory, but to live in toil, suffering, pain and sacrifice for years is greater heroism. And this heroism is needed today."

Another main source of strength is what one might just as well label the stubborn Polish national character. The rugged will (*Continued on Page 102*)

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(*Continued from Page 100*) to survive as a nation has most recently survived seventeen years of oppression and mass murder at the hands of both the Nazis and the Soviets. This ruggedness has wrought a change that is apparent on every side. People no longer fear the secret police. They speak their minds on the telephone and do not whisper in crowded cafés and restaurants. A Westerner can meet Poles again as he meets Frenchmen in France or Danes in Denmark.

Censorship still exists in journalism, but its professed purpose is to prevent attacks on the Soviet Union and on minorities such as the Jews. The editor of Swiat, the largest picture weekly, put it this way, "We cannot yet print the whole truth, but we will no longer print lies." His magazine has already published, among other things, a chapter of George Orwell's 1984. Western books and newspapers are becoming available again. The London Times, Manchester Guardian, Le Monde, of Paris, and the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung are on public sale every day, and may be read without charge in state reading rooms. Transmitters which once jammed Western broadcasts have been dismantled.

History is again being taught as it happened. The study of the Russian language will not be compulsory in the future and such gems as "Modesty, by Josef Stalin" and "Our Rokossovsky" are being eliminated from third- and fourth-grade readers. The government has agreed to support voluntary religious instruction in public schools.

About 7500 of the 10,000 collective farms have been dissolved. Land may again be bought, sold and inherited. The whole structure of agricultural deliveries and prices is swinging back toward private enterprise. Much of the special privilege which has always been a characteristic of the Communist "classless society" has been swept away. The notorious "Stores with Yellow Curtains," which used to cater only to Communist VIP's, are being emptied.

Old Stalinist die-hards who had dominated the labor unions are out. The new union organization asserts that it has ceased to be an agency of the government—a whip in the hands of the central planners—but will henceforth defend workers' rights. Among these rights, formally recognized, is the right to strike. There have been sporadic protest strikes in recent months.

Workers have taken charge in many factories and mines through workers' councils which will supervise production. In a number of cases workers bodily threw out unpopular plant managers. It came to be a kind of grim ceremony to load the unhappy boss into a wheelbarrow, with or without a preliminary beating, and then deposit him on the factory rubbish pile. This practice inspired one cartoonist to draw a worker with his wheelbarrow looking quizzically at a statue of Karl Marx, a next possible candidate for the rubbish heap.

Certainly one of the most striking features of the change in Poland is the way most of the claptrap of Soviet Communism has vanished. A returning visitor to Warsaw is struck by what he does not see. Missing are the dingy red streamers with white-lettered slogans like "Onward to the Victory of Socialism," the ubiquitous ikons of the local Big Brother and his sidekicks, and the phony charts designed to prove a nonexistent prosperity.

At the Zeran automobile factory I spoke for three hours with the tough young party secretary of the plant—one of the largest in Poland—and members of his party committee. They never once mentioned the name of Marx or Lenin or referred to any part of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. Old axioms like "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the "class struggle" have become anachronisms.

Polish Youth Congress in Warsaw: unsparingly indoctrinated for most of their lives, students now revolt against Communist thought control.

I asked the Zeran party secretary, who did talk of "socialism," what he understood under this term. His answer was typical of a dozen different replies from students, editors, party and union officials, and factory managers. He said simply, "No one knows the road to socialism or how to get there. The party must be open and honest. The details of socialism must be worked out. It will then be possible to combine socialism and freedom. Our purpose is to build a better life." Like the others, he was a Communist still, but in name only—as Poland today is a satellite in name only.

Poland and Hungary symptomize an inner crisis of Communism—a crisis which became acute with the death of Stalin. In his lifetime the old dictator ruled his domain alone. His main instrument was a worldwide secret-police network which recognized neither national nor party authority, but reported, through Beria, to him. When Stalin died, in March, 1953, his successors' first act was to kill Beria and humble this detested institution. The satellite governments, too, were glad to purge the commissars who had terrorized them.

With the threat of omnipresent police surveillance weakened or removed, the slumbering forces of independent nationalism reasserted themselves with increasing boldness. The first fruit was the East German uprising of June, 1953. Poland and Hungary were the direct sequel. With their means of compulsion weakened, the Soviet rulers then destroyed their own power of persuasion. The 20th Congress of the CPSU in Moscow in February, 1956, dealt the final blow to Soviet Communism as an intellectual force. Polish students told me how deeply they were shocked by Khrushchev's secret speech denouncing Stalin.

For years they had taken Stalin's version of Communist history as gospel. They had pored over the dreary bulk of his "works," obliged to believe everything and question nothing. Suddenly they found that the greatest genius of all time had been a pathological fraud. They had been robbed of part of their lives and betrayed in their young faith.

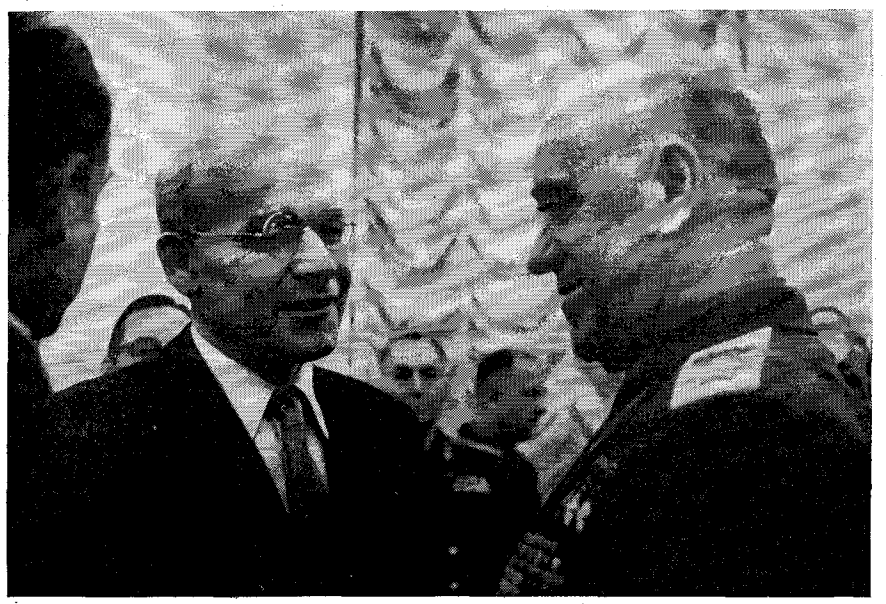
At the same time, a natural truth became evident. In Poland people saw in their own squalid lives that the Communist system did not work. Experts have since revealed that the Polish economy had been brought to the verge of disintegration by fantastic mismanagement and ignorance. Vast sums had been squandered on harebrained projects. Production was planned down to the last thumbtack with a ferocious pedantry that paralyzed output while encouraging corruption. On the land, a binge of collectivization turned rich agricultural Poland into a food-deficit area.

The process of government was reduced to erratic makeshift. The state administration was saddled with a completely parallel party apparatus from top to bottom which utterly demoralized the regular civil servants through meddling. The Poznan uprising of June 28, 1956, was the last warning of inevitable collapse. Workers paraded through the city calling for bread and freedom. Citizens joined them in storming party, police and government buildings. For sheer self-preservation the regime turned for help to the only political figure in Poland who enjoyed general respect.

Wladyslaw Gomulka, fifty-two, a man of medium build with a fringe of gray hair and a pleasant face of broad, Slavic cast, had been purged as a Titoist in 1949. He has been a professional Communist since the age of twenty-one, but apparently he always was a Pole first and a Communist second. He remained in Poland during World War II and thereafter forthrightly urged his people not to imitate the Soviet, but to follow their own road to socialism.

In 1949, Stalin acted to prevent Titoism from taking over Poland. Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky was installed in Warsaw to keep the Polish army under Kremlin control. Gomulka was expelled from the party. He was imprisoned in 1951 and released in December, 1954, but remained in obscurity until he was drafted to save the current situation.

Gomulka's first battle was fought inside the party Central Committee, where he succeeded in isolating the pro-Soviet faction, the Natolin group. He also—Poles say, with the help of the Chinese Communists—gained at least the outward loyalty of men like Edward Ochab, who had been Stalinists. Last October nineteenth, Gomulka and his supporters took over the Central Committee.



Wladyslaw Gomulka (left) with Soviet Defense Minister Georgi K. Zhukov at the signing of the recent treaty restricting Red troops in Poland.

The drama of October nineteenth is fascinating. The Kremlin, alarmed by the rush of events, sent Khrushchev and three First Deputy Prime Ministers—Molotov, Kaganovich and Mikoyan—to Warsaw to reverse the proceedings of the Polish Central Committee. As they flew to Warsaw, their commander of ground forces, Marshal Ivan Konev, reportedly flew to Soviet headquarters in Poland. Soviet forces and units of the Polish army under Rokossovsky's command were set in motion toward Warsaw. Soviet warships appeared off Danzig and Red Army troops in East Germany were redeployed.

Through this military threat, the Soviet leaders sought to save their friends in Warsaw. Khrushchev is said to have stormed against the Poles' "ingratitude." But the Poles refused to back down. Workers in the factories and the 32,000 students in the Warsaw universities rallied to the new liberal line. One factory manager from Lodz told me how his men had taken home bottles of sulphuric and hydrochloric acid and sharpened knives for want of more effective weapons. The Zeran plant workers reportedly went out to meet a Polish armored division, fraternized with the soldiers and quickly won their promise not to fire on the people.

After hours of hot dispute, the Soviet leaders returned to Moscow empty-handed. Gomulka was elected to the Polish Politburo and made First Secretary of the Polish United Workers' Party. The oustanding Stalinists were replaced with proponents of the new course of "socialist democratization." Marshal Rokossovsky quietly returned to Moscow. Poland had started full tilt down the road it is now following.

A report, widely credited but never officially confirmed, says that at the height of the crisis Peiping advised Moscow against forcible intervention in Poland. Whatever the truth of this, Poland and Red China have maintained excellent relations. Even Prime Minister Chou En-lai's strange mission to Warsaw in January did not really impair the good relations between China and Poland. The Poles were willing to mollify Chou and Moscow with lip service, by promising not to destroy the dubious unity of the Soviet Bloc. And they threw in, for good measure, some invective about the United States.

But Poland underscored its desire for sovereignty and independence. And on this issue not only Poland but possibly Europe and the world will stand or fall.

THE END

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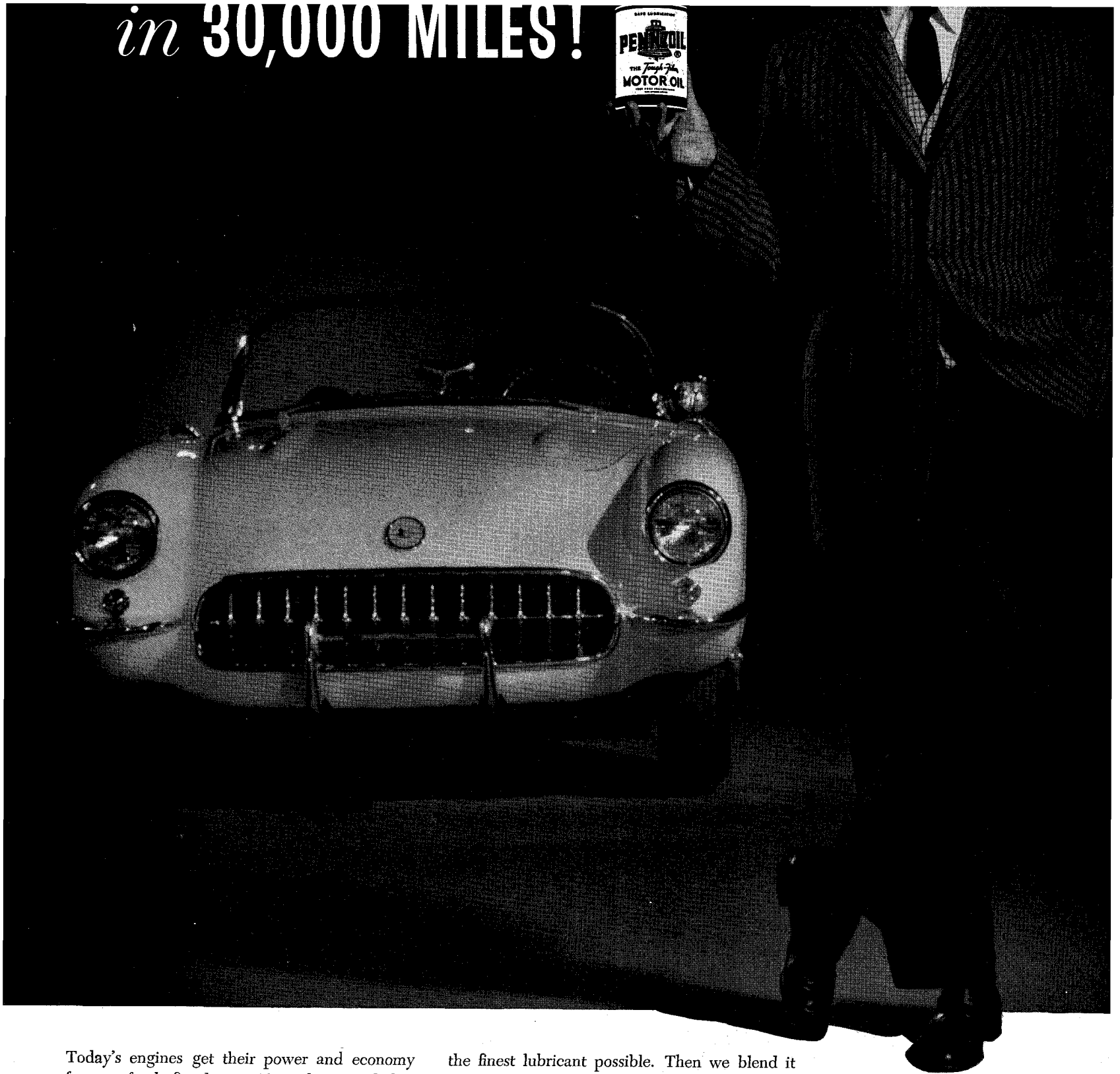

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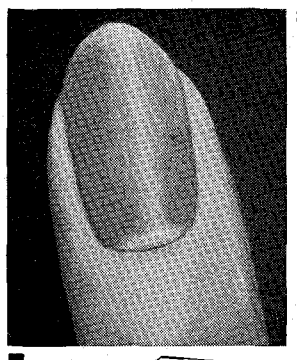

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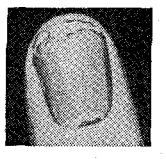

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Too Young to Marry (Continued from Page 35)

noon. The pack string was there. A fire had been built, a meal prepared. Cap and Ed ate slowly, talking of the past. Again, David Ramsey felt he was an outsider. The ties between the two—old campfires, hunting trips, the lies told and bottles shared—went back more years than he had been alive.

"Betty," he said, "I'm a fair dishwasher."

"Good or bad," she said, "you're hired."

He helped her scrub the dishes, squatting on his haunches on the bank of a noisy stream. She showed him how to tip and swirl a skillet of sandy gravel and pan a flake or two of gold.

"Your pay," she said, and grinned. "Work real hard and in six months you'll be worth maybe fifty cents."

"Lucky me," he said. "All that money."

The second day he rode with her. He found himself waiting for the quick smile to light and warm her eyes as the glint of sunshine lights the swirling deeps of a mountain stream. He built the fire at the lunch stop, though it was Betty who split the kindling from a pitchy stump. He watched her cook, thinking again her brown, deft hands were like a boy's. He talked to her. She had been a stranger yesterday; today he told her things he had never before put in words.

"Me," he said. "I'm just one more premed. School and work and more school. A man keeps his nose on that grindstone long enough, he gets so he likes it there." He watched her hands. "Y'know," he said, "I didn't want to make this trip, but now I'm glad I came. It's worth being stiff and sore just to see Cap bloom. He loves this country."

"Ever since his first hunting trip with Ed."

"When they were as young as we are now," he said.

He rode with her the second day, across flat meadowland, up timbered slopes where they could look back and down and watch Cap and Ed, the two old friends, trail them at a grass-cropping walk. They reached the lakeside campsite early in the afternoon. The chores were quickly done, the tents were pitched, the cots set up, the horses hobbled and turned loose to graze.

"They won't be here for a couple of hours," Betty said. "Why don't you catch us a mess of trout?"

"Sure," he said. "How many and how big?"

The fly rod was a flimsy thing, limber as a buggy whip. The line snarled each time he tried to cast. And he fell in. One moment he was working along a granite ledge a little way from camp; the next moment his footing was gone and he was falling heavily upon the slanting rock, rolling and falling and swearing, floundering in water shoulder deep and as cold as glacial ice. And Betty Hamilton was there, somehow, scrambling down a fault in the ledge. She splashed into a waist-deep shallow and leaned out to hook brown hands on the collar of his jacket.

"Let the rod go," she said. "Over here."

David said, "Damn it, woman! I can manage!"

He lost his footing twice, going under, before he reached her side, but he managed to save the rod. He hauled himself up in the shallow. The shivering cold struck deep; he opened his mouth and yelled. And then they were laughing, still waist-deep in water, clinging to each other, laughing helplessly.

"One fish," she said, "the size of you."

"Ah-h!" he said. "When I find the man who pushed me, am I going to have words with him!"

Laughter danced in her clear eyes. "Up," he said, "and out of this, before we freeze to death." But neither moved, for something breathlessly exciting had happened now. He put his palms upon her cheeks and leaned down to kiss her clumsily. "Ah, Betty," he said, then tried to grin. "Some kiss that was—colder than a puppy's nose."

And then they scrambled up the fault and ran. A man does not fall in love waist-deep in a glacial lake, David told himself. The thudding of his heart was due to the cold alone. But he wondered as he stripped and toweled in the shelter of a thicket a little way from camp. He went back to find Betty heaping pitch slabs on a roaring blaze.

"Hey!" he said. "Why haven't you changed?"

"You're cold. You need a fire."

"Get in that tent," he said, "before I whop you one."

They were dry again and warm again when Cap and Ed rode into camp. Their wet clothes were hanging on a line strung between two trees. Ed Hamilton pushed his hat up and scratched his cheek. He had a wintry grin for Cap.

"Must be Monday," he said. "The washin's out."

Cap said, "A very tidy pair, these two."

"No cracks," Betty said, "or I resign as cook."

The third day the ranger came. Breakfast was over. The camp gear had all been packed. Cap was sitting with his back against a tree, enjoying a morning pipe. His eyes were more vividly alive than they had been for years.

"Today you'll see the Lake Basin," he told David. "Then you'll know why I had to make this trip."

"I already do," David said.

They watched a slender man in forest green ride into the clearing then. He had a smile and a nod for the Hamiltons; he had a telegram for Cap. David's jaws were suddenly set hard.

"Cap," he said, "don't open it!"

His father smiled. He read the message and regret lived in his eyes—lived and died in the brief space of time he used to fold the telegram and tuck it into the pocket of his shirt.

"What is it?" David asked.

Cap said, "Howard Doventry."

That was enough. The image of a crabbed and withered man rose in David's mind. Howard Doventry, a longtime patient of Cap's, though he had never got a bill. An old man, incurably ill, dying and taking forever to do the job. Waiting, until now, to reach across the state and noose Cap back with words printed on a paper strip. It wasn't fair. Cap could do nothing for the man; nothing could be done. David's hands were clenched. Damn Howard Doventry!

"There are other doctors, Cap."

"So there are," Cap said quietly.

Arguments welled up in David's throat. Any intern could ease the old man's pain—an alcohol swab, a needle's tiny bite—and the hurtless mists would blot out all the world until there was no world for Doventry. So why? He looked down at his father and remembered suddenly. "Death is a lonely business." Cap had said that long ago. "It helps to have an old friend around to hold your hand and say good-by when you go through the gate."

The breath went out of David Ramsey. He rubbed his neck, wondering why he was so slow to see what Cap knew instantly.

"Ed," Cap said, "will you take me back?"

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The two men looked at each other, alike in their quiet thoughtfulness. Something passed between them—a question asked and answered, a decision reached—without the need of words. Ed Hamilton pushed his hat away from his eyes.

"Sure," he said. "We'll sort the gear around. What the kids don't need, we'll take back with us."

David said, "We'll all go back. We——"

"It wouldn't speed things none," Ed said. "You come up here to see the Lake Basin. No reason why you shouldn't. Betty knows the way. Cap an' me'll do just fine. I'll drive him out to La Grande and put him on a plane."

"You be my eyes," Cap told David. "See and remember everything and tell me about it all when you get home."

"We better load and move out," Ed said.

David Ramsey and Betty Hamilton watched Cap and Ed go down the homeward trail. They waited until the two old friends were out of sight before they wheeled their mounts toward the far crests, the pass. They rode unhurriedly, two pack horses trotting just ahead of them.

"I shouldn't have said even a word," David said. "The old man needs Cap. Much as this trip means, Cap wouldn't have it any other way."

When a woman driver puts her hand out, it may mean she needs money for gas.

E. J. KIEFER

"He asked you to be his eyes," Betty said.

"Yes," he said. "And I'm going to try."

He told himself he would see and feel and know and remember everything for Cap. All the trails and all the camps. The smell of wood smoke, the sound of hoofs on rock, the jingling of a bridle chain. The lift of a fawn's head from a forest pool in the blue shadows of morning; a rabbit's bounce and sailing flight at dusk. The sound of laughter and the cold, clean shining of the stars. The scrap of moon that fell into a lake, the play of firelight on Betty's face. And her hands. He sat cross-legged on his sleeping bag, looking at her hands.

"I hate gloves," she said. "They get in the way."

"I didn't mean to stare," he said.

She tried to hide her hands. He caught them and turned her palms to the light. "Callused," she said. "Not pretty, like the ones in the magazine ads."

"As if that mattered," David said.

And these things he would remember, but for himself and not for Cap. A campfire crumbling into embers, the cool, sweet wind, the murmuring of a stream, Betty sitting with the fire glow in her face, her hands quiet in her lap.

"You wanted to go home with Cap," she said.

"No," he said. "It wasn't that, exactly." He watched a star fall down the sky. "There's a wish," he said. "If I made one, it would be that I see things as Cap sees them, clearly and all at once, instead of being a fumble-head. Like not seeing right away why Cap had to go back."

"He's older," Betty said. "Most everybody has to live a while to learn—about people and things and what to do."

"About love," he said.

"Yes," she said quietly. "That too."

She was his age, almost to the day, but just now she looked years younger, slim and fair. Her hair was short, a choir boy's cap of taffy curls. A handsome girl, but not beautiful, unless beauty is something that lives inside and lights the eye and warms the smile.

"I don't know much about love," he said. "It happens, I know that. I guess that's why I wanted to go back with Cap. I was kind of afraid to stay."

Her eyes were big, solemn eyes.

"What I mean about being a fumble-head," he said. "It's taken me all this time to realize I've been in love with you since that kiss—since before that kiss."

"I wasn't sure," Betty said, "until just now."

David said, "This's for keeps—for all our lives."

"I was hoping you'd say that," Betty said.

He had not wanted to make this trip. "Horses," he'd said. "I don't think they're here to stay." A lake was just an outsized puddle and when you've seen one mountain you've seen them all. But there were rainbows he hadn't known about in the floating spray of the waterfalls. Some of the lakes were wonderfully blue, some were green. And always there were flights of birds that moved in erratic dartings just above the surface of the water.

"Like school kids," he said, "let out to play."

He had not wanted to come to the high country, and now he did not want to leave. There were no problems here. They had food and shelter and the wonderful silences. There was one day when they hardly talked at all—why talk when a smile could say so much? The next day they took their horses across a high meadow at a pounding run, whooping like Indians, just for the merry hell of it. An hour later, lightning flashed and thunder rolled around the peaks and they rode in a drenching rain. And they swam in a shallow lake, warmed a little by the sun.

"In Japan they put a string across the pool," David said; "one side for women, one for men."

"I didn't know that," Betty said.

"We don't need a string," David said. Her eyes were enormous again, solemn eyes. He smiled at her. "You first," he said. "I'll pitch the tent and build the fire."

"Thank you," Betty said.

They talked through most of the last night on the trail, making tomorrow's plans. "Whatever you want, I want," Betty said. And he carried those words with him, all the long way home, remembering how her hand had found his on the cool earth between their sleeping bags. He crossed half of Oregon to stand with his back to the mantel in the study where Cap spent a part of every day. Cap's books were here, the pictures of the men with whom he'd gone to war, the trophies of the ancient hunts, and the guns, all long unused, all shining with care and oil.

"This calls for a drink," Cap said.

David smiled. "I thought you'd be pleased."

Cap was silent for a moment, busy at the liquor cabinet. "I've known the Hamiltons for many years," he said then. "Good, sound stock. The very best." He handed David a tall glass. "What plans have you made? What do you intend to do?"

"We don't want to wait."

"You can't," Cap said. "If she were close by, waiting might be practical. You'd see each other often then. This way—with only letters to bridge the distances—it isn't a good idea. People change,

(*Continued on Page 107*)

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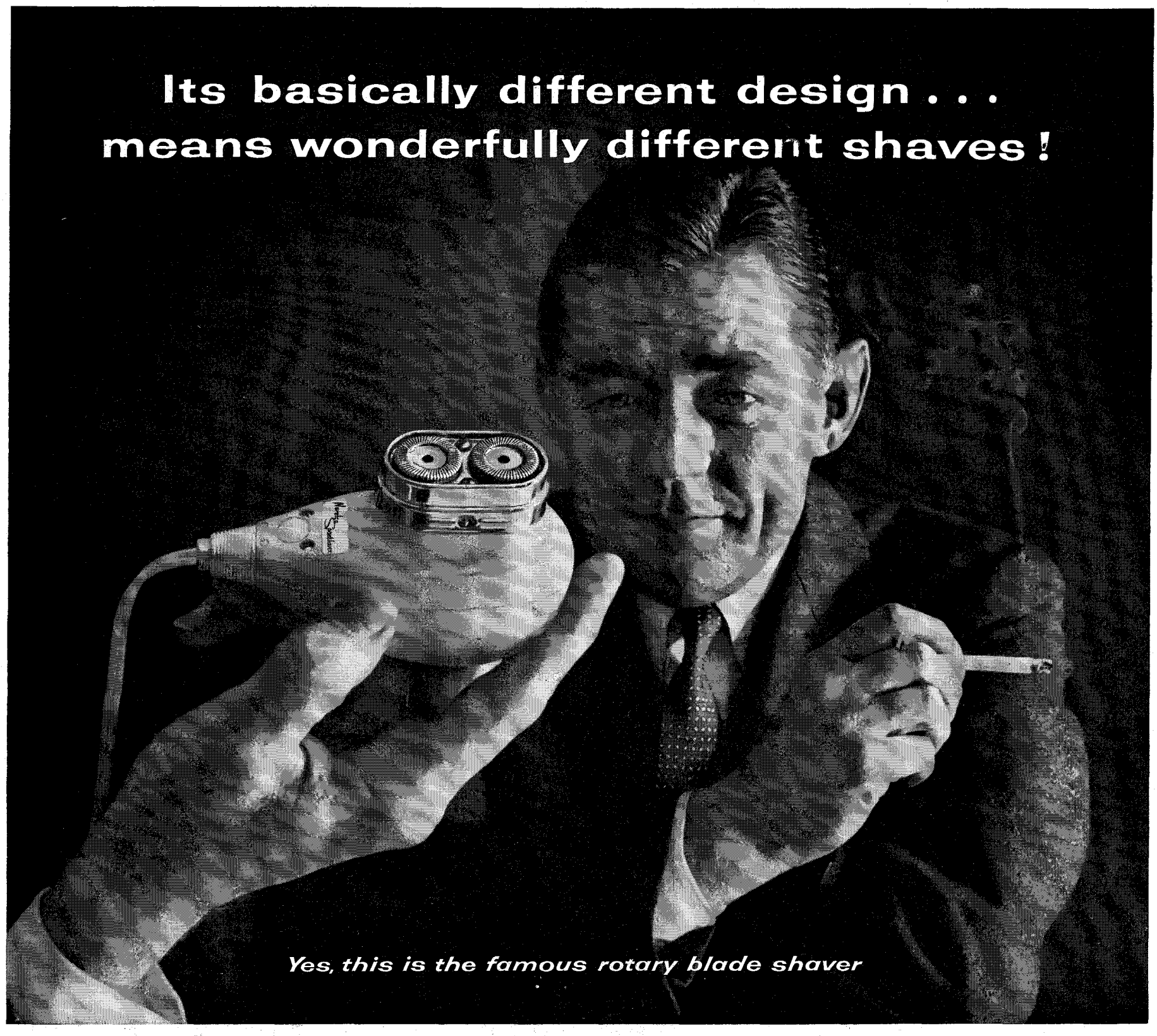

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(*Continued from Page 105*) David. The human animal grows up, grows old. Today's beliefs are tomorrow's jokes."

"This isn't going to change."

"David." The flesh of Cap's face was taut across his cheekbones; there was the faintest trembling in his hands. "Growth and change are processes you can't stop. You can't ask her to wait because, inevitably, the change in her will not match the change in you. Today you stand on common ground: the same beliefs, the same desires. But geography and environment are powerful forces, boy. A year, two years, and you'll find you've grown apart."

"Cap, I said we didn't want to wait."

"I heard you," Cap said quietly. "Right now I wish I'd been a better businessman. There's very little I can offer in the way of help."

"Quit that," David said.

"I'd like to, but life is geared to the practical. You have some pre-med still to do. Then medical school—not here, or you could live in this house—and then a year of internship."

"Two years," David said. "I'm going to specialize."

"Six years—call it seven, before you have your shingle out and something in the till." Cap stared into the cold fireplace, his eyes as dark as the sooted brick. "No more than a clock tick, looking back, but twice forever when it's still ahead."

"I can add," David said.

"You're angry now, but hear me out."

He had the words—Cap always had the words—and he saw things clearly and all at once. "A hall bedroom," he said. "A gas plate and your shirts hanging on a clothesline made of string. You've earned your way, you've had to earn your way, but from here on, your studies will take more time." Cap's voice was somehow tired and old. "A woman wants a home, as naturally as a bird wants to build a nest. Unfortunately, a man can't build a house of leaves and twigs, nor take his food from someone's lawn."

"She knows that," David said.

"Does she?" Cap asked quietly. "Did you? Had you really thought it through? You've nothing to offer her now. You're asking her to share seven years of scrimping and squeezing to make ends meet. Seven years of doing without, of sitting by while your nose is deep in a textbook."

His eyes came up to David's face. "Advice is the wasted breath of the old," he said. "You make your own decisions."

"I'd be completely selfish." David's voice was rough. "That's what you're trying to say. Selfish or calloused, or both. The kind of man who doesn't care how much hell he puts his wife through." He leaned against the mantel and closed his eyes. "We can't wait," he said. "And the way you add it up, we can't be married now."

"Did I say that?"

"It's what you meant." The glass slipped from David's hand to shatter on the hearth. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to use the car for a day or two."

"For as long as you like," Cap said.

David drove as fast as the road would let him. And now the words that echoed in his mind were Cap's. "I did not deliberately destroy, but I could hardly do less than point out the obvious obstacles." He'd said that standing beside the car, speaking slowly, though David was anxious to be gone. "Decision is the sum of facts." He'd looked long into David's face. "I gave you the facts, you summed them up. The total struck is yours."

"A big fat zero," David said.

He drove as fast as the road would let him, fighting weariness and the need for sleep with black coffee and cigarettes. He found her standing at the trail end, looking out across the lake. He stopped well back in the shelter of the pines, still wondering how to say what must be said. The day was new, the smells of morning were in the air. Half the lake lay in shadow, the rest was deeply and incredibly blue, a patch of fallen sky. He wanted suddenly to remember this just as it was: the lake, the slim, fair girl alone in the first clear blaze of morning sun. He wanted to put it in his pocket and take it all away with him.

Time was their enemy. Perhaps he could use that as a sort of opening. But where do you go from there? How do you destroy, neatly and quickly, what you have helped create? Where are the words that will completely erase, without hurt, the promises and plans? Honesty was needed here. "Sorry, Betty. It just won't work. It isn't practical." That said it all, a fine set of honest words, as blunt as a baseball bat.

He saw her turn, and he moved toward her then. She wore jeans and moccasins and a hard-washed shirt of faded blue, and this he would remember too.

"David," she said, "I didn't expect you today."

"I drove straight through," he said.

"You should have slept. You look tired."

He was tired. His eyes felt as if they were full of hot sand, and the idiot center stripe of the highway was still unreeling in his mind.

"How's Cap?" Betty asked.

"Fine. Doventry's gone; but, then, that had to happen. Cap did get back in time."

He rubbed his chin and found stubble there. He should have stopped and shaved and changed his clothes. He was wearing a suit, gray flannel, and a suit up here was as out of place as a cowboy shirt at a formal ball.

"Cap and I had quite a talk," David said.

"Was he surprised?"

"No," he said. "I think he saw it coming."

"My father knew it before we did."

"They're a wise old pair."

He stood beside her as the gray shadows of the hills retreated across the lake, remembering his father's face, his quiet voice. "In all your life, I doubt that you'll ever again have a task so hard. You owe her the truth, boy, but for the love of God, be kind." Betty hadn't asked him why he'd returned so soon. She knew. She had looked at him and found trouble in his face and eyes.

"I've nothing to offer you," he said.

"You don't have to explain." Betty's head was bent, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her jeans. "Call it a mistake," she said. "Let it go at that."

"David Ramsey, fumble-head," he said. "It takes me a while to get things sorted out. I haven't anything to give you, Betty. I knew that, sure, but I guess the stars and the smell of your hair got in the way. I can't ask you to wait."

"Don't say any more," she said.

She would not look at him. He thought of Cap again, hearing Cap's voice name the obstacles, and against that dry recital he saw himself trip in a bruising fall on a slanting ledge of rock. He saw Betty waist-deep in the water of a glacial lake, brown hands hooked in the collar of his jacket. She hadn't waited for a call; she'd been there, instantly, helping with all her strength. "Marriage," Cap's voice said, "would be most unwise, unless ——" He had not finished that. Cap, the man who saw things clearly and all at once, had gone that far and stopped. And David, without the bitter flaring of anger to blind him, now saw why. The wisest man cannot know or weigh what is in another's heart. Cap had left unsaid what David had to say.

"Unless ——" David said. "Unless there's love enough, and then it has to be."

Betty's head came up. He took her hands in his.

"That's what Cap meant. He wanted us to be very sure." David smiled. "And I am sure. Hands like yours don't take, they give. It's giving that makes a marriage go. Possessions aren't important. The only worthwhile things are those you build yourself." He looked into her eyes. "We're young and strong, and we can build. We'll meet plenty of obstacles, sure. I'll go flat on my face a hundred times, but it won't matter because you'll be there, and these hands will pick me up and dust me off and help me start again."

"David."

"We've got what it needs, and more," he said. "We've love enough to make it go—and endure with the best of them."

"Yes." Her hands closed hard on his. "Yes, David." THE END

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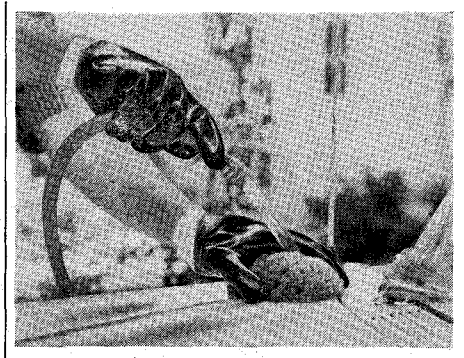

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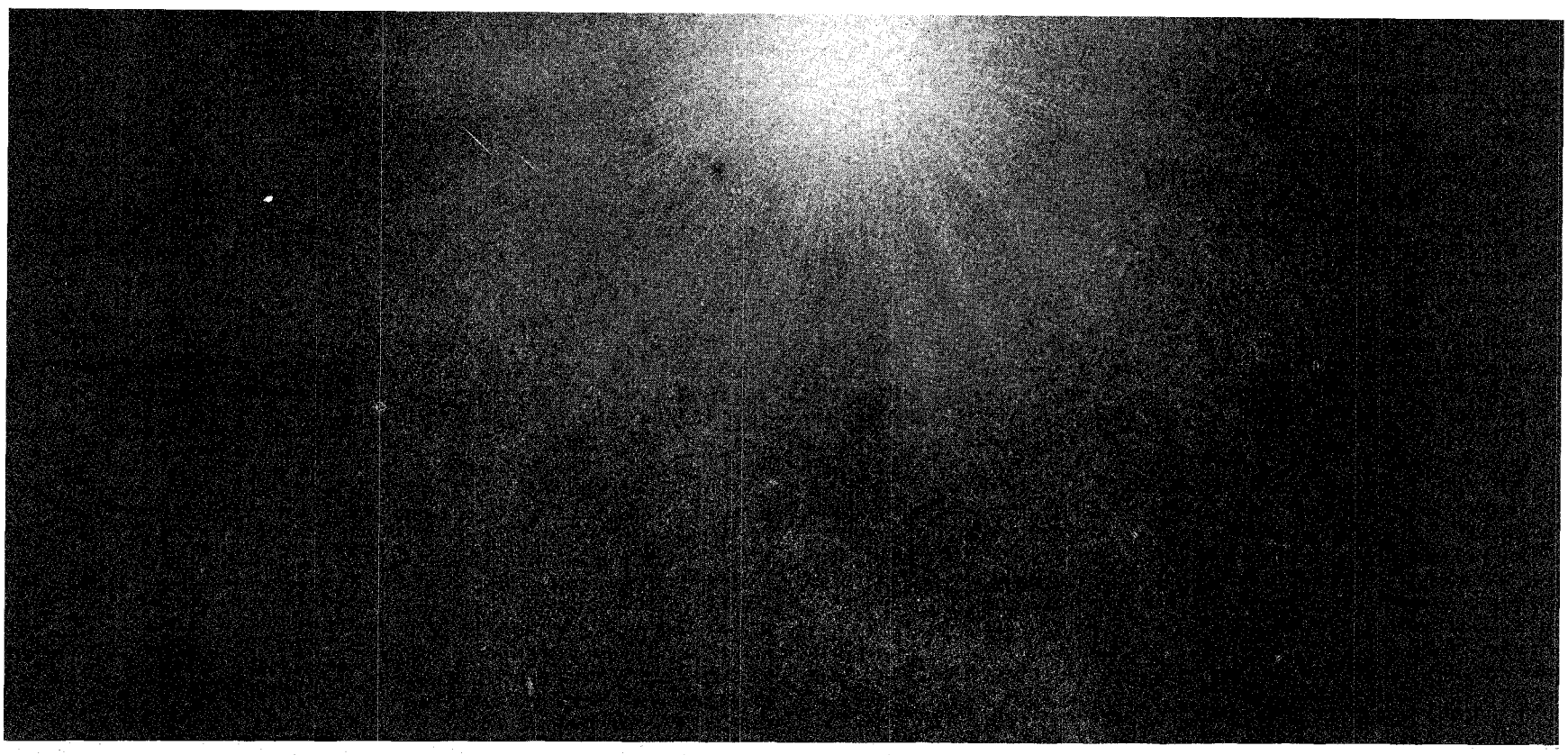

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Living Mysteries of the Deep

(Continued from Page 25)

somewhat like a wire rat trap. When they do, they're likely to injure themselves trying to escape.

This keeps the price of salt-water tropicals high, but as Russ Renaud told me, "I took a man out with me who'd been complaining about my prices. The first time he went down, a barracuda made a pass at him. He came flying out of the water into the boat and refused to go down again. Later he told me, 'Russ, you could charge me a hundred dollars apiece for those fish and I'd say you earned it.'"

Not all of the men Russ took out gave up so easily, and now he refuses to take anyone with him on fish-catching trips. "Almost every time I did it, I got another competitor," he explained to me. "I suppose it's about the most interesting way to make a living there is—and there's always the chance of finding some species never before classified. They're worth whatever a fancier will pay for them."

Russ Renaud, and all the other fish collectors with whom I spoke, gave a disparaging laugh at the idea of the job being particularly hazardous. Time after time, I was told, "You don't worry about yourself; you worry about getting those fish back alive." A cake of ice in a blast furnace is a stable commodity compared with a cargo of live fish. The tanks must be constantly aerated or fresh salt water continually pumped in; if your batteries go dead you've lost your catch. A storm that keeps you at sea a few extra days, even anchoring in a choppy sea can mean a 100 per cent loss. The constant swishing of the water in the tanks makes fish that are used to the comparative quiet of the depths "seasick."

The collector must also know his fish. If he makes the mistake of putting a sargassum in with a load of demoiselles and cardinals, he will find himself with nothing but one very fat sargassum, even though the sargassum was originally only half the size of the others. A sargassum is equipped with a huge mouth and a distensible stomach which can engulf a fish two or three times its own size. There's the spotted trunkfish that exudes poison—when alarmed, it can kill all the other fish in the tank. Sometimes the fragile little butterfly fish, faint from terror, lose control of their gills and drown. They must be kept in the dark to quiet their delicate nerves.

Not even the most experienced collectors are immune from disaster. Capt. William B. Gray, who provides all the fish for the gigantic Seaquarium in Miami, told me, "Once I'd been collecting hard all day along the reefs, and when night came, I went inshore and anchored for a few hours' sleep. I checked the pumps that keep water fresh from the sea circulating in the tanks, and went to bed. When I got up next morning, all my fish were dead. I'd anchored near the mouth of a stream running into the ocean. It changed the salinity and pH (hydrogen-ion content) of the water enough to kill my catch."

Competition among the fish collectors has led to "fish wars." Several times Captain Gray has found his buoys cut and his traps missing—some of the hardier fish are not injured by the traps. Even in the wholesale market there has been keen competition. One dealer decided to corner the market on lionfish, possibly the most spectacular of all the salt-water tropicals. The lionfish has reddish-brown markings fringed with white against a light pink background and has flowing fins somewhat like those of a veiltail goldfish. The dealer offered $150 each for these fish, bought in all there were on the market, and then upped the price to $200. The lionfish is hard to obtain, particularly because it has a row of long spines which secrete a poison as deadly as a rattlesnake's, so the dealer felt that his monopoly would be hard to break. But for $200 a fish, collectors will take extra risks, and within a few months the market was so flooded with lionfish that the price dropped to twenty-five dollars. It has since been stabilized at about double that figure.

The risks collectors will take to obtain a rare fish seem incredible to most people. The Portuguese man-of-war fish is a tiny little blue-and-white fellow that makes its home among the trailing twenty-foot tentacles of the man-of-war jellyfish. These big jellyfish float on the water like multicolored globules blown from bubble gum and their tentacles possess a venom so virulent that, as one collector described it, "It knots up your muscles as though you've had an electric shock." To capture the tiny fish, a collector has to insert a small hand net through this writhing mass of deadly tentacles and catch the little fellows while they dodge about. Pulling the big jellyfish out of the water is futile because its small guests simply scatter in all directions.

Until recently, no one could make these dainty fish eat in captivity, but last summer Mr. and Mrs. James Nichols, who make a hobby of keeping salt-water fish in their Miami home, managed it. Mr. Nichols caught a female shrimp loaded with eggs and squeezed the eggs into the tank. The fish ate until they nearly burst. Later, the Nicholses discovered that if the shrimp eggs were as much as a few hours out of the ocean, the fish wouldn't touch them.

Feeding salt-water fish is a big problem because many of them will eat nothing except live food. A few years ago, aquariists discovered how to raise brine shrimp, which nearly all the smaller varieties will eat readily. The Nicholses believe the first few days of captivity are the crucial time because the fish may have been used to eating marine algae—small plant life—or a certain species of snail and doesn't realize that anything else is edible.

The Nicholses have a remarkable record for keeping salt-water fish, including a baby dolphin that was swept up on the beach during a storm.

"He was less than an inch long when we got him," Mrs. Nichols told me proudly. "At first, he wouldn't eat, but then we recalled that dolphins leap out of the water after their food and the adults live largely on flying fish. So we tried tossing small bits of fresh roe across the aquarium. He'd spring after it like a salmon striking at a low-flying fly."

The Nicholses have many rare fish, including something called an osteoglossum, which has a mouth like a pelican and looks like an eel with a pair of lyre-shaped feelers. But my favorite was a very ordinary cowfish named Susie. Susie was cheerful and fat, and had two miniature horns. She ate from Mrs. Nichols' fingers and indignantly squirted water at anyone else who came near her tank. Many other salt-water fish become tame; groupers, especially, enjoy being patted and stroked. "They even get jealous of one another and if you show too much attention to one, the others will attack him," Mr. Nichols said.

The Nicholses have worked out a system for slowly changing the water of certain species of fish from salt to brackish and then back again. "Many species go up rivers to breed and require the change before they'll nest," Mrs. Nichols explained. With deep-water fish, the Nicholses try altering the temperature, switching diets—in addition to brine shrimp, they also feed fish roe, daphnia, mosquito larvae, tubifex worms and chopped lettuce—experimenting with "hard" and "soft" water, and changing the pH of their tanks. Following these techniques, they have even been able to hatch out octopus eggs, but the babies did not live.

Only the most advanced fanciers attempt to keep octopuses. When excited, an octopus squirts ink into the water, and then the whole tank has to be emptied and cleaned. The instant that you put the octopus in again, he's apt to do the same thing.

An octopus no bigger than a man's fist has surprising strength. Bob Straughan, owner of the Coral Reef Exhibits in Miami, had a baby octopus that lifted a heavy piece of plate glass covering his aquarium along with a twenty-pound hunk of coral on top of it. "Then, when he got out and found where he was, he died of fright," Bob told me bitterly.

The most popular of all salt-water tropicals is the sea horse. These refugee knights from an aquatic chess set have prehensile tails and they hook themselves from branch to branch of the coral in their aquariums like armless monkeys. They quickly become very tame and even make a curious clicking sound when they see supper coming.

Bob Straughan has managed to breed these remarkable little fellows and has even performed a Caesarean on the male—the male instead of the female gives birth to the babies. The female lays her eggs in a pouch in the male's belly and the male then closes the pouch with a sliding-fastener arrangement and keeps it closed until the eggs hatch and the babies begin to grow. Then the father is supposed to open the pouch, but in the case of Straughan's sea horse, papa's fastener jammed. The poor fellow was in a terrible fix, rushing around the tank and rubbing his stomach on the sharp coral while his wife followed him anxiously. Finally Straughan opened his pouch with a blunt knife blade and saved the day.

Bob Straughan is especially fond of the sargassum, particularly, I suspect, because feeding a sargassum presents no difficulties. The only problem with a sargassum is keeping him full. These brown-and-white creatures actually fish for their prey with a built-in rod and lure. A fingerlike protuberance grows out of the tops of their heads, and at the tip is a small, fleshy lure that can be wiggled in simulation of a worm. When the sargassum sees a small fish coming, he sticks out his rod and wiggles the bait. The fish grabs for the "worm" and is seen no more.

"The first sargassum I got was only a baby and, as most salt-water fish are difficult to feed, I was delighted when this baby ate everything I gave him," Bob told me. "Then during the night he got a terrible stomach-ache. Every time he got sick I had to clean out the aquarium, and by morning both the sargassum and I were pretty well exhausted."

As the ocean is handy nearby, getting fresh salt water presents no problem for Bob, but a disaster of this kind can raise havoc with a fancier living, say, in Kansas or Indiana. However, in the last few years even this problem has been largely solved by the discovery of how to make synthetic sea water. This artificial salt water is quite efficient. Still, many aquariists prefer to use the genuine stuff. It is shipped to them by air express in plastic bags—metal containers would contaminate the precious liquid. Collecting sea water—which costs twenty-five cents a gallon plus shipping charges—is more complicated than it sounds. It should be collected on an incoming tide to avoid contamination from the beaches. Then it must be strained to remove sand and other materials. Many fanciers insist on getting pure Gulf Stream water. A conscientious collector will often get up at four A.M. to catch the tide and then put his plastic bags of water on the six A.M. plane to make sure that the fancier will receive it within twelve hours after it has been collected. Although sea water doesn't go "bad" in the ordinary sense if kept in glass or plastic containers, many fanciers believe that there are minute particles of organic matter which decompose if the water is not constantly aerated.

Fish are shipped by the same method, except that, in addition to the water, oxygen is pumped into the bags, which are then hermetically sealed. "Before we learned that trick, half the fish died during shipping," Bob told me. "Now, live delivery is guaranteed."

Bob Straughan believes that one of the best places to look for fish is among old wrecks—often Spanish galleons that went down 300 years ago. "The fish use them for cover, as they do the coral reefs," he told me. "I always make a point of checking old cannon. The fish hide in them, and if you hold a net over the muzzle and

Tropical fish fanciers: Mr. and Mrs. Ted Fries (center couple) won a prize for this salt-water aquarium in their Miami, Florida, home.

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then shake the cannon to make the fish swim out, you often get a good catch."

Probably the biggest collector of salt-water fish in America is Emil Hanson, who often spends several weeks cruising by himself off the Bahamas and the Florida keys in pursuit of his quarry. Emil has a twenty-eight-foot boat with a large tank of several hundred gallons' capacity and two small skiffs. He values his outfit at about $15,000.

When he reaches the reefs, he uses a glass-bottom box to study the underwater terrain. Different types of reef mean different fish in residence. Rocky coral growths, especially staghorn, mean angel and butterfly fish. Jewel fish are found only on the outer reefs at twenty-foot depths or more, while the curious little high-hats prefer shallow, constantly moving water. For his diving, Emil usually uses an air pump connected to his diving helmet with a seventy-five-foot length of hose.

A collector has to be able to outguess the fish. Angels usually swim upcurrent to escape. Blueheads make big circles. Others will head for silty water or dart for their holes. While chasing them, the collector must remember not to touch fire coral, which burns like acid, and to avoid the deadly red sponges, which sting like high-power nettles. Then there are sea urchins with quills like those of porcupines, and the innocent-looking scorpion fish with their poisonous spines. Like most collectors, Emil doesn't bother about sharks. "I've had sharks charge and come so close I could feel the water push against me, but they always turned aside at the last moment," he said.

The interest in marine tropicals has grown so much in the last few years that the Aquarium Stock Company in New York—probably the largest retail supply house for aquarium fish in the country—has had to issue a separate catalogue for salt-water fish. Some fish enthusiasts have even been worrying that the demand will put too heavy a strain on the rare varieties.

On the West Coast, certain rare fish are even protected by law as are rare birds. Perhaps the best-known West Coast collector is Donald Simpson, a lean, wiry man in his late forties who has collected everything from cutthroat trout to sharks. His pretty, lively wife generally accompanies him on his trips, which may take them anywhere from Oregon to Southern Mexico. The Simpsons travel in a light truck equipped with an air pump to aerate huge seventy-five-gallon tanks that fill the back. While Don drives, Mrs. Simpson sits in the back, giving her husband minute-to-minute bulletins on the health of their catch.

Before starting out on a collecting trip, the Simpsons consult a Government tide table that shows the exact moment when low tide occurs at different points along the coast. Low tide is important because the receding water leaves pools where fish are trapped and it also uncovers the offshore reefs. Like other collectors, the Simpsons don't regard their work as dangerous, but occasionally they have close calls. Much of their fishing is done by running along the tops of the reefs, balancing with their long-handled nets like tightrope walkers carrying poles. When they see a wave coming, they stop on a serrated section of the reef, bracing themselves with their nets. The water churns around their knees and then sucks back, sometimes taking one of the Simpsons with it. Don was once pulled off a reef, dragged under water and then flung back against it by the next wave. When he finally crawled back onto the reef, he was slashed from neck to waist by the barnacles that studded it.

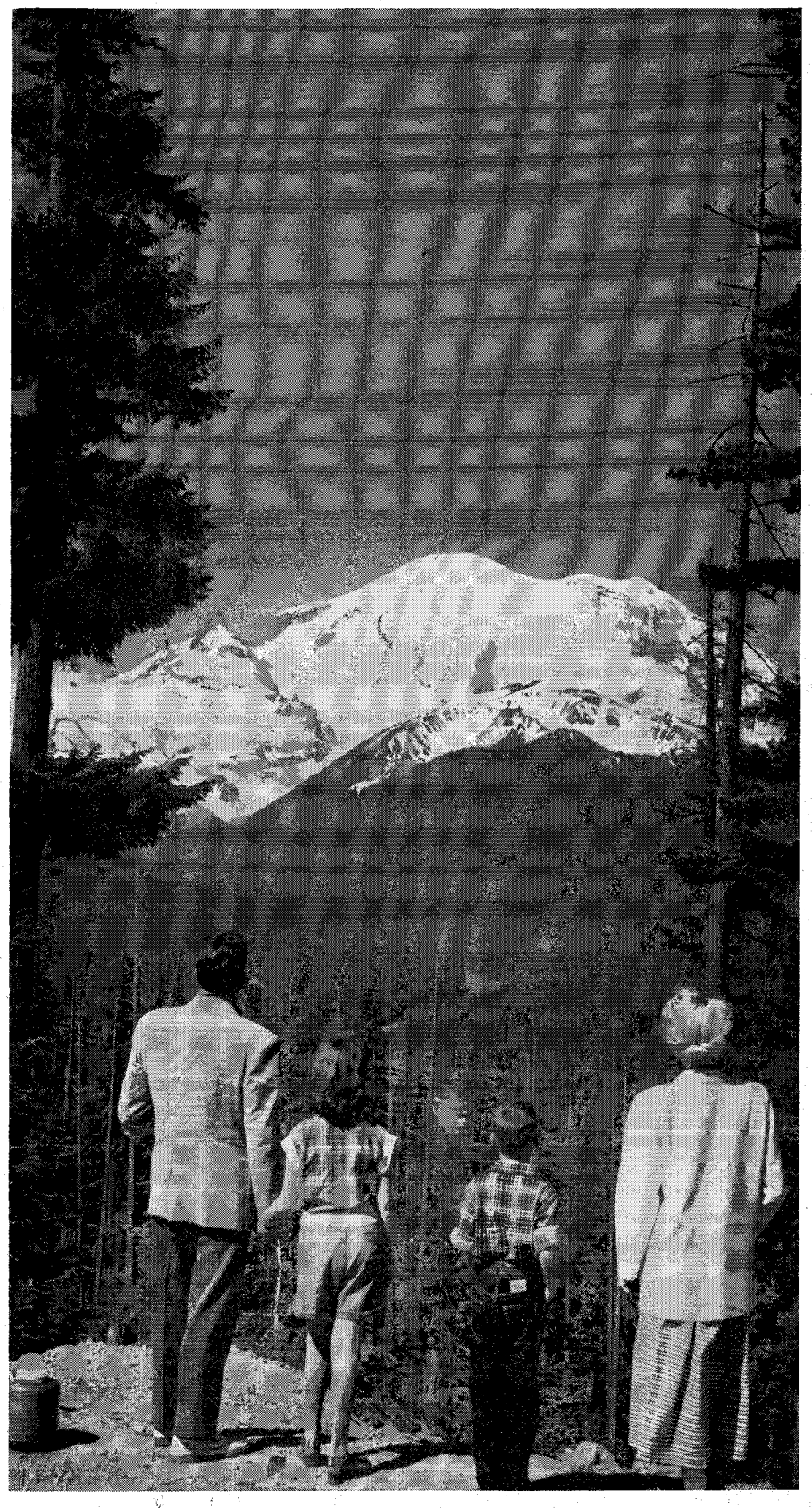
Mrs. Simpson had an even worse experience with a sting ray. She told me, "The rays lie flat on the bottom, almost buried in the sand, and if you step on one, you can sometimes feel him wiggle and jump clear before he can strike you with the poisonous barb at the end of his tail. I had the bad luck to step right beside one. He got me in the ankle. I don't believe there is any worse pain. I nearly lost consciousness. Don dragged me ashore, the ray still hanging from my leg. I left a trail of blood up the beach. Don tore the creature off, but my whole nervous system seemed to be knotted up with agony. The pain was so intense I couldn't scream and, worse yet, I couldn't faint. Don got me to a doctor, who cauterized the wound as though it were a snake bite. I couldn't walk for a week."

Probably a collector's greatest thrill is in finding a species hitherto unknown to science. Captain Gray has found more than 100 such species, Don Simpson about ten. No one knows what may come out of the ocean, so every time the collector dives he is prepared for anything. Russ Renaud told me of a man and his small son who stopped in to see his fish and stood staring at the sea horses.

Later, the man came up to Renaud and said seriously, "I told my boy that there wasn't any such thing as a fish with a horse's head. I see now I was wrong. Tell me, have you any mermaids?"

"I told him not as yet," Russ said to me. "But I might catch one any day. I wouldn't like to say what might be in the ocean. I've seen too many strange-looking fish down there among the reefs."

THE END



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Everybody Laughs at Me (Continued from Page 30)

me that description does not seem exaggerated at all. It took me thirty-one years to make that trip from Denmark to New York, but to explain what I mean I'll have to go back a bit.

It is almost axiomatic in America for stage and screen stars to have had a precarious childhood. You lived in an unpainted flat over the subway or on the wrong side of the tracks. Your clothes were frayed and you took your bath in a bucket. You sold newspapers outside corner saloons to help your mother feed the family, and perhaps your father never got anywhere because he drank too much. You ran with a gang, two of whom went to prison while the rest grew up to be cops or music critics. You had real talent, but when you got your first big chance a tough audience pelted you with tomatoes. I am afraid I shall never fit that formula.

At our home in Copenhagen we were neither rich nor poor. If my musician father ever got drunk—and I never saw him in such a state—he must have done it secretly after hearing me murder a Bach fugue. I never had a tomato thrown my way and if I may say this modestly, I never gave a performance in Denmark that was a flop. The fact that I once failed miserably in New York has nothing to do with it, and any resemblance to the Victor Borge of 1957 is pure hearsay.

Once in a while, when I come across a cartoon or a news photo of a convict in a striped suit, I get a nostalgic twinge. Not that I am homesick for old San Quentin. I never did time, as the jailbirds put it, even though some reviewers think I should have been locked up long ago. But striped suits, in a roundabout sort of way, made me want to go to America.

These suits, which my brother, Sven, and I wore as boys, were what you might call the European tradition. They were in the Little Lord Fauntleroy class—short striped pants and matching striped blouses with white collars. In the winter we had on navy-blue blouses, and the pants were fastened below the knees with elastics. We always wore plain flat hats with elastic chin bands, and on Sunday promenades with our parents we often carried white gloves. An outfit like that can stunt your growth.

Frequently, on these strolls, we met my father's friend and patron of the Royal Danish Orchestra, King Christian X. He often rode alone through the parks on a magnificent black horse, and he was always smiling. My father would greet him with a formal bow and would then tell one of his impish stories. The king would laugh and ride on to chat with another citizen. None of us ever forgot this fine old gentleman who demonstrated what the word "king" really means when the Nazi armies occupied Denmark. "I congratulate you on your great victory," he said, when the first German general arrived at the palace. Shortly afterward the swastika banner was raised above the Danish flag in the center of town, and soldiers were stationed there to protect it. King Christian saw it and told the Nazis to take it down.

"We have orders to keep it there," the guard said.

"I will send a Danish soldier to remove it," said the king.

"I must warn you," the German replied, "that man will be shot down."

The king smiled. "I will be that man," he said.

The German flag came down, and King Christian lived long enough, by great force of will, to see his country freed. Perhaps you can understand how proud I was last year when Christian's son, King Frederik IX, made me a Knight of the Royal Order of the Danebrog. "For services to Denmark." My waggish friends joshed me for a while and called me Sir Victor, but I am happy to be known as a Connecticut Yankee in King Frederik's Court.

When my brother and I went to school or anywhere else in Copenhagen, we always wore the stripes, so the adults would know we were children, and treat us accordingly. I never dreamed that small boys wore anything else until the day I saw my first American movie. I don't remember the name of the picture—perhaps it was a newsreel—but I have never forgotten the impact.

Among other things, I saw American children playing in the streets with rolled shirt sleeves and soft open collars. Some of them wore funny-looking hats—I think they must have been beanies or caps—and one or two had weird brown gloves which I later learned were baseball mitts. Later on, in other movies, I saw men with high-heeled boots, and others strolling along the street in summer with no shirts at all.

It was not the odd-looking clothes that made me vaguely dissatisfied. The important realization was this: In America you could wear what you pleased. There were no social laws to stop a man from walking down Fifth Avenue with a pink hat or a fancy belt or green pants. But anyone wearing such clothing in our neighborhood would have been ostracized or considered unbalanced.

I had a sudden longing for something—anything that would buck the impractical traditions. A straw sailor hat, for instance. When I asked my mother to buy me one, she looked at me askance and said, "Now, Victor, you know very well that you just don't wear a hat like that on the street." She was not being unkind. She simply could not break the rules of her time and place. Nor could I. I kept right on having rebellious ideas about going to America and wearing funny-looking hats, but when I became an American and was free to do it, I didn't have the nerve.

My clothes were so eminently proper, in fact, that in 1946 I was named one of the ten best-dressed men in America and pictures of me appeared in dozens of newspapers and magazines. The following year I got a new press agent, and for some strange reason I didn't make the best-dressed list at all.

My reputation for wearing the proper clothes does have its drawbacks. I am committed to a lifetime of white tie and tails on stage. When I was on Bing Crosby's show years ago I used to envy his seeming indifference about clothes. Now I believe that this quirk was merely shrewd showmanship, and that floppy shirts and baggy slacks have become a Crosby trade-mark, much like my formal wear. I probably wouldn't recognize myself in anything else.

Consequently I carry around wardrobe trunks loaded with studs, cuff links, vests, starched shirts and collars, ties, shoes and full-dress suits. And if any of these items are missing at show time—as happens now and then—well, I am always presentable to my audience anyhow.

I had one of these unhappy moments in Washington one October evening in 1945 when I was keyed up for one of the most significant performances of my life. I had been booked into Constitution Hall for my first appearance in the national capital. It was an especially important date because President Truman,

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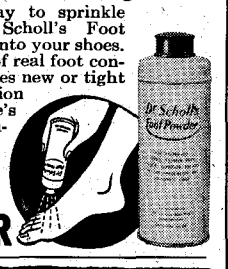

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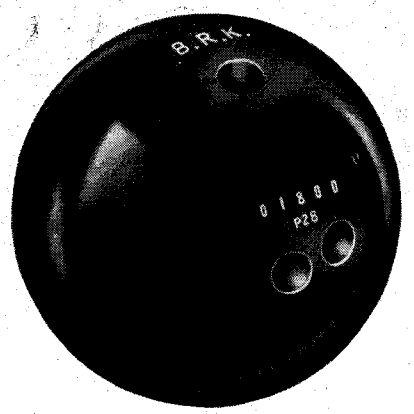

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who had been in office only six months, was to be there with Mrs. Truman.

Five minutes before curtain time—I still dress at the last moment—I discovered that my white vest was missing. I couldn't, and wouldn't, go on without it. I ran into the hallway backstage and found George Weigl, my traveling orchestra manager.

"George!" I yelled. "Somebody forgot my vest! Jump a cab to the hotel and get it! You have five minutes!"

George, who is a broad and heavy man, rumbled out the door and I went back to my dressing room to pace the floor. George's five-minute-deadline period had long since expired when there was a knock at the door and a burly stranger came in.

"Secret Service, Mr. Borge," he said. "We want to know what's holding up the show. The President is in his box, and you're supposed to go on the moment he arrives."

I tried to explain about the vest, but I don't think he was convinced. "I'll go back and report what you've told me," he said. He cat-footed out the door, but he was back in a couple of minutes, and he had a friendly smile.

"Mr. Borge," he said, "the President understands the situation and he says you can use his vest."

I was overwhelmed, naturally, and said I would be happy to accept the offer. At that instant, perspiring but triumphant, George Weigl puffed into the dressing room.

"Here you are, maestro," he said, handing me my own vest.

I took it, but I could have killed him. If he hadn't been so fast, I could have gone home with the most unusual souvenir of all. The performance seemed an anticlimax after that, even though President Truman, as I was told, howled with the rest of the audience. Perhaps the only man who wasn't knocked out by the evening's hilarity was Dr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, the distinguished music critic.

His review referred to the "mass hysteria" in the audience and said: "They laughed, but could not say why, though the ostensible reason was a man named Borge, pronounced to rime with orgy." I mention this only to let poets know that my name is pronounced Borg-ah, and unfortunately that does not rime with anything.

I entertained President Truman several times on later and more intimate soirees, as I have already recounted, but I never quite got over being awed in the presence of the Chief Executive. I suppose there are thousands of Americans who have had personal experiences with their President and accept them as casually as they would any other privilege of democracy. But when I was a young man in Denmark, daydreaming about going to the wonderland of America, the President of the United States was a remote and mysterious man of power. It would have seemed presumptuous to hope that I, who spoke no English and was completely unknown in the United States, would one day have an American President leaning over my piano with tears in his eyes, as Harry Truman did when I played Chopin for him.

Even now, as I hear people on the sidewalk calling out "Good going, Ike!" as President Eisenhower rides by, or even rushing up uninvited to shake his hand, I have a feeling of embarrassment. I cannot imagine a citizen of Copenhagen breaking through a police cordon to yell the Danish equivalent of "Hey, King!" or "At-ta-boy, Freddie."

My feeling of reverence for the White House and what it represents is difficult to explain, but I think any refugee would understand. Americans take so much for granted. They can visit the White House and can cuss or praise the President. They can write him letters, shake his hand or ignore him. But when you are in a foreign land in dangerous times, hiding from a dictator's gunmen as I once did, the White House is a symbol of freedom for all men, even though you may never see it.

The first time I went there, on January thirtieth in 1945, I was one of a group of radio, stage and screen stars invited by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to help celebrate the President's birthday. (FDR was on the way to the Yalta Conference at the time.) We were scheduled to appear at some fourteen March of Dimes parties, and we gathered in the East Room of the White House for lunch and a briefing on the program. The guests included Danny Kaye, Myrna Loy, Linda Darnell, Alan Ladd, Gene Kelly, Joe E. Brown, Kay Kyser and many another big name in show business, and after lunch Mrs. Roosevelt asked us all to pose for a picture.

I felt like an outsider in this glittering group, and took a position in the back row far to the left. There was no false modesty involved. The others were all professionals on parade, as it were, and this was a very important picture. I knew none of them well, and some I had not met at all. I had only been in the United States about four years, and I was still self-conscious about my struggle with the English language. Since I was primarily a radio performer in those days, few people knew what I looked like. I couldn't contribute any glamour to the picture.

So I was well blotted out, and the photographer was just about to shoot when a pretty girl standing in front of me turned around. "Oh!" she said. "Your face isn't going to show, and that isn't right."

"I don't mind," I said.

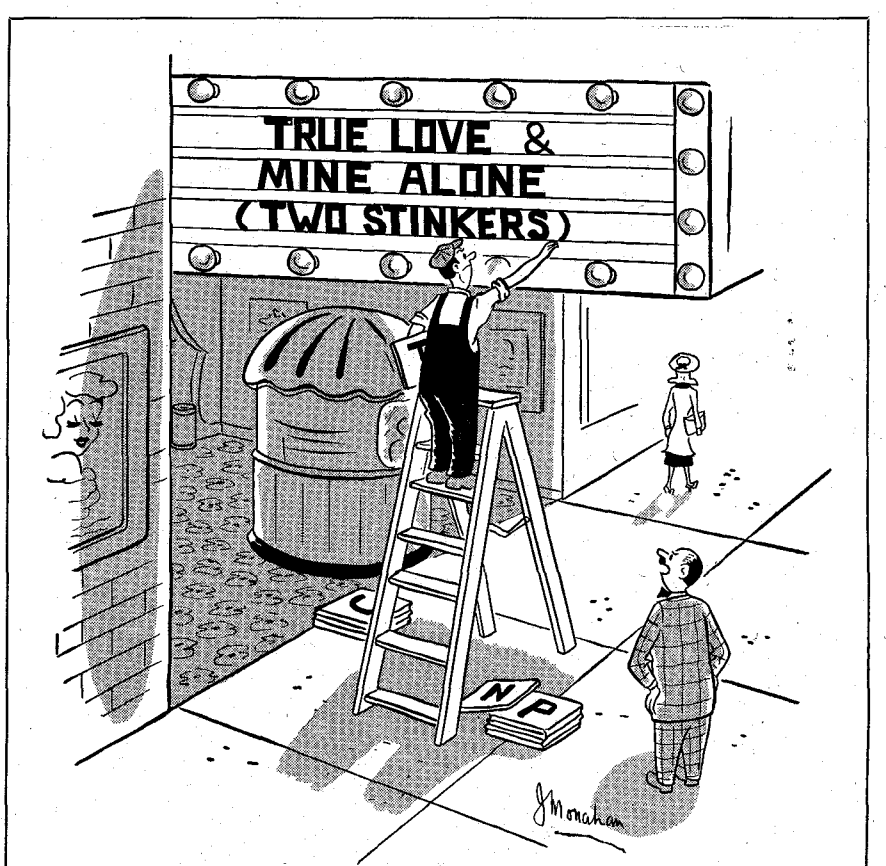
"But I do," she said. She squeezed a place for herself on a bench so she could sit down beside Linda Darnell and Gale Storm and thus get out of the way. When the group broke up to start the day's tour, I spoke to a young lady whose name was then Miss Margaret Truman, and asked the identity of the thoughtful young stranger. "Oh, she's a darling," Miss Truman said. "That's Jane Wyman." I don't think Jane ever realized what that gracious gesture meant to me. To this day, when I see her in the movies or on television, I whisper to myself, "Thank you, Jane, for your kind heart." The photograph, incidentally, was published six columns wide in most of the big dailies, and I confess I was happy and proud to be recognizable.

My journey from Copenhagen to the White House, as I go over it now, seems to have taken an endless number of years. My brother, Sven, who had far less patience, went to America long before I did, and unsettled me with long glowing letters about the wonders of New York. But I was not ready to go.

I was then much too involved in the rigid discipline of a formal musical education, and in the Borge household there were great plans for me. Much of that period seems blurred now, for so many things happened in bewildering succession. There were the long years of exhausting practice on the piano; months and months of study in Vienna, where an exuberant student hurled a beer mug at my head and left a scar; more months with the great teachers, Frederic Lamond and Egon Petri in Berlin. There was also the full symphony I wrote and then threw into the furnace because I thought it was no good.

I was the piano prodigy of the day in Denmark, and the critics who heard me told my proud parents that I would someday astonish the musical world. Eventually I did astonish music lovers everywhere, but in a shockingly different way. My big obstacle was practice. I loved to play, but I rebelled at the daily routine of do-re-mi-fa-so, so-fa-mi-re-do. When I play scales or long runs on stage nowadays, I often stage a fall off the bench, which more or less expresses my emotions about finger exercises.

At the same time, I could not resist kidding the serious devotees of classical music, and too often my recitals ended in an uproar. I discovered that people like my foolish chatter (*Continued on Page 114*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 112*) about the composers—such as the lines about Joe E. Haydn and what happened in Haydn's Suite No. 9 while Mrs. Haydn was haydn from Haydn. I pulled Mozart's leg until it almost broke off, and I stunned the Beethoven *aficionados* with outrageous improvisations.

Often my harassed father didn't know whether to explode with laughter and jeopardize his own fine reputation as a violinist and teacher, or to chase me with one of his elegant canes. I wondered whether he had reached some sort of compromise the day he came home beaming and said, "Victor, I have interesting news for you, but you must be serious about it."

"It sounds ominous," I said.

"But not for you," he said. "The chief organist at the Western Cemetery died today. Starting tomorrow, you will take over his job. They will pay you twenty kroner per funeral, and for once you will not be able to make fun with the music."

Three days later, the cemetery director phoned to ask if I was prepared to play my first service. I said I was, for I had expected the call. The funeral was for my father. In the eighty-fifth year of a happy and exciting life he had gone to our summer home in the resort town of Snekkersten for a rest. He was munching a cheese sandwich and telling my mother one of his delightful stories when he quietly slumped in his chair and died. It was the first and only sickness of his life.

I sat at the organ that sad afternoon and watched the services with streaming eyes. The pallbearers were all fellow musicians from the Royal Danish Opera Orchestra. I saw one fat little man wearing a top hat that was much too small for his huge head, and another whose hat drooped down over his ears. Some had coats that were too tight, and others stood around awkwardly with trousers that flowed down over their shoe tops. I had to laugh softly to myself and I thought: *If father could only see this, he would quietly have hysterics.* I remembered my father's admonition about being serious on the job and decided he must have known there might occasionally be an irresistible impulse to laugh. I wept, but I was smiling, too, and I was sure he would have understood. It was a comforting thought, and death has held no fears for me ever since.

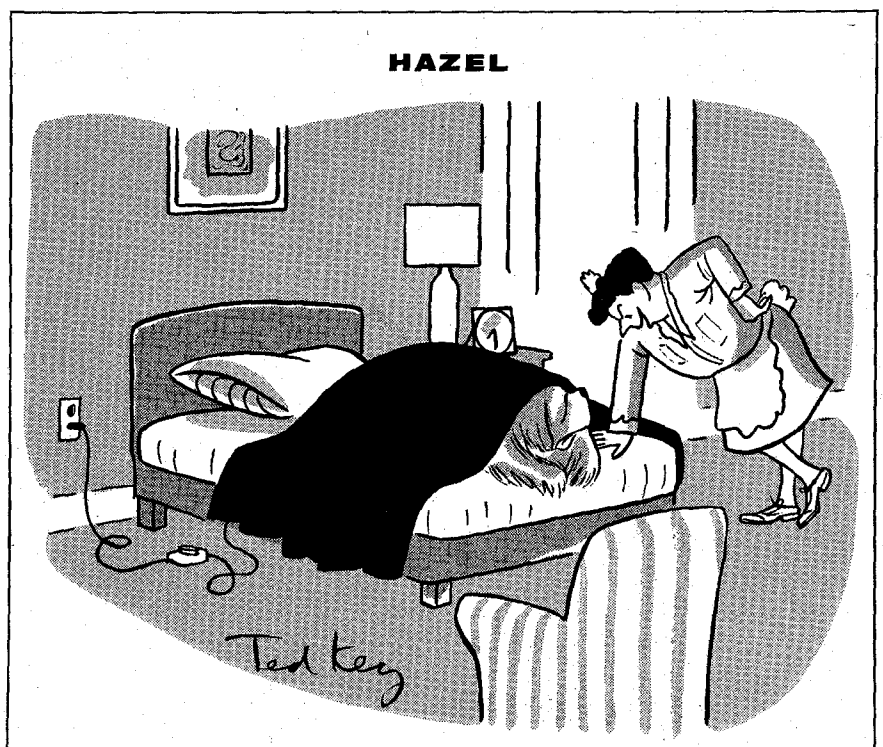
Not long after my father's burial I began to take an active interest in amateur theatricals in Copenhagen. I wrote, directed and performed in small revues, and worked up musical skits I could do at the homes of personal friends. There was also a business organization called Handels Og Kontoristforeningen—spelled backward that means Chamber of Commerce—which had an annual amateur variety show. The HNK show, as we called it, was a major theatrical event, and a proving ground for songs, sketches, jokes and other material that would eventually be used by professionals.

I had played piano accompaniments for some of the performers in this revue—they were all businessmen, who sang, danced or played just for the fun of it—but I had never done any solos. One summer the star of the show, who was a Copenhagen printer, was taken seriously ill on opening night. Jon Iversen, the director, asked me what I could do in the emergency, and I rashly offered to take on the second half of the show all by my ad-lib self.

Once again I profited by another man's hard luck. I did monologues, impersonations and parodies. I played music straight, and I played it with a one-and-a-half twist. I did a take-off on a Mozart opera in which I sang all the parts, described the action and played the accompaniment. If Mozart had not already been dead, someone said, he surely would have shot himself that night. But I doubt it. I think he would have kicked his harpsichord with joy. He was a man with a fine sense of comedy, and I loved him for that. I still do. It's now twenty-five years later and I am still doing that crazy opera.

The morning after the HNK show I was swamped with offers—night clubs, theaters, concert halls. I took one of these offers—a trial engagement in a plush theater bar called The Wivel. The salary was a vast addition to my funeral fees, and some fast figuring convinced me there would be enough for two.

My Copenhagen courtship always reminds me of a little skit I once did on radio with Vera Vague. She was complaining that she couldn't get a man, and



"Warm enough for you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I said, "Vera, your trouble is that you're too anxious. You must play hard to get. In Denmark, girls don't chase men. They stay at home and wait for the men to propose."

"Yeah, I know," Vera said. "That's why Denmark is such a small country."

There was some truth in this quip, for well-bred girls there did wait for the men to propose. I hurried out to a house in our neighborhood and proposed to Elsie Shilton, a lovely Danish-American girl who was visiting relatives in Copenhagen and who, I feared, might suddenly take the next boat back to her home in Baldwin, Long Island. As a matter of fact, she did catch the boat to America, but that was six years after she had become the first Mrs. Borge. It was the last boat, too, for at the time the pleasant little Scandinavian world we knew was dying.

I doubt if anyone knows exactly when the destructive infiltration began. The fifth columnists crept into the land, and the first recruits signed up for the Nazi organization falsely named the Danish Free Corps. Its membership was overwhelmingly German.

There were so many good things happening that few of us were aware of the growing danger. At least, things were good for the Borges. I went into a popular club called The Gay Nineties for a couple of years, and I was booked into some of the best theaters. I was asked to play the leading role in a Danish motion picture, and this was so successful that I made five more films in the late '30's.

Most of these pictures were comedies in which I wore stringy-looking wigs, trick mustaches or other items in a typical burlesque wardrobe. The films made a lot of money—for the producers, that is—and my press clippings say I was quite funny. Some ten or twelve years later, when I was a headliner at the Palmer House in Chicago, a small theater in the neighborhood leased one of these old films. My name was plastered all over the marquee, and the lobby posters gave the impression that this was Borge in a brand-new production. The place was packed, even with the Danish dialogue, but there was nothing I could do about it. I didn't know there were that many Danes in Chicago. Or maybe they weren't Danes. Maybe they were music critics who merely wanted to confirm what they had long suspected.

During the time I was busy as an actor I was also busy going to American movies in Copenhagen. Elsie and I sat in the darkness of the theater hour after hour, and I was literally mesmerized. I heard wonderful background music recorded by outstanding orchestras of up to 100 men. If we had fifteen or twenty pieces in one of our Danish films the budget director always died a little. I could see by the lavish costumes and sets that money was tossed around in Hollywood like rice at a wedding, and that this was obviously a dream world for creative people. Later I was grossly disillusioned, but that's another story.

One evening Elsie and I were watching a film in which Jimmy Durante was doing one of his magnificent bits of garbled rhetoric. I didn't understand the words, but Elsie leaned over to whisper in my ear. "You should go to America," she said. "They would love you there."

"How could I do that?" I whispered back. "I can't speak English."

"Neither can Durante," she said.

We talked about America many times after that. I was itching to go. I knew I belonged there. But I was afraid. My whole reputation in Denmark was built on ad-lib routines that changed from week to week. The thought of trying to translate my patter—and much of it was colloquial Danish—into a difficult foreign tongue seemed like an appalling obstacle. Elsie kept telling me I could do it. And I kept telling myself it was hopeless. I was doing very well in Denmark, and at that point I was not willing to risk failure.

But now there came another fear. The Storm Troopers were making their bloody marches, and Germany was bursting with Hitler's aggressive plans. In Denmark surly young men strutted around in black shirts and boots, and a Nazi-backed newspaper in Copenhagen called the Faedrelandet screamed the party theme once a week. For a long time the people shrugged off the violent happenings in the nation next door and took comfort in a new mutual nonaggression pact signed by Hitler and King Christian. I recall going on stage the night the pact was signed and saying glibly, "Now our conscience is clear. Our seventy million friends to the south will have nothing to fear from four million Danes."

As time went on, I began needling the Nazis more and more. My audience laughed, but I guess it never occurred to them that the Nazis had no sense of humor. I remember starting many a performance by saying, "I will play my opening selection in the key of G, G for Gestapo." I warned people that they were wrong in calling Nazis dogs. "After all," I said, "there is a difference. The Nazi raises his arm." I mimicked Hitler and I ridiculed Goering.

They did not wait long to strike back. First the Faedrelandet began to "expose" me on the front page. I was undermining the friendship between Germans and Danes. I was the enemy of Hitler's program for peace. I was insulting, dangerous, and so on. In the wake of these editorials I began to get threatening letters. They came from Denmark, Norway and Germany, and they were not pleasant. Danish Nazis cursed me on the streets after each new jibe from the stage.

One evening toward the end of summer in 1939, I was strolling along the shore of Lake Peblingesöen in the center of the city. It was already quite dark, and the lake-front promenade, with its benches and stone walks, was virtually deserted. Suddenly four young men stepped out of the shadows and silently formed a square to block my path. Two of them were muttering to each other in German—which I understood—and I knew instantly why they were there.

I have always been a good athlete, and I was in fine physical shape. I had had my share of brawls, bruises and black eyes. I wouldn't have run from a fair fight, but this was different. They wouldn't kill me—it was too soon for that—but they might break my fingers and put me out of business for life. I kept on walking toward the lake, and suddenly the nearest man gave me a push. I went down on one knee, got up and ran toward the lake. Three of them shoved me again and one made a flying tackle for my legs. I jumped out of reach and he nose-dived into the lake with a splash.

The rest of that encounter is more or less a blank in my mind. There were blows struck, there were two or three Nazis floundering in the water, and then I was running through the night. I got home with my clothes torn and nail scratches on my face. My right hand was swollen for weeks afterward. I never told anyone about the attack, and I never again walked home alone in the dark. I got a bodyguard, but I was still afraid.

Looking back on that tense period now, I can almost forget those days and nights of hate and fear, and perhaps I should really thank the Nazis for what they did to my life. Otherwise I might never have made it to New York.

Editors' Note—This is the fourth in a series by Mr. Borge. The fifth will appear next week.

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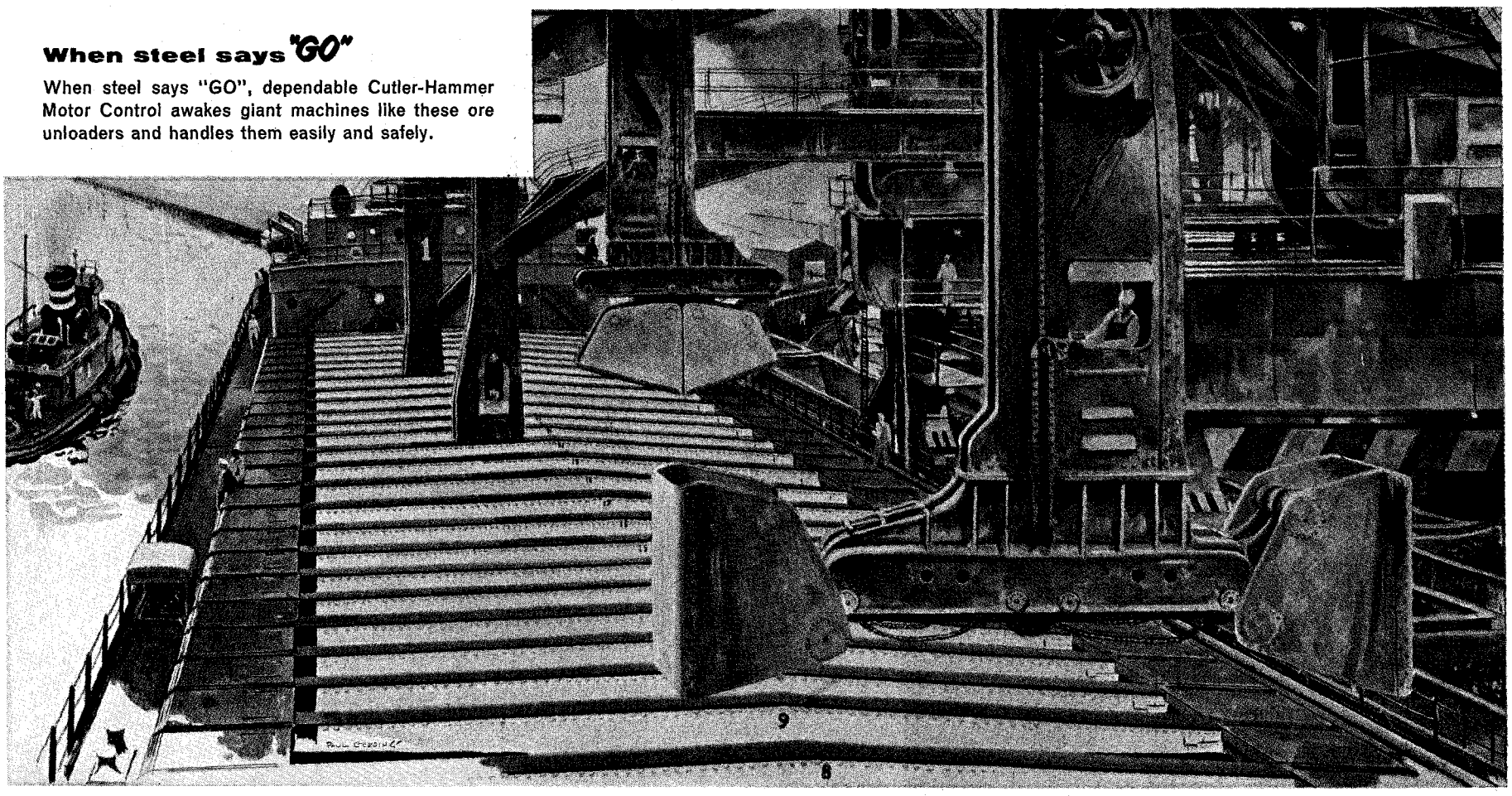
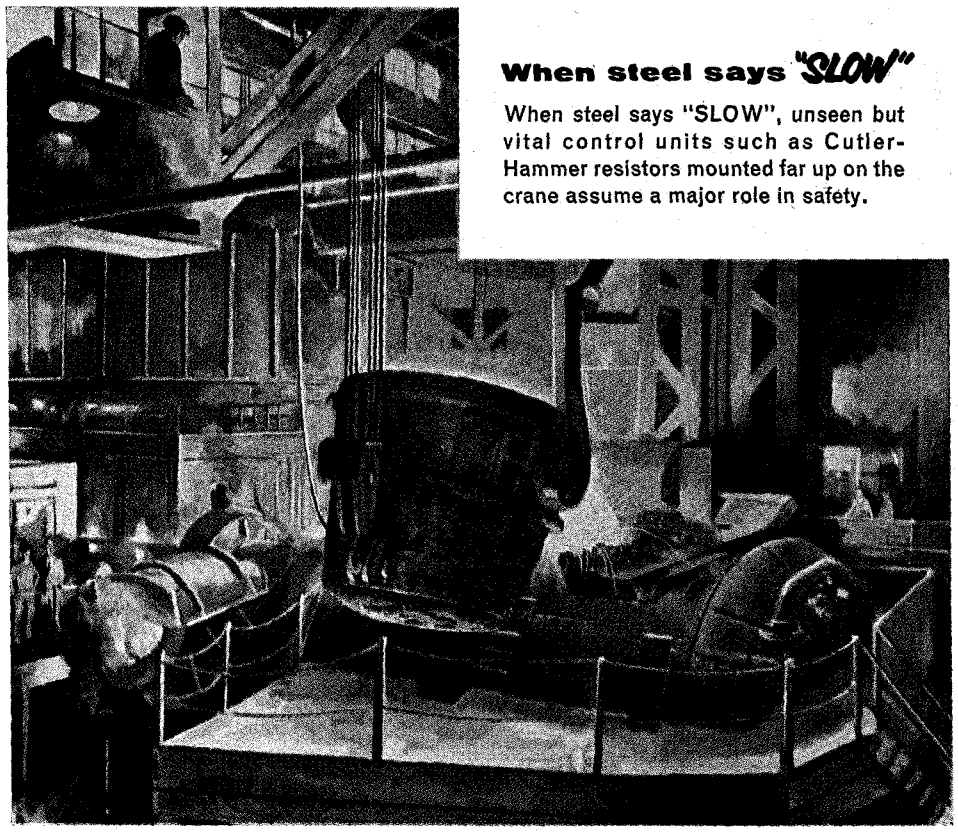
March 9, 1957

Steel sets a stiff pace



When steel says "GO"

When steel says "GO", dependable Cutler-Hammer Motor Control awakes giant machines like these ore unloaders and handles them easily and safely.



When steel says "SLOW"

When steel says "SLOW", unseen but vital control units such as Cutler-Hammer resistors mounted far up on the crane assume a major role in safety.

When steel says "STOP"

Dependable Cutler-Hammer magnetic brakes are the outstanding choice of mill engineers for the many jobs where steel often says "STOP" and means it.

By its very nature, steel-making cannot tolerate delays. But it is also true that steel-making is tough on equipment, punishes it as few other jobs do. Tie these two facts together and it is easy to see that steel sets a stiff pace at any time. Tie them together under today's maximum mill schedules and you have the toughest trials mill equipment has ever been asked to survive.

This situation puts much meaning into the fact that more steel mills are now buying more Cutler-Hammer Motor Control than ever before in history. Today's steel mill operations not only require the utmost dependability in motor control, they most clearly reveal the dependability offered by each make of motor control.

When you require motor control, remember Cutler-Hammer dependability is extra value at no extra cost. Be sure to insist on Cutler-Hammer Motor Control; the world's finest engineers do. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. *Associate:* Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.

Cutler-Hammer Three Star Motor Control sets three new cost-cutting standards; installs easier, works better and lasts longer. Featured by leading machinery builders. Stocked for your convenience by your nearby Cutler-Hammer Distributor.

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Question Column ?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What qualities do you look for in a toothbrush?

Victor Young, clerk, Preston, Melbourne, Australia—I look for medium bristles and get a color I can remember so I'll know my toothbrush from others. I have never before seen toothbrushes packed in glass tubes the way they are here in America.

Eileen Johnston, secretary, Elgin, Illinois—I look for firm bristles. I like a toothbrush that really brushes and has lots of strong bristles. I don't pay much attention to the color or shape. I get a different color every time I buy one.

W. W. Sheehan, naval aviator, Alliance, Ohio—I look first at the stiffness of the bristles. I notice if it is too big or too small. The color of a toothbrush makes no difference to me. I just like a toothbrush that starts out firm and stays firm.

Phemie Marchuk, bacteriologist, Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, Illinois—A toothbrush, authorities agree, should hold its shape and springiness during months of use. That's why Dr. West's unique waterproofing process is important. And the Dr. West's Germ-Fighter is the only toothbrush sealed in glass with the added protection of an antibacterial treatment. For up to 4 months in use this toothbrush inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it and hold to it, whether they are picked up while brushing or fall on it while the brush hangs in your bathroom.

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THE ALL NEW
DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTER
TOOTHBRUSH 70¢

Keeping Posted

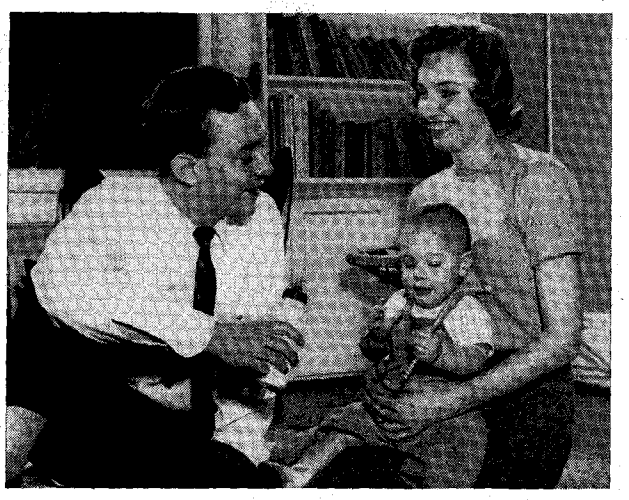
Did Mr. Gross Have Newcombe Hidden Away?

Baseball addicts recall that after pitcher Don Newcombe was knocked out of the box in the last game of the '56 World Series, he disappeared for the subsequent night, rendering many people frantic about whether he would show up next day at Idlewild Airport for the Dodgers' contracted trip to Japan. Milton Gross, his page 27 collaborator, remarks, "I still haven't convinced some other newspapermen that I didn't spirit him away someplace for professional reasons beneficial to myself." Actually, Newk disappeared from Gross too.

When the shattered Newcombe left the Ebbets Field pitching mound, Gross rushed down to the dressing room—"My interest, as columnist for the New York Post, now was the 'human' story of this defeated, dejected, confused man."

Newcombe, after dressing, took his father and Gross in his car, dropped off the father at the parental home in New Jersey, then dropped Gross at a suburban station, indicating he wanted to go home alone. He had been weeping most of the time. Later, as Gross was finishing off a swell column for his paper, Dodger vice-president Buzzy Bavasi phoned him in a lathered-up state of mind, saying he had learned from Mrs. Newcombe that the pitcher had left the house, and she had no idea where he was or whether he was going to Japan next day. Whereupon relatives, team officials, teammates, Gross, and journalists who wished to know where Gross had Newk iced away began a goofy cross-country telephone melee that lasted until everybody conked out—sans Newcombe—in the following dawn.

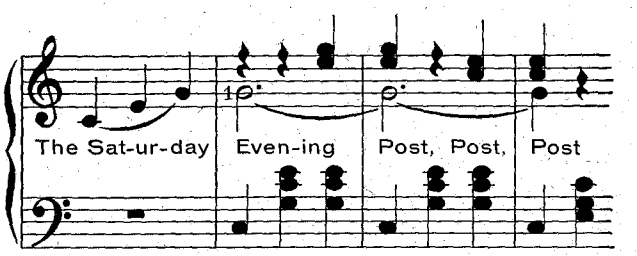
At about nine A.M. Newk emerged from a whereabouts not yet disclosed. He had been moping and thinking. He phoned Bavasi, who phoned Gross, who beat it to the airport just in time to have that harassed-faced photo taken before the Brooklyns flew away.



Biography of Two Journalists

Pat Kelly, an editor of the Atlanta Journal, met a female journalist five years ago, and this, says he, is their biography: they talked shop, then subjects other than shop, then went shopping for furniture and kitchenware. Their very young daughter is named Jane Megan—"And called Megan, begorra." Pat is in good spirits about page 38; first short story he ever sold anybody.

Sing, Sing About the Post!



So far as the archives show, the Post up to now never has had an anthem of its own. Well, Victor Borge, the eminent concert pianist, has written one, and perhaps you heard it on TV and radio announcements when the Borge autobiography (page 30) opened three weeks ago. The tune is the Blue Danube Waltz and the inspired lyrics follow:

The Saturday Evening Post, Post-Post,
Is carrying coast to coast, coast-coast,
The story I like the most, most-most,
Oh, really, I have to boast, boast-boast,
Not written by any ghost, ghost-ghost,
So let's drink a rousing toast, toast-toast,
You'll laugh 'til you cry
If you buy
The Saturday Evening Post!

Literary Career Based on Fish

Dan Mannix's first Post piece (when he was in college in '35) was about fresh-water tropical-fish aquariums, a hobby then just coming in; on page 24 he wraps up salt-water aquariums, now coming in, and his plan is to polish off his writing career when he is an old man by an interesting piece on newfangled fish imported from the moon on rocket ships. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Mannix, two children, an eagle, an otter, a Mexican coati-mundi, also cormorants, peafowl and the more routine barnyard creatures are all getting along amiably on their Malvern, Pennsylvania, farm.

Mannix plus a coati-mundi.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Worst Crime Doesn't Pay"

Want to know how the G men made kidnaping the most dangerous crime to commit? Read this report from official case histories of the FBI.

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